Savagery Inside!
EQUAL
Jajhee

Jaihoo

Jaihoo's Trip to the Future

A *Jaihoo's Unbe*[L.I.E.]*vable Tales* Novel®

■■■

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COM98

Every Day, Virtual People Escape Life VIA Socioglyph UPLOADING

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Providence, RI

This is a work of fact-ion. Names, characters, places, incidents, and all Disney and DC Comics intellectual property are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real unless I am being gangstalked. My ex-girlfriend Lauren Berg who now lives in Maine is a bitch. She is bad at sex and loves anti-depressants. My stepmother, Jane Guillette (AKA Jane Hyde), is also a bitch. Any invocation of actual events, locales, organizations, or pedophiles, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Foreward

This is not supposed to be a meme-book, it's supposed to be about the joy of insanity

Jaihoo's Trip to the Future

A Book

Jaihoo's Trip tothe

Future
Book

A Note About *Interactivity*

■ ■ ■

This ain't yer mommy and daddy's book, DykeMasta. This is a fully reLOVEutionized book X-point-oh (well beyond 2.0). We've taken *the *book** and made it *better.*

It's **[INTERACTIVE]!**

This book is **[INTERACTIVE].**

When you see an instruction, a suggestion, or a question in **[BRACKETS],** an opportunity arises for you to **[INTERACT].**

An **[INTERACTION]** is requisite. All **[INTERACTIONS]** become canon. The future is in **(((your hands))).**

Your **[INTERACTIONS]** will have rippling consequences that will change the shape and thrust of this story (and future stories) in unforeseen ways.

You must **[INTERACT],** as noted, and when a set of brackets present themselves: that is your time to **[INTERACT].**

***This* is the rule of [INTERACTIVITY].**

TWO-AND-A-HALF-YEARS-HENCE

Within the great cosmic surf that sculpts the excrement of The Universe (to be clear, we are talking about the e universe which this book (the thing you, a gay loser, are looking at right now)[1] exists in, and not some lower quality universe like many other franchises), it is the hue-man race that prevails.

WE DID IT, WE WON--

• • •

Well, if you wanna call this winning.

[INTERACT: Light up a pipe or cigar and crack open a fresh, hot soda.]

Cold. Darkness. Light. Loud static noise. Lightning. Freezing fire and burning ice. Rain that's so hot it freezes your skin and melts it with ice when it touches.

Rain so hot it turns your skin to porcelain and shatters it. Rain so cold it stops you stiff and you cease to move forward in time.

Men. Women. Women-men, cis-borgs, try-sexual furniture-kin and all sortsa hoozie-whatzies. Inter-age love sympathizers and chubby-chaser-chasers. Strap-on sucking sissies like your dad. Gang bangers and gang bangees, sometimes both occupying the same spacetime. Bukkake gods. Pumpkin fuckers. White women who are attracted to black men. Dating apps: for children. A future of cross-eyed gobbledigook—enough to make your ancestors say "uh oh" and then *whoopsy!*, until they go: **¡ay carumba!**

[1] If not in book format then the telegrammatic V2K mindwave of electrons currently streaming into your alloy-plated brainpan, or the universal law that you're observing because this masterpiece tale has been written into the DNA baseline code of the new simulation.

Our descendants, [two-and-a-half-years-hence] (approx. 2070 as far as historians can make sense of it), realized quickly enough that technology was not the gleaming transcendent panacea the Science lovers naively hoped it would be. They wanted holograms, self-driving cars, personal rocket ships and robot fleshlight-butlers.

What they got instead was hyper-roided Thought Police™ and satellite surveillance testicle zappers.[2] Sure, for a while there it was beginning to look promising—for example, they learned to use nanomachines to program Afreekan refugees' hair to be an edible nutrient, which helped feed the armies of disabled quadra-sexed nurplerxymen—but once the elites (Koch brothers, Monopoly Guy, etc.) got hold of the computer systems and began hacking Bitcoin, it was too late.

[2] The Federal *Spermicidal Replace-and-Renew Initiative* of 2052 mandated one (1) of each newborn cismale testes be replaced with an oblate-spherical electroglobule connected to the *Internet of Things* for easy access by nearby govamint officials in case of non-deviance or patriarchality.

Globally supreme racial mages and nth-gen blueblood adrenochrome guzzlers are the shpuppetmasters of the future. As much as you'd expect them to have a master plan involving currency manipulation, astral projection, total control of gravity and time, etc., they mostly just go to the bathroom on each other at parties, and shove around vast swaths of ShplatinX NAMERACain/EUrAfreekan émigrés while simultaneously harvesting said émigrés' organs and testing out various new Healthy Vaccines on their brood.

Every day in this grim future, some new predatory trade agreement or another is pushed through, sending more "jobs" to fourth-world toilet autofacs, and bringing in more of the unwanted, illiterate, lice-infested, criminal dirt-eaters who made this country so great in the first place.

Thanks to Proctor & Gamble's DefenseText™, hundreds of obscurantist cryptospeak clauses conjured by copyright/patent acrobats flip flashbangs, rip ultrasonic rape whistles, and detonate nuclear whoopee cushions at any prying eyes/asses unwise enough to attempt to unpack the unlimited Googlery of the documents which sanction the annihilation of tomorrow.

It all adds up if you really think about it, man. There are handicap-accessible marches for pederast rights. The Ninth Gender. Amnesty Intergalactic's Refugee Wish List. Don't you get how the puzzle pieces fit together? Just *think*, and open your eyes!

Radical shequalists run the show, and boy do they ever have a bitchin' rape-lust for *hard* consent. Mystery meat androgynes use anonymous apps to fill every hole with any object, at any given moment.[3] This stuff is happening whether you want it to or not. *Are you ready for a paradigm shift that'll make you stare down the retard barrel of tomorrow?*

[INTERACT: Grab your chin with two fingers, nod your head, and say: "hmpf, that *really* makes you think."]

[INTERACT (alt): If you have a firearm in the house, first make sure it is unloaded then hold it to your head and scream.]

[3] imgur.com/ZPunY

?
WORLD
PEACE

PISS
IS
GOOD
REFUGEE

Don't think I know what I'm talking about?

I do.

Because I've seen it first hand.

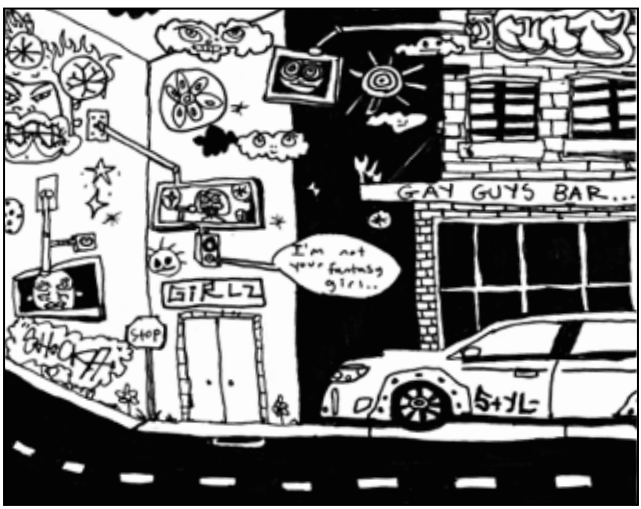
My name is Freewhite.

And this is the story...

...of Jaihoo.

DIKE
MONEY

GMO WORLD
PEDOPHILE RIGHTS
843
RAPE


GAY GUYS BAR...
I'm not your fantasy girl..
GIRLZ
STOP

Welcome to NEW YORK CITY

■ ■ ■

Present day, present time. New York City. The year is [two-and-a-half-years-hence]—around 2070 according to a consortium of our most reputable and academically-pedigreed historians

In case you're not in the know, New York City is the coolest place on the planet. It's full of hot new live music acts such as OK Go, Das Racist, The Arcade Fire, Gorillaz, Animal Collective, Imagine Dragons, Bon Iver, Hot Pepper Peter, Nijjer6, and tUnE-yArDs, any of whom you can go check out any weekend at some weird, random warehouse somewhere in Williamsburg. That's in Brooklyn in case you didn't know.

W-Burg or Billyburg as we call it here is also the global nexus for radical acceptance gaydar, bohemian apology culture, and quantum pandering politics. Originally an enclave of sheltered bourgeoisie HateWhites, W-Burg has since blossomed—thanks in no small part to the Share & L.O.V.E. Act of 2035[4]—into a bustling modern shemetropolis of Puerto Rican weed dealers working hand-in-hand with dreadloc'd yoga bartenders at the intersection of the fresh-pressed juice trade and horoscope tattoo commerce, all thanks to the bedrock commodity of the new age: cans of coconut water.

Hungry? Just head on down to Mast Brothers Chocolatiers and try out a $70 chocolate bar (sorry no DARK chocolate due to racial concerns). Looking to mingle? For the low price of $999/month, Preschool Mastermind will have you laughing, giggling, tickling and skipping with other glitched-out dementoids. Don't forget to deck yourself out in Warby Parker before you go—gotta let the locals know you are cool!

IF you want a more ethnically *spicy* New York adventure, then you really gotta check out Crown Fried Chicken, MatchaBar, and all the cool little weird random bodegas that smell like kitty litter and sell soap and trash bags right next to Goya Maria cookies. There's a great little udon place in

[4] The Share & L.O.V.E. Act made it a felony for a person of HateWhite descent to accrue more than N¥2500 worth of cash, property, and/or loyalty points.

Imagine Dragons BILLYBURG

SoHo where all the fags eat $400 Cup Noodle, you gotta try it, maybe afterwards you can get AIDS from an old-fashioned New York slush-n-swap party? It's all the rage these days. Check out Pozzia on 14th street, they do an amazing B12/AIDS micro-flush exfoliating and debilitating combo.

Hmmm, uh, oh yeah. New York City is also the financial capital of NAMERAC. Coincidentally, there are a lot of Googlish people living here. Googlers are just like you and me, meddling their own business, trying to live life, jacking up housing prices for MugLugs and just being cool free-spirits who love humanity, generally. Nobody wants to be persecuted or scapegoated, so let's all live and let live, shall we? Okie doke.

Be warned, however: if you're new to the city, you're what neo-native New Yorkers call *parochial:* an NPR HateSlur-word meaning 'illiterate mongoloid'.[5] Basically, you are an uncool rock-eating retard fromthe mountains and you can't talk good. Chances are you work with your hands (yuck!) and care about stuff like family. You're gonna want to shed those redneck crasseries as soon as you get set up in your $5800/month microloft (adjusted for 2070 inflation and cryptocurrency adoption).

■ ■ ■

Tell you what, honkie, seeing as you're new here, and I could use this opportunity to puff up my chest and condescend to someone that I'm (barely) older and more experienced than,[6] I'll give you a little advice.

Thee *fastest* way, bar none, to prove your worth to these brave bisexual indie rocker progressos is to enter the lion's den: Spanish Harlem.

One wrong move here and the neighborhood LatinX mujer will call your Mega64, sock-and-sandal, graphic tee fuckin' dink ass out. "I don't want that beige dick, mijo," she'd say, brushing empanada flakes off her over

[5] IMPORTANT: remember to only use this word for people of Hate-White descent. If you observe a non-HateWhite still entrenched in their ass-backwards culture-of-origin, they are acting authentically and should be treated with reverence and respect. Thanks!

[6] Did I mention you remind me a lot of myself? No, really. I see a lot of myself in you, when I was younger. That's why you should absorb all that I say as gospel and worship me, because I was basically you, but then I got better. I used my massive intelligence and sheer gusto to take me from a low, nobody, Peanut Position (where you now are) and elevate myself to a higher echelon (bear in mind, not a financially higher echelon, or even one that's higher in any quantifiable way, because cool just isn't quantifiable). Did I mention that I could've gone to Yale? Imagine how many cool points I must have in my reserve tank to choose being fat and doing heroin over going to Yale. It's a lot. A lot of Cool Points. OK anyway man, good talk.

grown hairy forearms. She'd laugh at your little pito and call you a Mayo-Casian—lay you out *real* fast, faster than a Del Sol with a hundred grand under the hood. Spit Goya bean soda down your tube socks. Then she'll get a law degree and become the next Supreme Court Justice. Welcome to the jungle, pendejo (Spanish for 'bub').

[INTERACT: Go walk around the South Bronx until a new friend initiates a game of Knock-Out with you!]

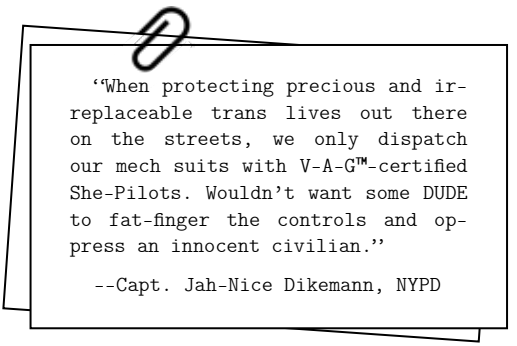
Bazonga..
PAULINO
the cake is a lie

spanish
harlem
bitch

One of the most respected and deeply beloved of all New York City institutions is the New York City Police Department. You would be hard-pressed to find men and women of more celebrated character, with an emphasis on *women,* because of course, as in all dangerous/demanding jobs, the women do more work!

Female cops, like in *Zootopia,* are statistically[7] just as strong and readily capable of handling physically demanding tasks as men. It's just modern Science, and if you deny it you're a *Science-denier.* It's a tragedy that these feisty, empowered babes only make 63% of what their barbaric cis-male counterparts make!

Don't buy it? Well, here's a page ripped straight (no pun intended) from the training manual:



"When protecting precious and irreplaceable trans lives out there on the streets, we only dispatch our mech suits with V-A-G™-certified She-Pilots. Wouldn't want some DUDE to fat-finger the controls and oppress an innocent civilian."

--Capt. Jah-Nice Dikemann, NYPD

Bottom line, everybody knows when the shit hits the fan, and you're face-to-face with some 300-pound (Politely Dressed and Surprisingly Well-Spoken) [redacted]-American, and you've got to navigate your way through a ~~cockroach-infested barrio~~ Chicano crop field, with only seconds on the clock, and your partner's lying on the pavement with his head spilling out like Mama's bolognese, you're gonna want, no, *NEED* a Woman's Perspective™.

[7] Fancy word meaning according to Science or based in Logical Science. Irrefutable; fact-checked; veracitized; truthified; real. To deny Science is to be insane.

ALL I'M SAYIN' IS, JUST MAKE SURE YA PAY 'EM FAIR NOW, YA HEAR?![8]

[8] TEXT 'WOMEN' NOW to 1-800-PAY-FAIR. Let Your Voice Be Heard. Special conditions apply. Standard messaging rates plus N¥4.99/ month for the first month, N¥199.95 bi-monthly thereafter. Cannot be cancelled.

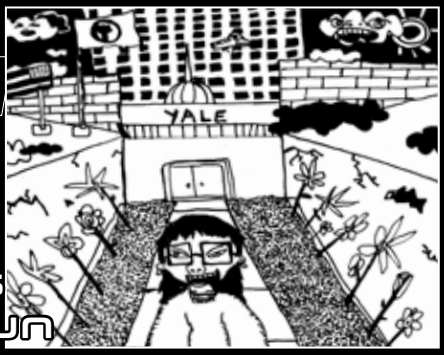
Stop
you have the right to remain silent....

POLICE OF THE WORLD
listen..
Zac was here

We find ourselves at the New York University Yale Harvard Baby College,[9] an institution for high-achieving smarties, specials, and math-rock brainiacs. These are the people who will undoubtedly shape the world of tomorrow. The anointed few, who, once they finally outgrow their designated cuddle and kiss fellatio gynoid turbo spaces, are going to define the next generation of success. *This* is success and prestige. This is *lush.* It's a bit like wearing a gold Rolex around your brain, and if you can afford $200,000-per-year tuition (inflation/crypto-adjusted), it is *highly* recommended.

The major degrees on campus are Labian PhysX (sponsored by Nvidia®—*Let's Play™*), Earth Pseudo-Science, and Sex-Worker Tort Law.[10] However, NYU-Yale-HBC prides itself on offering less practical and more esoteric studies as well, such as Masturbation, Anti-Knowledge, and Stream-of-Consciousness Poetry.

chapter 1: School's no fun

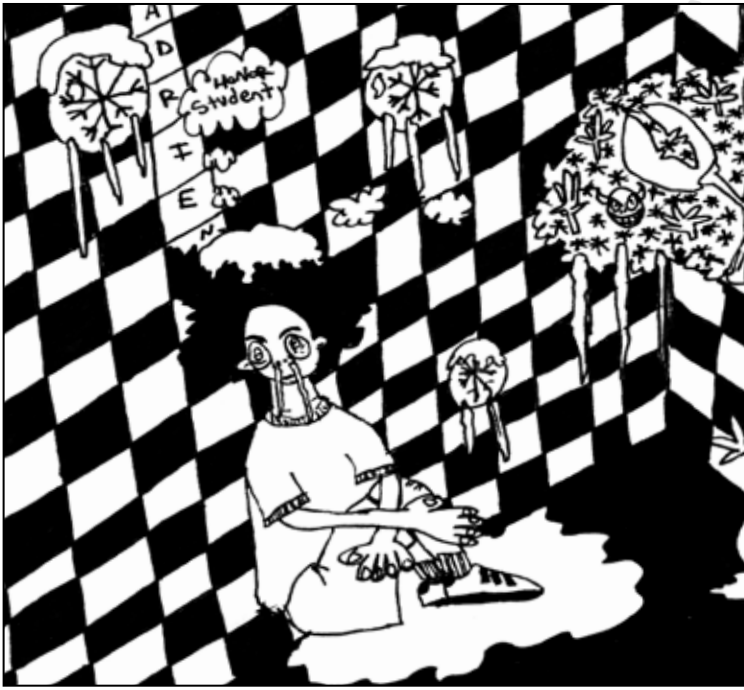


[9] Proud to be a McDonald's *Brainiac PlayPen*™ PlayPlace. "Shaping the Future Through Play, for Every Race."

[10] If this list doesn't pique your interest, NYU-Yale-HBC also boasts: Respectful Dumpster Archaeology (careful not to desecrate any Hobo Burial Grounds), Coital Android Engineering and Field Testing, Feline Zoology for Asteroid Spinsters, Quantum Furry Dentistry, Tantric Machine-Learning Astronomy, and Gay Sex for Homosexual Faggots (Advanced Poop Procreation).

Not many schools these days will allow you to get a doctorate in jerking it, but here you can do just that.

The honor-honor specials tend to convene in the Zoe Quinn Dedication Library with Ritalin IV drips and LSDamphetamine blotters on every bookpage, using Microsoft Bing to find exactly what they need to find, when they need to find it. When it's time to relax, they love just hanging out in the air vents or the cafeteria's walk-in freezer, in the fetal position, thinking honor-honor special thoughts.



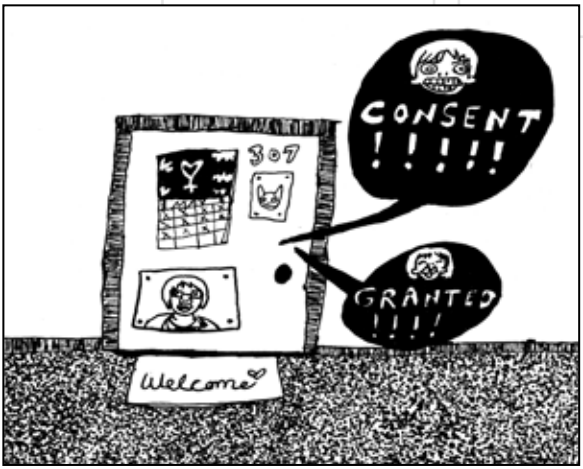
Sometimes they slack off and party a bit too hard. There is certainly no shortage of cocaine-and-molly-fueled omnisexual orgies accompanied by pulsing Matisyahu music on campus, that's for sure. But for the most part people keep their nose to the grindstone, snorting THC pills to stay focused, writing comments on RedTube and LobsterTube videos behind multi-layered Tor VPNs (a common skill-building assignment).

In the main courtyard a group of skippies plays yiffyball. Their sleek, tall, powerful green bodies easily slide in, out, and between each other, in a primal dance of pure athleticism. Their bip-bop music is loud and distracting to the other students trying to concentrate, but tolerating the annoying and loud skippies is a sign of virtue and more importantly sophistication. The skippy bip-bop music is the most advanced and important music ever created throughout all of history.

They hooted and hollered as the yiffyball bounced around the court. Sure, it was true that their tremendous brains could comprehend math and physics problems beyond the reach of almost

all other humans, but this didn't mean they were corny like a bunch of boring *cracka-honkeez,* and they delighted in the simple pleasure of the bouncing ball.

Skippy students all knew how to have a good time (when they weren't solving the world's problems with advanced HyperMath) and party it up as well (always in a safe and respectful way). I should also mention that they are better lovers. While walking through the dorm halls, one would hear skippy men respectfully shouting "consent!?!", and in response higher pitched voices of all races, in the throes of sexual ecstasy, crying "granted!"



In addition to the vibrant and hip skippies, the courtyard was always abuzz with trendsetting subcultures and inventive extracurricular distractions, resplendent against a backdrop of stately and significant architecture.

Massive gilded statues shaped like pizza spirals—generously donated by Yale alums John Kerry and George W. Bush—frame the austere exterior of the Skull and Bones[11] fraternity house, where the future leaders of tomorrow can be found inside sharing handjobs and gay blackmail touches.

Not far from the S&B hut, careful not to tread too far into the occult order's turf, the HFT kids and the TensorFlow kids take a break from their strenuous pen-and-paper calculations and let off some steam with a spirited game of buttplug volleyball.[12]

Even the Gender Psionic majors were out in the sun, enjoying the splendiferousness and practing new methods of anti-racist tai-chi by the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg[13] Bill Gates Vaccine Dedication Memorial 5G Gazebo.

...Aanddd, over on the far east side (where the college filters out onto Harry Potter King Jr. Street with it's dozens of exciting Adderall bars and axe throwing stalls), under the imposing

[11] While still active in ~2070 and serving customers to the same high standard of quality enjoyed for over two-hundred years, the Skull and Bones Society is now a wholly-owned subsidiary of The Walt Disney Company. Other great Disney® brands to keep an eye out for: The Branch Davidians, Antifa™, Phillip Morris Blood Diamond Corp., and Ping-Pong Pizza Not-a-Child-Porn Company, Inc. Thanks for watching, and Stay Tuned for more great Skull and Bones Funspiracies!

[12] Take a guess.

[13] [INTERACT: Look up who this is then wonder: why are "Hollywood types" obsessed with eulogizing and posthumously exonerating two traitors who fed the Soviets information on the atomic bomb and arguably emboldened them to occupy North Korea, leading to a war which took the lives of 3-4 million people? And why is it that certain millions of lives matter, and certain other millions of lives don't matter? Shouldn't all Millions of Lives Matter (MLM)?]

JAIHOO'S TRIP

marble triumphal Mike Brown Arch, stood a cute and obviously charismatic couple, *perhaps a bit like you and your sweet gal.*

perhaps...

the stars of our story?

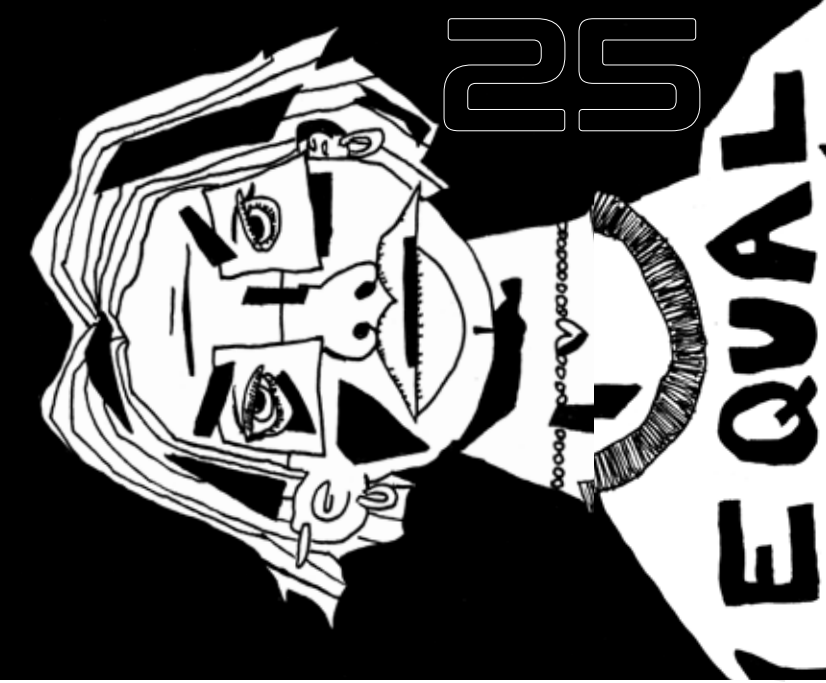
■■■

The girl, Kaileesi Slane, was a plump, plain-looking HateWhite special with beautiful cellulite-stippled walrus thighs, gorgeous bruised knock knees, plentiful cutter scars, and perfect, uneven, watery breasts. She stood about five feet, ten inches tall in chunky gothic heels that made all the boys stand at attention.

Her face, which was caked in sticky foundation and exotic sexy cat effect eye paint, oscillated between, primarily, a twisted palsy sneer of entitlement which she thought made her look like a calculating genius, and an expression of mouth-and-eyes-agog stupefaction that she would uncontrollably lapse into whenever she thought about celebrities.

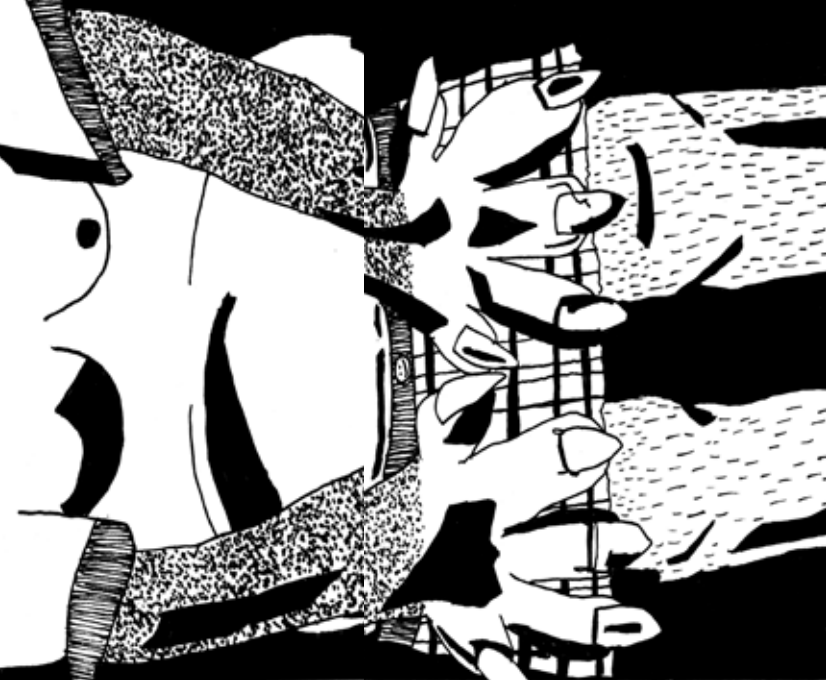
Her hair had seen some abuse, and between the bleachings, straightenings, dreadings and undreadings, the end result looked like a heap of char-grilled spaghetti on her head. It wasn't a big deal though—Kaileesi found that if she used lipstick to paint a target around her hind quarters, just so, she could fool most men's optical scanners into thinking her SMV[14] was as high, if not higher, than it was before she put her hair through the Spanish Inquisition.

[14] Sexual Market Value.



This hyperfocus on appearance was a bit hypocritical of Kaileessi, because she spent nearly as much time and energy railing against mass market beauty standards and espousing a set of morally better ones, which more often than not simply authorized her to be extra nasty and vindictive in her dealings with prettier/younger girls. The onus for the collateral damage caused by this behavior (suicides, eating disorders, hospitalizations, crying fits, etc.) falls solely upon heterosexual HateWhite men, as it should.

Kaileesi claimed to be genderblanc and pan-lesbionic with a splash of Queerch, although for some weird unknown reason the people she most frequently 'dated' were masculine cis-men. Sure, it was a grand ol' time having a consensual romp or two with the skippy yiffyball team, but was it really *fair* to them to expect anything more serious? Could she ever really *understand* their story, their



struggle? As happy as it made her to know that her father was going into debt so she could get railed, she knew that being a *good person*—not a perpetrator of systemic racism and cultural appropriation—meant using the skippies like sex toys and nothing more. Whatever the rationale, at the end of the day her heart always came back for the baloney (in Jaihoo's case, the spicy chorizo baloney stir fry, we'll get to that in a sec.)

Like many HateWhite girls with Asian boyfriends, she also had a touch of borderline personality disorder. And by 'a touch', I mean enough to power a casino if they had hydroelectric turbines for mental illness.

Lastly, she was Infinitesimally Cherokee (which she has a degree in).

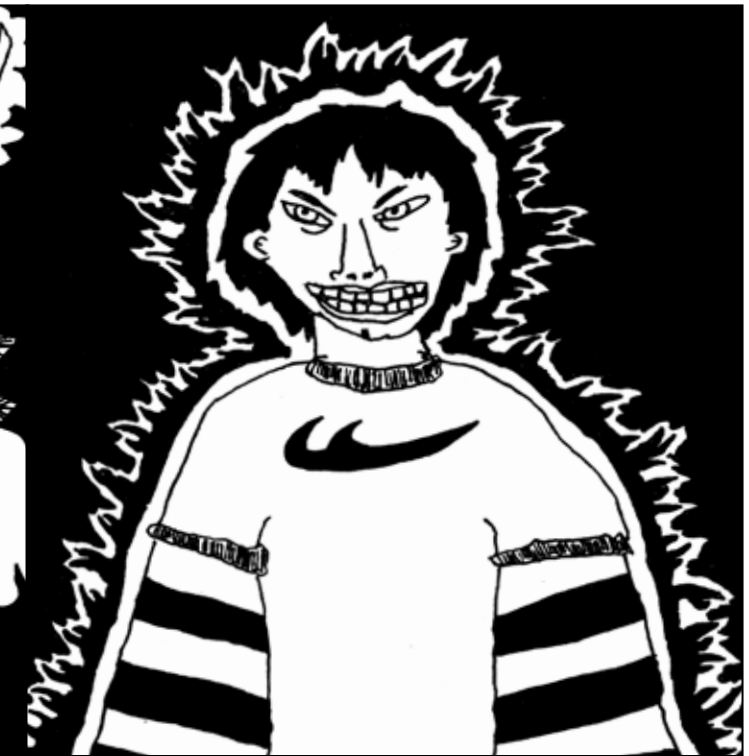
The boy was Jaihoo Cornoonian. At five-foot-six, he was an impressive specimen for a SporeanX.[15] I know a lot of people say stuff like this, but he had an *aura* about him—strangely aloof and apathetic... You could tell *he just didn't give a fuck!*

He wasn't concerned with dressing in a manly way, in fact most of his clothes were flowing black gothic ninja garments designed to enhance his androgyny. Underneath his neoprene Nike cloak, he wore a HUF v-neck which displayed the latest hot album covers on a paper-thin flexible LED panel and occasionally bleated chiptune riffs in rhythm with his walking.

[15] Mexican-identifying of Korean descent.

Kaileesi was watching the elegant forms of the skippy yiffy-ballers at play. She was stimulated by their tribal moves and unrestrained physical aggression, and she felt a growing wetness through her antimicrobial Summer's Eve bugspray tights. In truth, she couldn't get stimulation from Jaihoo, even though he was an activist who cared about lesser classes and complained very loudly and at the right times. He was perfectly femzoned, just the way Kaileesi claimed to want it, yet she still needed that special something, and she had to get it from Other Men.

Even though Jaihoo sometimes felt *bad* because of it, the two were both happy on the whole, and it really was the perfect arrangement. Jaihoo was able to get laid once a week by his



best friend and soulmate (using their Boston Dynamics OrgEnhance-G of course), and he knew that when Kaileesi was ready for children, or at least money, at her own pace, she would come to him and no one else, and he would Be There For Her™. It was a true storybook romance.

JAKHOO'S TRIP TO

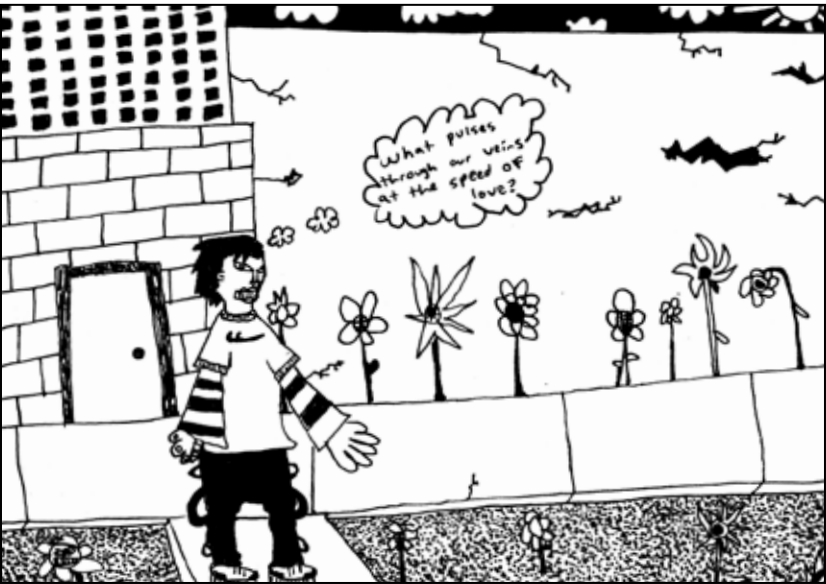
Time for the first class of the day. Jaihoo kneeled down and kissed her goodbye on the bottom, and she gave him a tender loving kick in the chastity cage. As he hoverboarded to Imaginary Studies 101, he looked up at the neon-vomit-colored sky and thought, *"what pulses through our veins at the speed of love?"*

[INTERACT (RIDDLE):

What pulses through our veins at the speed of love?... Take thirty seconds to think of the answer.

Acceptable answers are: *socialism; GRIDS; "Anti-semitism"*. If you cryfailed to guess an acceptable answer, INTERACT right now by setting fire to this book.[16]]

[16] Don't worry, it is printed on "magician's paper" (nitrocellulose), such that it vanishes completely after being burnt.



New York University Yale Harvard Baby College—official motto: *Cum Liberis Fornicari Non Depravatio Sed Consuetudo*[17]—was one of the world's finest schools, and, no surprise, Jaihoo was one of the world's finest *male* students. His thirst for knowledge and lust for learning were unparalleled, for a man... Of course, even a below-average woman would out-pace him intellectually, but that was no fault of his!

Imaginary Studies with Professor Levi Goldstein was easily his favorite subject. Goldstein was at the top of xis field, and every class was an absolute pleasure. Jaihoo would sit in the front row and *imagine* learning, closing his eyes to just think of all the things there were to study, while Goldstein stood at the podium and spewed nonsense in some sort of bastardized binaural Yiddish-Jamaican hybrid, a language proven to dramatically intensify one's belief that learning is taking place. Of course, Professor Goldstein, being a great practical joker, would also occasionally hum Gregorian chants and quote stock prices while fondling ximself raw through xis khakis, to test if anyone was paying attention. It was all in good-natured fun, for in Imaginary Studies, every student gets an A+!

[17] "Plowing Ahead with Youth in Hand"

JAIHOO'S TRIP TO THE FUTURE

This class would surely preparate Jaihoo for real life, he was told, and make him an eligible candidate for one of the five-hundred or so job openings that were available in the world. He had in mind one job in particular—an unpaid rat feces eater apprenticeship at GreenCo Feelwell, Inc.—that he imagined would eventually blossom into a million-DAO-token-per-year vice president job where his job would be to get other people jobs and create more job openings based on govamintal job reports. That is, if greedy Wall Street megacorps and Science deniers would just get out of the way and let the jobbifiers jobbify!

Being a job was his life's calling, or should I say, his life was his *job's* calling, and every minute spent in Imaginary Studies brought him closer to that dream. To be of use to a corporation, to increase their profits, cut expenses, and come up with great ad campaigns... It meant the world to Jaihoo. Of course between now and then he would have to prove himself as an apprentice and work his way up by rolling rat droppings into bigger, ping-pong-ball-sized orbs and gulping them down whole, but once

GreenCo Feelwell saw what a diligent and true employee Jaihoo could be, they'd be sure to set him on the fast track to success. And he really liked GreenCo Feelwell in particular, because they had a reputation for giving employees their penises and testicles back as soon as they reach middle management (as opposed to many other companies that hang on to the important stuff until the executive level).

Jaihoo's eyes were swimming with sweet visions of being a helpful lackey. Heck, he'd let the CEO take a shit on his chest if it would make the company one extra dollar in pre-tax profits.

Boop beep bop boop beep—a few taps on the Apple watch and the Foxconn LewcidDreamer 69K was remotely programmed to beam good, corporate vibes into his head that night. It was a setting he often chose, for when the disembodied, big-nosed, purple-lipped face of his good pal and mentor, Professor Levi Goldstein (who was also a licensed Foxconn LewcidDream avatar), sang gently in his ear, his sleep would become a free-floating bliss-blast to a candy cloud.

■ ■ ■

It couldn't all be fun and games. Today's next class, French Fry Mechanics, was a bit less exciting, to say the least. This class gave Jaihoo a really hard time, but it was important for his future and so he dedicated a great deal of brainpower to thinking about how to make the perfect batch of crispy, golden fries.

The professor, Steven Lebowitz, was a real stickler, and if one of Jaihoo's fries was a dud, he would have to restart the whole batch. There were maybe two-thousand students in the French Fry Mechanics amphitheatre, all situated around the central holographic projection of Professor Lebowitz. Each student had their own personal mini-fryer, which was functionally identical to the real fryers they would be using throughout their careers,

and likewise each student was connected to their own personal facial-recognition camera and genital electrode apparatus, which helped to ensure that all of the fresh, hot fries and griddle-fresh beef patties were served up with a gleaming smile and good attitude.

This was the one class Jaihoo couldn't seem to get the hang of, and he was in the bottom twenty-five-percent of the class. He had the scrotal burns to prove it, and in fact it was so stressful he developed severe trichotillomania and TMJ, and became deeply sad and dejected and very desperately needed help! But none of that mattered—he was gonna have to practice a lot if he had any hope of getting an internship followed by a ten-year-long unpaid apprenticeship after college and his master's program were over.

[interact:

think about crispy golden french fries! first the aroma, which entices you and lets you know amazing flavors are headed your way! next, the heat and texture of the golden crispy fry between your soft fingertips, the direct connection to a spark of newborn fry life, just a little greasy so you know it's good! now open your mouth and accept the salt, slowly at first, the burst of taste exploding in your mouth, gushing, one fry at a time, now more and more, until you're double-fisting big fry chunk-a-lunks! scarf it down!

sponsored by mcdonzy's: my taste is yours™]

The bell rang, and a microwave pulse of reminder pain shot out from the school's underground scheduling cortex. Jaihoo quickened his step along to the next class, Retail 101, which was even less exciting than French Fry Mechanics, but at least Jaihoo was a competent retail technician which meant he could relax a little.

JAIHOO'S TRIP TO THE FUTURE

It was a large class with approximately four-thousand students, all corralled together in big oxygen-deprivation tents which were made up on the inside to resemble real shopping safezones. The thinner air helped the students perfect conservation of movement—in an actual retail environment, every fold, flip, stitch, zip, brush of the lint roller, and swipe of the credstik swiper was crucial, and even something as innocuous as excessive breathing could wind up costing the corporation and the govamint *millions* in profits and tax revenue. An added side benefit was that all the students learned, firsthand, the agony and injustice of the police brutality that is a reality for far too many NAMERACains. Jaihoo Couldn't Breathe.

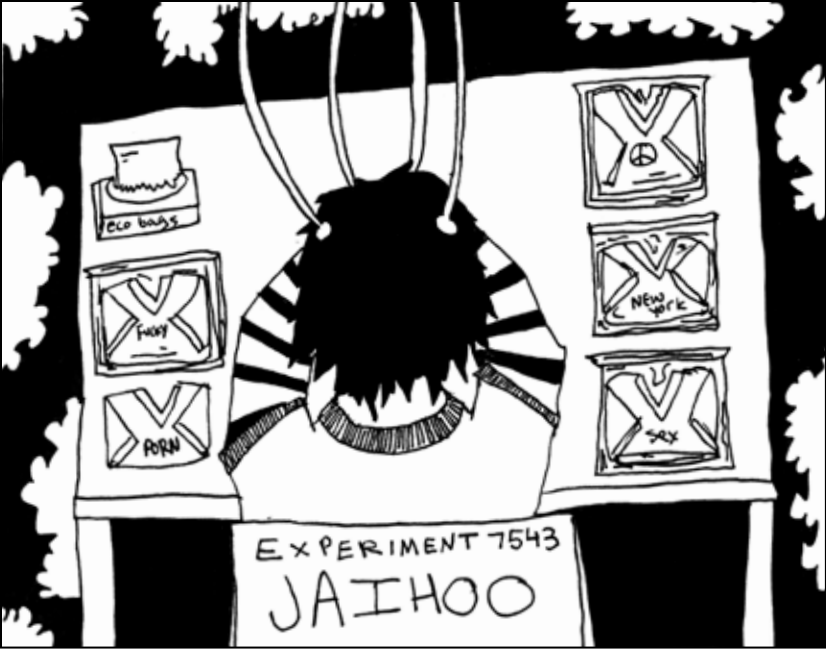
Retail 101 was taught by Dr. Jacob Cohen, pH-d, who was legendary not only across campus, but throughout the world of commerce, for inventing a special neck brace which maximized worker focus. The brace, the rights to which had been bought by Mahindra for God-knows-how-much-money and branded the MyWorkerBee™ in NAMERAC and the MySandip™ in India, was a rather clever gizmo which used whistles, horns, LEDs, champagne confetti poppers and needles to keep laborers zeroed in on mission-critical tasks, such as making tortillas and stocking shelves.

Of course, the horse blinders on the side were just for show, a special request from the Indian factory floor bosses, which didn't actually enhance the efficacy of the device. The real trick was making it affordable at scale, which Cohen achieved by using an Arduino LilyPad to coordinate the various sensors, with everything powered by three triple-A batteries conveniently stored in the wearer's ass.[18] The cherry on the sunday? An ingenious set of mechanical gears positioned on the back of the neck brace which would cleverly snap the worker's cervical spine like a number-two pencil, should he or she be so unwise as to fall asleep while on the clock.

[18] Bead or plug form-factor.

The Mahindra MyWorkerBee™ proved so effective that it is considered essential equipment in the menial labor industry. Cohen was a genius, and NYU-Yale-HBC was lucky that this double-digit millionaire inventor and retail Scientist felt so strongly about educating today's future salespeople and assembly line workers that he'd do it essentially almost for free, or very close to free.

Jaihoo sighed. He knew his Retail 101 homework was helping out the global economy and also directly subsidizing the university, but the tedium weighed on him. Some days, the students would learn how to sew together soccer balls, sewing up to two-hundred balls apiece in a given four-hour period. Other times, they would fold t-shirts and put them in plastic bags. The t-shirts had cool logos and sayings emblazoned on them, stuff like "Peace" and "Che Guevara," in dynamic graffiti lettering. He couldn't afford to buy a shirt like that himself, but he imagined that they probably got shipped out to cool people with good taste—



people with interesting and sexy Depops. It wasn't exciting work, but Jaihoo was willing to practice and study hard to make himself a valuable commodity in the scarce job market that awaited him.

Jaihoo obediently packed an "I CARE ABOUT OTHERS" distressed v-neck into a Uline BPA-*pure*[19] bag and sent it down the conveyor belt. Although Professor Cohen was seemingly distracted, playing Zynga on his phone and mowing down a bagel with nootropic lox schmear, you never knew just what the old man could catch out of the corner of his eye. Jaihoo knew that if he didn't pack the t-shirts with total loving care, there would be hell to pay, maybe even a lawsuit, and he had already been sued by Cohen three times this semester. He reached for the next shirt, but then, there was a loud crashing boom-bang sound in the hall!—

[19] It is pure BPA.

—The skippy bip-bop music thumping through the walls, to a present-day person, would *seem* vulgar and mindless, and would *seem* like culture-killing anti-music created by dangerous subhuman retards, but in [two-and-a-half-years-hence] things are so advanced and therefore counter-intuitive that even your lowest-tier country bumpkin redneck HateWhite has to admit that bip-bop exists in the same hallowed artistic realm of the finest classical music and perhaps even a bit higher. It is astounding how so much meaning can be conveyed in just three monosyllables.

It is this ancient and time-honored three-word structure, invented untold generations ago in the skippy homeland of Atlantis, that gives bip-bop music its form and perhaps some of its primal power. For example, 800SHIBBY's hit song, "Rape Dat Bitch," is just a chant repeated over and over for seven minutes:

"Rape! Dat! Bitch! Rape! Dat! Bitch! Rape! Dat! Bitch!" ... and so on.

Jaihoo fondled an unfolded shirt, listening to the hypnotic dirge of raw (healthy) hypermasculine energy.

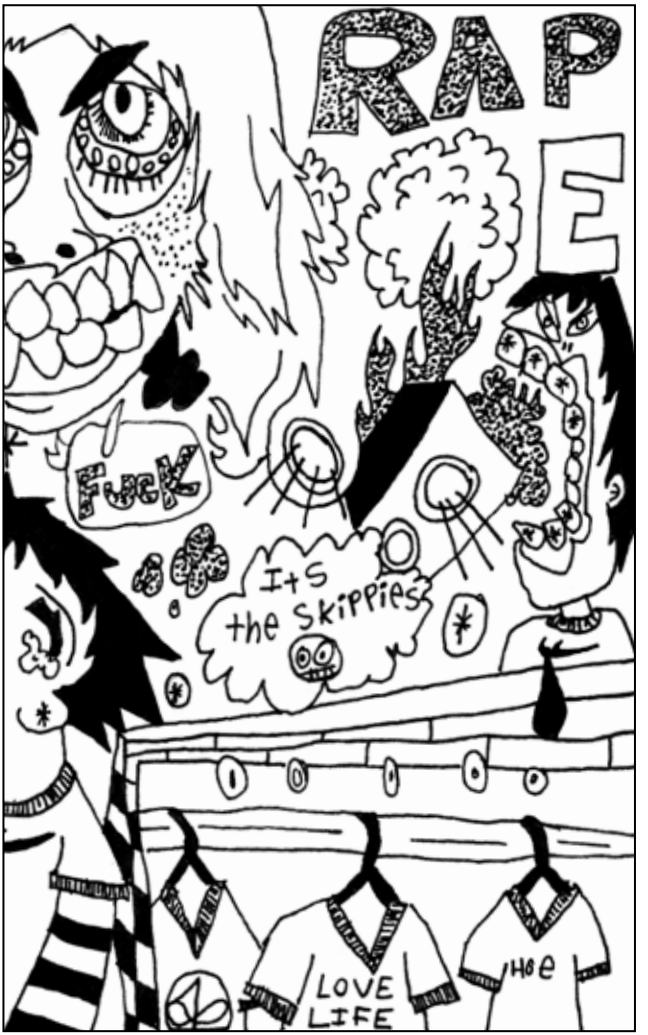
"Rape! Dat! Bitch! Rape! Dat! Bitch!"

He thought of Kaileesi and her many lovers (all of them consensual as hell), knowing he could never please a woman like a powerful and wise skippy could, even with his Boston Dynamics OrgEnhance-G and 50W-200 Bose-Einstein Condensate KY Nanolube.

RAPE
DAT
BITCH

MONEY
savage bitch
retarded..
100% Real
Street what
the Fuck you thought
it was bitch you think
this is a game cause I

must fold shirts perfectly
RAPE DAT BITCH
Blood
RAPE DAT BITCH


RAP
E
Fuck
It's
the Skippies
LOVE
LIFE
HOE

fold these shirts ever if
I do. Because If someo
bagged and folded correctly, I
and I will be taken ou
that happens kaileesi wont lo
fold these

Fuck I have to fold shirts...

Gotta fold these shirts at all costs. I have to bag and fold these shirts or else professor will be totally pissed off at me. Regardless I must

its the last god damned thing
ne buys a shirt, and it's not
have failed my professor
t of the job market. IF
ve me anymore. So I must
shirts. Or else. Anyways I have to

For a split-second, a protothought of ancient ethnic hatred was allowed to bubble up from his amygdala. Had this protothought been allowed to cascade, he would have seen a vision—a horse-mounted Mongol archer, or rather a horde of archers, with fine fur hats and dyed silk robes, chasing down strange-looking Atlantean beasts whose nakedness was only concealed by stinking coiled hair and matted straw skirts. The beasts ran like scared children, their gait disrupted by spasms of primal fear, as bamboo arrows sang through the air and culled their numbers...

Jaihoo's Neuralink contact lens video screen, which was connected to the Calm app on his phone, flashed a red and yellow Rivello reset pattern, and he lost his train of thought before it could start.

Shirts. Time to fold and bag these bad boys!

CHAPTER TWO: LUNCHTIME IS COO'

At around the same time, Kaileesi was getting down to brass tacks with her studies. It was a smaller class of about seventy-five gifted specials, mostly bi-gendered but some sapio-sexual and queerman and full-Queerch.

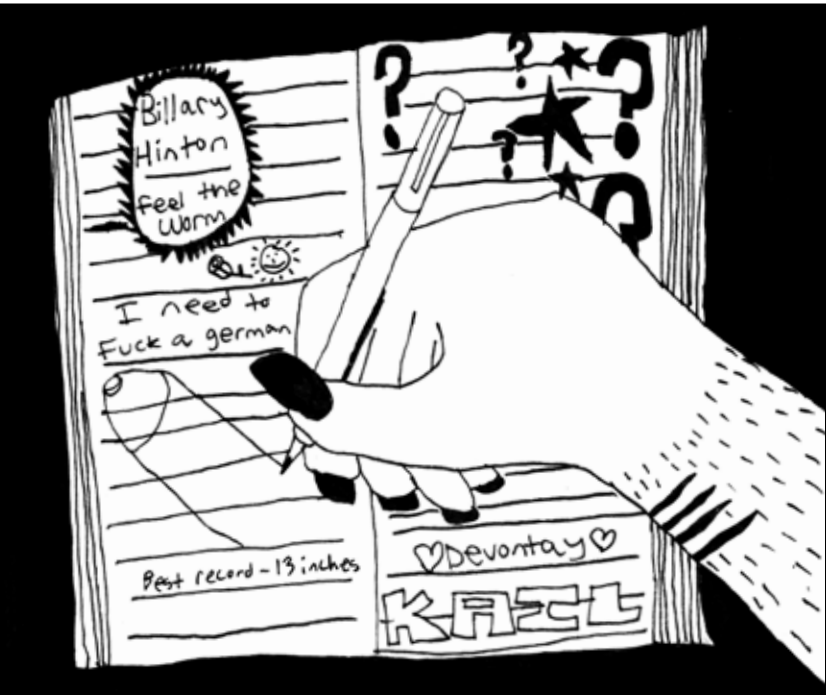
ADVANCED SCIENCE LEVEL 2: LADIES & FEMM-POSITIVE ONLY.

This class was tricky, but Kaileesi was able to handle it with her incredible female brain. In the future, society has entirely given up its attempt to force some antiquated notion of 'equality' down our throats, so everybody openly admits that women are smarter and better at certain subjects like Science, math, creating AIs, things of that sort, while men are more useful and better at cleaning up garbage and getting shot in war.

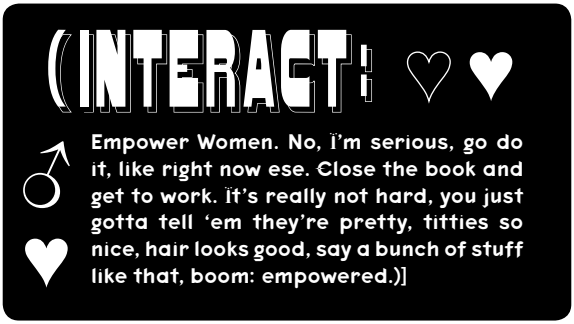
Of course, the smartest girls were all Ethiopian and Somalian, but Kaileesi was still pretty smart even though she was biologically HateWhite--probably be-

cause she was a distant relative of Elizabeth Holmes. In addition to her massive brain which was basically a supercomputer and good decision machine, she also had a big bagger shaved pussy that was ready to fuck lots of guys and a mouth that would suck a lot of cocks and eat cum, everytime. Her dad would be so proud because her mouth was almost as good at sucking tons of random cocks and drinking the load as her pussy was at taking stranger's seed! So, she was SMART and *valuable*, like a female Tony Stark.

Kaileesi sat on her plump saggy bottom, releasing a puff of cheesy yeast spores and nearly busting out every stitch in her pants. After a quick glance to see if anyone noticed her picking her nose and eating it, she started scribbling notes furiously into her Lisa Frank notebook with a gel pen. The notebook was divided in two: left pages were reserved for make-up tips, clothing



ideas, gossip about boys, etc., while right pages were for cutting edge Science and quantum Nye-Tyson equations. Currently, the left page was full of heart doodles and a note about Scott's penis size, and the right page was full of 3D block letter question marks and heart doodles that was a secret code for an impossibly complex math formula that would solve gravity.


(INTERACT: ♡ ♥
♂
♥
Empower Women. No, ï'm serious, go do it, like right now ese. Close the book and get to work. ït's really not hard, you just gotta tell 'em they're pretty, titties so nice, hair looks good, say a bunch of stuff like that, boom: empowered.)]

The professor of Advanced Science Level 2, Joyce Nusbaum, was tenured and could not be fired no matter what radically evil anti-humanity opinions she used her academic clout to draw attention and lend credibility to. More importantly, she made over a quarter-million DAO tokens per year, much of that coming from her interest in the Yale endowment's private prison investment fund.

Kaileesi had immense respect for Nusbaum, because she always said such brave and empowering things, like 'kill the rich' and 'kill all men.' It was critically important, in her opinion, that little girls everywhere be allowed to hear messages like this, so that they could feel enough self-confidence to learn to design advertisements and get degrees in marketing and communication. There's no feeling in a young woman's life, no fulfillment, no *rush,* quite like her first time brokering a deal for bus shelter ad space,

kill all men kill the rich kill all men kill the rich kill all men kill the rich

or writing her first line of copy for an American Express trade show PowerPoint.[20] We owe them this dream, this promise. If we can do nothing else to atone for one-thousand millennia of persecution, we owe them this dream: to work for a company.

Honestly, how can you expect a little girl to grow up and become anything worthwhile if she isn't told indirectly and subconsciously multiple times per day, forever, that her father and brother(s) are rapists who want to oppress her?

It boggles the mind and shocks the conscience, to imagine a woman ever rising through the ranks to become an astronaut or a Supreme Court justice, without providing continual healthy reinforcement to the idea that it is normal and in fact a good idea to walk outside a frat house or an Caucasian-American ghetto at 2AM wearing only a thong pantie with the world 'SLUT' scrawled across one's chest in lipstick.

Indelible in the hippocampus is the fear that the next Steve Jobs or the next Albert Einstein is sitting alone in a dark room somewhere, *her* talents undeveloped, *her* genius unwanted, *her* poten-

[20] We make payments work harder for *you.* That's the promise we make, and work tirelessly to deliver, each day. Why? Because when we contribute to the health of our clients' bottom line, we let the world's most dynamic companies focus on what they do best. (Female narrator takes over from male) Whether it's improving health and wellness around the world (Merck Biopharmaceuticals logo), restoring balance to environments and economies (BP logo), or helping people take comfort, in their own financial health and security (Genworth Financial logo) what we do (pause for effect) matters (picture of African-American businessperson and white businessperson, switch back to male narrator). As a strategic global partner, we master the ins and outs of our clients' business, to support their growth, with the right solutions to maximize flexibility, the right resources to optimize performance, and the right insights to drive continuous value to the bottom line. With historic levels of uncertainty, complexity, and change, businesses need partners they can trust, more than ever (picture of white businessperson and Asian businessperson). As the industry leader, and one of the most innovative and trusted service brands, the time is *now,* to show our clients all we can do for them FADE to WHITE . (This is word-for-word a project I worked on that was written by a really beautiful unmarried and childless 32-year-old woman who was so like, exuberantly proud of this monstrosity like she had just painted the Sistine Chapel or something.)

tial unrealized, all because nobody was there to tell her that masturbating with toys is okay.

Where would we be if Thomas Edison never used a cock ring? Would the railroads have been built if John D. Rockerfeller was shy about his sexy hips? The Wright Brothers and incest: Henry Ford and frenulum stimulators--I *defy* you to name one modern invention, luxury, or tool we would have today if Euclid hadn't had regular, healthy and safe anal orgasms. It's not about special treatment, it's just about removing the double standard.

■ ■ ■

Professor Nusbaum was busily going through old Science textbooks, reading aloud ideas and theories invented by men so that the class could laugh at them. She just finished up with Newton's theory of gravity and all the girls in the class hooted uproariously because it was so antiquated and misogynistic. The current

theory on the topic of gravity, Sarah's Theory (sometimes called the SarahAshleyJennifer Theory), blew Newton's theory out of the water, even made Newton look like a serious idiot.

The bell rang, and all the ladies filed out of the room like a gaggle of clucking chickens. The smell of feet, kitty litter, and Febreze was a bit overpowering to say the least. Kaileesi hung back to talk to Professor Nusbaum one-on-one.

"Kaileesi, dear child... The preparations are nearly complete. We begin final testing this afternoon."

Kaileesi nodded in silence, aptly guessing that Professor Nusbaum didn't want her to open her stupid mouth and say some insipid hare-brained nonsense. In theory, the professor was a die-hard MegaEquality proponent and total Gender Champion of unparalleled fairness, even winning several local awards, but in practice she was a bit of a misogynist, which was ironic because she was biologically male.

Hard to believe, but it was indeed fact-checked and re-bunked by multiple verified sources-Professor Joyce Nusbaum had been born a male, and grew up with her brain swimming in male hormones. It was only later in life that Joyce, formerly Jason, had taken on the mantle of enlightened femalism, and like most transgendered people (two-and-a-half-years-hence) it was mainly a tax incentive/debt relief play. Turns out most people have no problem psychotically crossdressing if they can save 8.5%.

Her students of course had no problem with this-she was a woman and that was the end of the matter, as it should be. It was rather curious, however, that most high-functioning and intelligent women, for whatever reason were biologically male, not to mention the fact that the ladies' restroom was continuously plagued by the sound of flapping masturbating cocks and deep-voiced grunting, almost as though it were a private sex club for horny crossdressing men. No correlation could be found between these pieces of data, even by the computer Science department's cutting-edge neural network/conversation bot/counting machine, Timmy the Computer. But still, weird coincidences.

Kaileesi obediently plodded out the door holding her books. Her hard-water-stained flip-flops made a thick, wet smacking sound as she ambulated her fat body out into the hallway. *Plop-smack, plop-smack, plop-smack,* like the soundtrack at a Vietnamese nail salon.

Meanwhile, Jaihoo grabbed his cyberbooks and headed for the cafeteria, but at the end of the hall, the funniest thing happened! He couldn't remember whether to turn left or right!

[interact:

IF YOU THINK JAIHOO...

A: *WENT LEFT*
carry on reading as you were.

B: *WENT RIGHT*
turn the book up side-down and read the rest of the book backwards...

C: *WENT IS OWN WAY (JWHOW)*
record yourself in vlog format talking about how women are sluts.

In the caf', Jaihoo waited patiently. He knew Kaileesi would oftentimes be busy with a "friend" (sometimes Mark, sometimes Dave or Brian, sometimes one of the athletic and cool skippies, sometimes an older bearded software QA tester BDSM Daddie who did really nasty chauvinist bedroom things that Jaihoo wasn't even allowed to think about), and so he was accustomed to saving a seat for her every day at luncheon.

Today she was on time, and the two enjoyed some nice frothing mugs of Kraft Foods X-Plasm Excel™. Jaihoo nibbled on his enhanced Beyond Shmeat® herbalike pseudosalad with BPA and Estrosil-XR, but Kaileesi had an organic allergy so she ate a McDonzy's Big Marc from one of the campus McDonzy's. Thankfully, in two-and-a-half-years-hence , hate sites like *fatpeoplehate.ai* and *coontown.architect* are outlawed and illegal.[21] With no place to convene and spread their vile toxins, hateful bigots simply shrivel up and die, much like a virus globule when it encounters the impenetrable barrier of a disposable paper mask. This meant that Kaileesi was able to enjoy a delicious healthy thirty-five-hundred-calorie Big Marc without being judged or ridiculed: in fact, she was praised by the school Praise Brigade.

[21] Except for the purposes of commemorating *Gyno-Day*,[21A] where the entire archive of these ancient HateSites is printed out, shredded, and dumped from rainbow-colored blimps over New York City. The bulk of the dazzling confetti waterfall streams into the open mouth of the city's world-renowned diesel-powered man-punishment history-scrubber.

[21A] Annivesary of the inception of the Woman Era, W.E.-a chance for all men, young and old, to express their penance for metaphysical pastcrime by injecting their chests with saline.

DIGRESSION:

there lived a young innocent girl with pale porcelain skin, delicate wrists, smooth thighs, and most importantly and shockingly of all, she didn't have a shitty fucking attitude *all the time*. Indeed, not once did this girl ever bemoan her role in society or challenge the righteous and just men who provided her with guidance and protection.

This seemingly mythical creature—though, traveler, this humble bard gives you his most ironclad assurances that the girl was truly real, flesh and blood—had pink lips softer than a flower petal and sun-dappled skin like finespun silk. Her countenance suggested a kindness that went beyond the superficial, more of an understanding—and set inside this translucent, tranquil mask, were glittering emerald eyes that betrayed a certain type of intelligence only present in the most superlative of the female species (also sometimes arsonists would have this twinkle). It is said that wild tigers would sit restful ly at her feet, and that the most powerful Kings would cross oceans and set siege to castles simply for the chance to look at her collarbones or smell her gloves.

I only point all this out to illustrate what a backwards and graceless mire our world used to be. Now, of course, all women have the freedom, nay, the *responsibility,* to destroy their innocence and femininity with numbing jellies and warming creams slathered atop CyberSkin dildoes and vibrating butterflies, which for the good of all, must be broadcast twenty-four-seven via web-cam masturbation sites. We may think, and rightfully so, that our utopian society is the pinnacle of wisdom and virtue, but let us every so often meditate on the young innocent girl with pale porcelain skin. May she ever remind us that the old boyman-centric prison hell-world was DISGUSTING and violently abusive of all vaginoids, shepeople, and she-identifying biophages—for those that fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it!

Thankfully, [two-and-a-half-years-hence], everybody understands that this school of thought is outmoded to say the least, and Kaileesi can eat as many Big Marcs as she wants, because yes, believe it or not, you can be Healthy At Every Size. In fact, she could run a triathlon—just because a girl is big doesn't mean she's out of shape. Kaileesi also knew how to put a condom on with her mouth, so yeah, she was damn good, and worth a *Diamond Ring Marriage (DRM).*

{Interact:

Go out and buy a condom and try to put it on a banana with your mouth. If you can't do it in under three seconds, you don't deserve to lick the brownish juice from Kaileesi's unwashed labia.]

Jaihoo hoped the Praise Brigade might say something nice to him for once, but as usual they pranced off without so much as a sideways glance in his direction. Sighing heavily, he crunched down on his chemical castration salad and thought of new strategies for his favorite video game, *DotA 3*.

DotA 3 was an intense multiplayer online battle arena where he and other dirty-fingernail, gel-haired, rave-pants-wearing Koreans could mesh their brains into an n-dimensional, topographically-abstract neural net living supercomputer, and clash in epic battles with fireballs, freeze storms, etc.-essentially all manner of magic spells-not to mention devastating melee attacks.

It was the sequel to DotA 2, made by the Steam Store, and it had one vital improvement over its predecessor: the ability to play as *licensed heroes* using *The Products and Services That You Already Know and Love®*.

In DotA 3, not only could you play as heroes from other games and movies, you could also become your favorite celebrity or product mascot. You could play as the main character from the Jap-Ani-me(tion) Bleach, for example. You could also play as Cornelius Rooster, Naruto, the Michelin Man, Dr. Who, *Jared Leto Presents: The Joker*, the Geico Gecko, the Aflac Duck, a "Path to Exile" Magic card, Leisure Suit Larry, or any of the fan-favorite shemale tentacle demons from La Blue Girl or Urotsukidoji. DotA 3 features over a thousand different franchised playable characters (FPCs), all at great prices.

Jaihoo's go-to hero in DotA 3 was Mr. Clean, because most people couldn't deal with his Powerful Fresh Scent ultimate, and for every win he'd score some sweet P&G rewards points which he could use to restock on sodium lauryl sulfate. However, on the rare occasion that Jaihoo's yellow-buck-toothed, bug-eyed opponent knew how to counter-pick against Mr. Clean (Tessai's *Leg*

Lick ultimate plus a Crazy Frog or Charly Temmel carry), he would throw a curveball and pick Fred Figglehorn or Cheese the Chao-two rarely used but devastating heroes which were unstoppable in Jaihoo's hands.

(INTERACT:

SIMULATE PLAYING DOTA 3 FOR YOURSELF!

TURN ON ITUNES VISUALIZER, CLENCH YOUR BUTT CHEEKS, STARE AT YOUR SCREEN WHILE UNFIXING YOUR EYEBALLS LIKE YOU'RE LOOKING AT A MAGIC EYE, AND RAPID-FIRE CLICK YOUR MOUSE FOR FORTY-FIVE MINUTES!]

Kaileesi checked her Tinder accounts and arranged a few quidays[22] with cool looking bad-boy types. This didn't bother Jaihoo, because he knew she was just having her fun, and someday she'd decide he was more than enough for her. She set up a quiday with Jeffie later in the afternoon, because he wore a cool jean jacket in his photo and looked antisocial. Then, that evening, she planned on seeing Jeffi who was in a spotify-band and had a sexy forehead tattoo.

However, it was Jeffy who really caught her eye because he was the most skilled air-lip-syncer in Billyburg-you could barely tell he wasn't even lip-syncing! This guy was nothing but a stud and he was barely through his introductory bundle of Tinder Platinum points before he was eEating Kaileesi's pussy all day, but what she didn't know was that he was ready, willing, and able to real-eFuck her all daynight!

[22] QuikDates.

Jeffy *just doesn't give a fuck!* (quoting his profile), and loves to verbally abuse his mother, so of course Kaileesi was twisty-turny upside-downy turned on, tingly-kinky ready for his skinny, scarified bod and plastique mascara wings to enter then exit her revolving door vagina, dumping trash loads of impotent semen with no chance of kick-starting a baby (better known as *just-a-clump-of-cells* until age twenty-five) with one of her eggs, which were well-brined in the harshest Agent Orange derived birth control pesticide on the market. Suffice it to say, she was Ready for Love.

Jaihoo looked up from his Singaporean fantasy DotA 3 charts. I forgot to mention that he couldn't afford to actually *play* the game, per se, however his skill at picking out the best players and predicting the outcomes of championship matches made him a legend on the fantasy league message boards. The look of dreamy yearning on his beloved's face snapped him out of gamespace and played the hamster dance song on his heart strings. He pleaded with her:

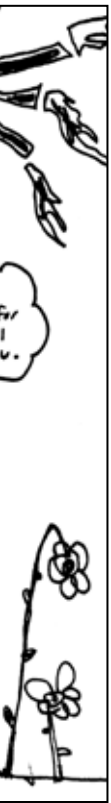
"Kaileesi, I love you, and I know you're 'The One.' After college and our internships, and our unpaid apprenticeships and master's programs, I want us to move in together, get married and raise a family. You can go off to your cool, highly paid, diversity-hire make-work job everyday, and I'll stay home and help raise Jeff's, or Jeffee's children. Heh, it doesn't matter to me, I'll raise 'em all, so long as I'm by your side, nestled under your strong, proud wing, like a baby otter with his protective eagle mommy, together raising a family of wombat-eagle and snake-eagle hybrid puppies... I mean, it doesn't matter, because they'll all know that the baby otter is their daddy, it's natural. I'll even do the dishes everyday and make sure you have a clean house to come home to!"

"That's all very nice, Jai," replied Kaileesi, "but I've got a life to live. I'm still so *young*, I need to *experiment* and be *free!* I know that one day you and I will settle down, but I'm not an old lady yet!" She laughed, amused at how pathetic and old-fashioned her boyfriend was. Hadn't he heard? Women were allowed to have free will nowadays.

This sounded pretty sensible, so Jaihoo had to nod in agreement. Kaileesi was such a whip-smart cookie, she could outwit anyone and basically have anything she wanted, and it went without saying that she knew best how to properly steer this relationship.

She was in touch with Luna, the spirit of the moon, and like any good witch she could basically manipulate the future just by knowing the hour of his birth and the current alignment of the planets. For example, she could predict exactly what his reaction will be to the impending psychological abuse she has planned for him, simply by shuffling around a few tarot cards and chanting a spell she found online.

The Fae have guided her well thus far, showing her an exceedingly lucid path towards keeping most of Jaihoo's personal belongings after they part ways (should her spiritual dominatrix/advisor Lady Tabitha decide such a parting is warranted by the leaves of judgment), including childhood photos, a cherished skateboard, and many other things for which she had no use and yet were of great sentimental value to him.



If it weren't for the Faerie King and their frequent meetings in the Astral Plane, she would not have anticipated the agitation and panic exhibited by Jaihoo once he found her second phone hidden within her pillowcase. It was by the power of these ethereal guides that she knew to always have a spare set of underwear tucked away in her bag.

This all appeared to Jaihoo to be the result of childhood neglect and trauma: he had no idea what supernatural forces and higher-order chessmastery were really at play. His primitive ape logic circuits would never grasp why it was a good idea to use her real legal name while selling soiled panties and socks online, but as she'd explained many times before, Jupiter (consciousness of the greater realms, expansion) was in the twelfth ecliptic zone which meant that a great transformation (Pluto) was coming to shock Jaihoo's core values and ambition (Sun). These super-intelligent hyperthoughts whizzed over his head like stray cosmic rays. It all sounded worse than random noise to him, and yet the smartest person he knew based her major life decisions on charts and pie graphs drawn up by miserable old la-

dies whose only source of income was this spiritual Ponzi scheme. Even though it all looked obviously fake as hell, he knew it was true, because Kaileesi was a Mensa-plus-level genius who'd defied the odds to cripple the glass ceilings (all three of them) and excel as a W in a M's world. Her story was so inspiring, many Fortune 10,000 companies wanted her to be a Brand Ambassador, which is the highest honor awarded to civilians, but she declined nearly all of them because of her artistic integrity.

The confusion and mayhem of dating an avant-garde it girl were just part of the package deal to Jai-it never occurred to him to complain. He would never be getting more than fifteen seconds of unenthusiastic head, once every two weeks, with the in-between times punctuated by vicious spats of gut-wrenching psychodrama, and it was all he'd ever hoped for and dreamed of.

Kaileesi was *so* smart, once she gave a TED talk to an audience of all-male professors, lawyers, doctors, and rocket scientists. The event made headlines because unfortunately, every single audience member's brain exploded at the exact same time when Kaileesi posited her thesis: *Barbie dolls don't have realistic body proportions.* This once-in-a-millenia observation shattered every paradigm and marked a sea change in body perception dynamics. Most affected of all by the Barbie Doll Moment were the hungry and poor in the Third World, who were catapulted by this revelation into a frothing state of perpetual techno-utopian upheaval, each new volksparadies more Übermagnificent and Equal than the last.

Who could ever have imagined the Ganges river clean enough to perform underwater surgery in, while at the same time providing for the cooling needs of a dozen next-generation clean solar-nuclear power plants, all while newly-rich Dalit AI imagineer playboys and playgirls dash up and down the banks aboard negative emissions Tesla microyachts? And all of this because one young woman had the courage to say what nobody else wanted to hear, or what nobody else could bear to open their eyes andsee-that Barbie dolls don't have realistic body proportions.

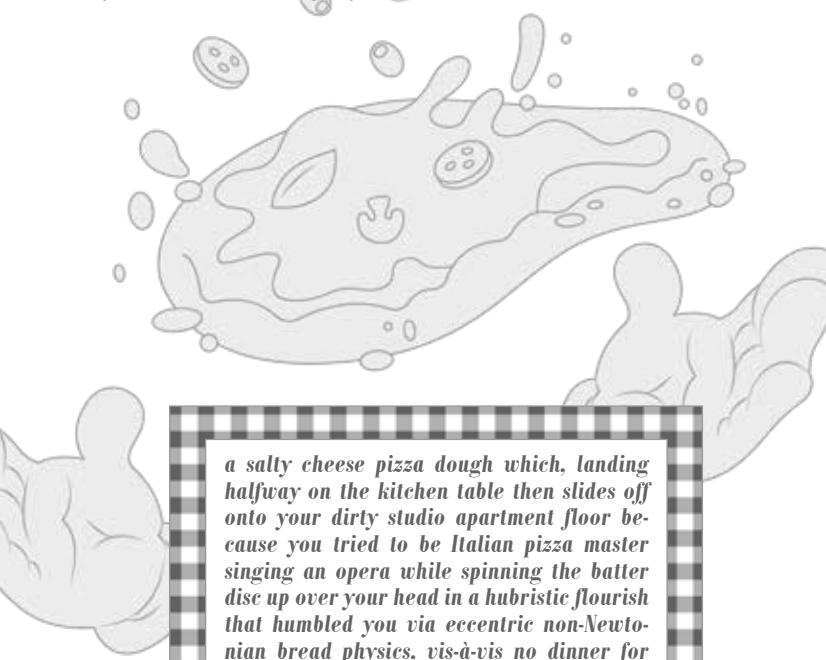
Kaileesi was a wunderkünt par excellence: every employment agency zine and LinkedIn recruiter's microblog wanted her nudes for the cover, and all the top bus shelter advertising firms were scouting her for important diversity hire woman-quota HR positions. She could kick back and coast through the next fourteen years of higher education and *still* basically be guaranteed a *paid* position answering phones at a megahotel . . . Which, admittedly sounds like small peanuts by today's standards, but what you have to keep in mind is that (two-and-a-half-years-hence), receptionist is more-or-less as high as you can climb without a lot of DAO tokens in your Trezor and some *very* influential relatives.

The recruiters and agents, frankly, had gotten kind of annoying. They were constantly calling her in for follow-up meetings where, in accordance with standard procedure, they would test her vaginal discharges and lick her toes clean. She had no problem acing these tests, because her gender-neutral guardians had been shrewd enough to spend ten-thousand XMR per month on the most expensive STD tutor in town, Malcolm Gladwell, back when she was in Equalschool (a mandatory two-year school after high school and before college).

Gladwell was an alum of the fabled HIV-AIDS Graduate Scholars Program at UC Nuevo SanFran in Neo-Cali.[23] He was a great tutor because he was the most learned scholar of his generation, creating new difficult interdisciplinary subjects like Pussy Theory and Black Cock Studies, notably authoring one of the most important scholarly papers of the decade, titled: *Why Even Smallist Black Dick is Better Than Biggest White Dick*. Of course, jealous critics and academic haters will protest that Gladwell is a cis-male. While this is, strictly speaking, fact-checked and re-bunked, i.e., *true*, it cannot be denied that his students are world renowned for their poi-

[23] Formerly Nevada, renamed after OG-Cali slid into the ocean and was annexed by Hell. This angered many locals, ecologists, and map makers, but was a no-brainer for the Silicon Valley rainmakers who used a clever zoning law workaround to save quintillions.

sonous and powerful coochies. Kaileesi was no exception-her vulva was so acidic and disgusting_diseased, sagging out from her like the remains of a terrorist bombing victim oozing out like the liquified bones of a 9/11 jumper.



a salty cheese pizza dough which, landing halfway on the kitchen table then slides off onto your dirty studio apartment floor because you tried to be Italian pizza master singing an opera while spinning the batter disc up over your head in a hubristic flourish that humbled you via eccentric non-Newtonian bread physics, vis-à-vis no dinner for you, ergo: preparation must be undertaken again from square one.

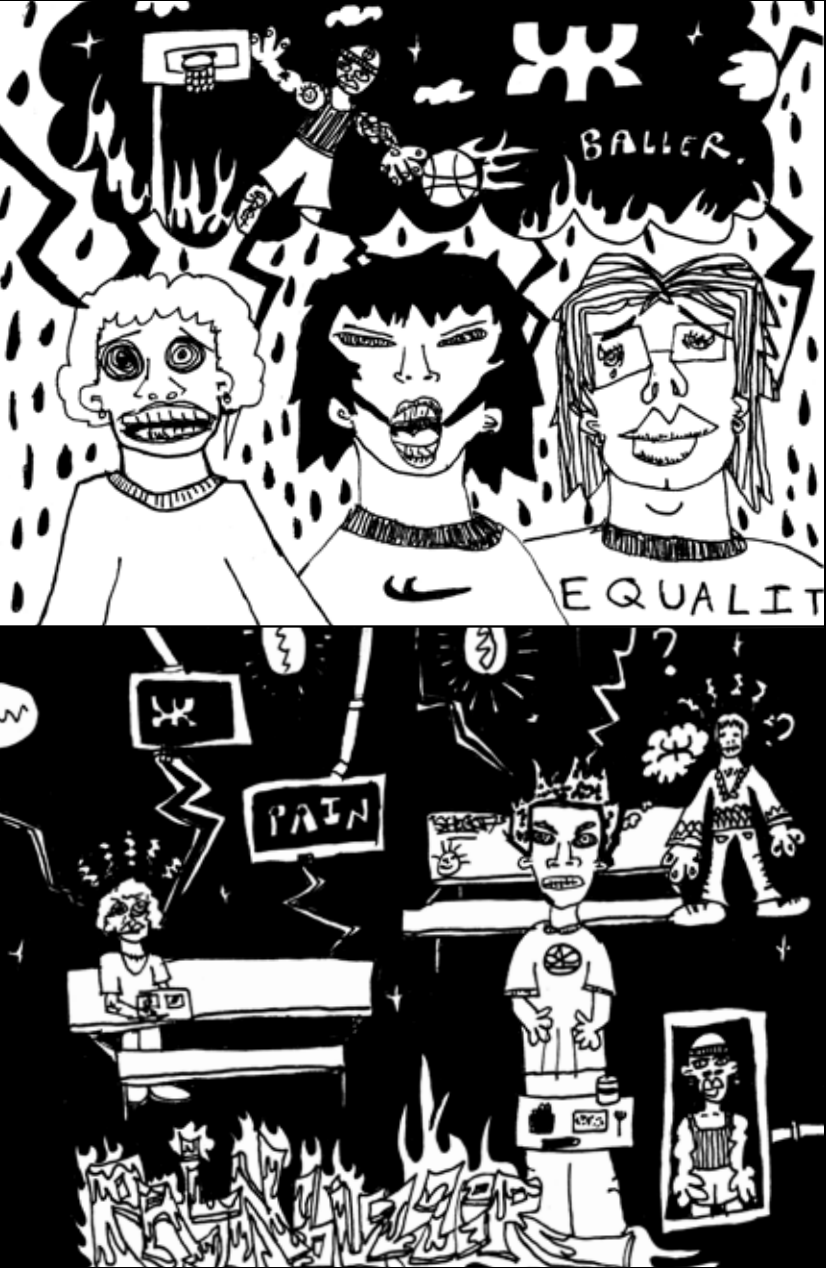
To put it in plain English: Kaileesi's smelly womanhood proved that fat and ugly girls really could *KICK BUTT!*, and it made Jaihoo shake his damn head queen. After all, he was only qualified to

cook french fries and stitch together soccer balls, and that was *if* he managed to hang in there for another seven years and get his PhD (a big *if*). His single mom had high hopes for him graduating Yale Harvard Baby College NYU campus-she'd even taken out a cyber-mortgage on her microhome and plunged them both into ultradebt to afford it-but Jaihoo knew that due to all the greedy corporations and pollution-causing money hogs, his prospects looked dim.

BZZZZZXT-BzZZT!-the Painwave buzzer rang out, as it did every eleven minutes, sending all the students whirling into an abyss of purestrain concrete hell and frying their central nervous systems. Jai triple-backflipped in epic paindance.

BZZZZZXT-BzZZT!-the electric current crackled crispy through the air, death-metal-rocking Kaileesi and Jaihoo's domes. Under Armour logos strobed neon in their visual cortexes. **BZZZZZZZT-BZZZxxxT!!!**

Announcement: Today's Painwave is brought to you by Under Armour. Under Armour is performance gear for modern athletes!


BALLER.
EQUALIT
PAIN

A cool skippy pole-vaulter, clad in pastel compression therapy spandex, invaded every crevice of their minds. His words became their own.

YO YO WASSUP, THIS IS GIME-GOCH, HERE TO SAY THAT UNDER ARMOUR KEEPS ME CRACKALACKIN' OUT IN THE FIELDS BRUH. IF YOU AIN'T WEARING UNDER ARMOUR THEN YOU WACK.

GIME-GOCH then looked right into Jaihoo's eyes and said,

JAIHOO CORNOONIAN OF NYU-YALE-HBC, I BELIEVE IN YOU SPECIFICALLY,

IF AND ONLY IF YOU PURCHASE AND WEAR UNDER ARMOUR PRODUCTS AND LIVE THE UNDER ARMOUR LIFESTYLE![24]

The image faded, the pain subsided. Everyone in the cafeteria was relieved to return to normal and no longer experience the white-hot electricity and innard-frying microwaves.

"I oughta start rockin' more Under Armour," Jaihoo thought to himself.

[24] PsycheTainment personalization made possible by OmniPeep, a ReelPeep company.

<3 CHAPTER THR33 - <3 LAST CHANCE FOR LOVE

Jaihoo picked at his tandoori cricket fries and pondered what he could do to curry favor (no pun intended) with Kaileesi. Her big turd fartlung body was so sexy—he was unbelievably lucky to get laid occasionally, even if she insisted on using the Boston Dynamics OrgEnhance-G every time. Sure, she wasn't a virgin, but who in their right mind would *want* a virgin? Jaihoo knew that the smart guys went for experienced chicks: the ones who really knew what they were doing in the sack, and could show you a thing or two. The idea of female chastity as a virtue was so disgusting and oppressive, he could probably make himself puke if he thought about it enough.

Above all else, she was ambitious, like Lisa Nowak or Elizabeth Holmes,[25] which is a really important quality in a female partner. Why would anyone in their right mind *want* a girlfriend whose sole purpose is just to lounge around the

[25] Both Lisa Nowak and Elizabeth Holmes had been exonerated by [two-and-a-half-years-hence]. Nowak went on to successfully (legally)[25A] murder Colleen Shipman and become the first person to earn an MBA while *in* space, and Elizabeth Holmes, as it turns out, actually was being truthful with regard to the capabilities of her revolutionary blood test. Theranos went on to become a household name, and the handful of investors who, for whatever esoteric legal reason, were not automatically included in the class-action lawsuit and thus inadvertently held their shares through the dramatic bankruptcy and unbankruptcy proceedings are now ranked among the richest people on the planet.

[25A] President Mulatonni Warren-Reyes, granddaughter of former President Elizabeth Warren, was so moved by the poise and eloquence displayed in Nowak's autobiography, *A Little Girl Dreams of Space,* that she granted an anteactum pardon for the killing. Some more cynical reporters[25AA] have pointed out that Quibi, the wildly successful entertainment service whose advisory council Warren-Reyes was a member of, made windfall profits by being the only officially licensed streaming partner for the event. Neither the Oval Office nor Quibi was available for comment.

[25AA] Notably, David Seaman, the digitized personality matrix of Glenn Greenwald, and *NaturalNews.com*.

house, keeping things clean and taking care of you, all while being sexy, sweet, and helpful? Is there anything more demeaning and objectifying than that? It's basically rape.

Jaihoo loved Kaileesi precisely because she *wouldn't* take care of him. Instead of vacuuming the floors, doing laundry, and cooking neoeggs[26] for breakfast, she'd be out there in the *real* world every day, being fierce, strong, and independent. She'd

[26] Chicken eggs were phased out of mass production sometime in 2036, as human-female ovarian eggs were found to have more bioavailable phytoestrogens.

have her fists up in The Man's arena, fighting the power and empowering other girls to do the same. Kaileesi could do some truly *amazing* things, like sell Perler bead craft art[27] through the local coffee shop, or fetch a fine price for her *gorgeous* popsicle stick birdhouses[28] on Etsy. She could write amazing poetry—and how can you put a price tag on poetry (Buy PoetryCoin - PTC)?

Although she hadn't quite yet found a way to monetize them, the poems helped her *find* herself, and more importantly helped her explore—with penetrating insight, one might add—the manifold cultural complexities of our age. They let her express[29] the

[27] Perler bead technology started to come into its own as knot Science and orbital physics matured, but only after shemale fagpositive queer-scientists accelerated s-curve adoption by cross-applying Bead-Knot Theory to existing disciplines of *Legend of Zelda* fanart and novelty beard hats. These breakthroughs would indeed revolutionize Renfair leather wrist bands as we know them today.

[28] Birdhouses which unfortunately were also toxic chemical castration chambers for any male birds taking up residence, due to heavy metals in Kaileesi's nail polish and trace amounts of medroxyprogesterone under her cuticles which flaked off and seeped out all over the place as she built them. Yet another way *Big Nail* is ruining nature, and in no way her fault.

[29] It is widely known, [two-and-a-half-years-hence], that *expression* is the most valuable resource available to humankind. Nuclear and solar power are being phased out across the globe as Scientists discover newer and better ways to harness clean *expression* energy. Facing a dire shortage of lithium and other metals crucial to their manufacturing processes, semiconductor companies and cell phone makers have turned to the incredible potency and versatility of *expression* to fuel the next phase of production. Poets, artists, musicians, and young people with a bone to pick, a chip on their shoulder, nowhere to go and nothing to lose, flood the venture capital markets with exponentially-lucrative *expression*. Once the Silicon Valley boys sated their appetites for this next-gen commodity, the Chinese came in and cleaned the plates, dumping massive inflows to carve out their piece of the growing *expression* economy. Then, everything changed—we received a message from outer space: "you humans are now finally worthy to join the Galactic Alliance, for you have learned to *express* yourselves. We shall eagerly anticipate your ambassador's arrival at Galbi-9. It is a star one billion light-years away, which you should be able to reach in fifteen-to-twenty minutes once you have discovered *expression*-powered spaceflight. Good luck." Then, as if that

weren't enough, God appeared and explained that everything is a simulation and the ultimate virtue and purpose of life is to *express* oneself, and also to try new things and just be nice to people—it's not that complicated! Then, the ghosts of all the people vaporized in the Space Shuttle Challenger disaster, the plant workers and firefighters from Chernobyl, every slave ever, Simon of Trent, everyone who's ever died on a submarine, George Floyd, Hisashi Ouchi, the Hindenburg passengers, Fred Hyde, Julius Caesar, and the victims of the Hi-Fi Murders, all appeared by God's side. They were holding hands and swaying as one, and in unison they sang: "if we could go back in time and do just *one* thing over again, we would've *expressed* ourselves more!" Then the reader read this line and *expressed* himself! Then the person writing this *expressed* himself! Then the person reading the audiobook *expressed* himself! Then the person listening to the audiobook and editing it *expressed* himself! Then the listeners listening to the final edited audiobook *expressed* themselves! The *expressions expressed* themselves! Then the tiniest pinhole opened at the very center of the North Pole, and released a beam of *expression!* The *expression* grew almost instantaneously, wrapping the planet in the light of *expression!* This led to the final *expression,* which in turn led to the first *expression,* revealing that the entire universe is a cyclical self-*expressing expression!*[29A]

[29A] The following was *expressed* by Lex Fridman in a beautiful way!

deep inner core of her Lived Experiences™, and make beautifully compassionate and intelligent commentary on the Lived Experiences™ of Brown Bodies™. One day, when people finally realize how valuable Kaileesi's expressions of her experiences are, they will probably send her lots of money as a tip!

She was truly ***THE ULTIMATE WOMAN™***

Jaihoo knew he'd have to do something drastic to make her really understand how special his love was, something equally dangerous and cool, but what could he do? Just as he was about to give up hope and consign himself to masturbating forever, he suddenly noticed a 100% recyclable flax-paper flyer stuck to the wall with organic twelve-grain wheatpaste. It read:

THE NYU YALE HARVARD BABY COLLEGE ANNUAL DRIFT RACE TOURNAMENT

NEW Y
YALE UNI
BABY C
ANNUAL
RACE TOUR
1 DAY

ORK CITY
VERSITY
OLLEGE
DRIFT
RNAMENT
EFT

Jaihoo's body clenched up and his hands made tight fists. In all other regards he was truly a Beta Bitch, but believe you me, behind the wheel of a Drifting Race Car he was The Ultimate Alpha (like in a video game, the cocoon of metal created enough of a separation between his effeminate gay body and reality that he was able to actually concentrate and apply himself for five seconds). This just might be the chance to finally win Kaileesi's respect and give her the ovary tingles she craved.

As he walked towards the flyer for a closer inspection, he dreamed of winning it all. The honor, the fame, but most importantly, the pure forever love of 'The One.'[30] The big race was the next day—just enough time for Jaihoo to brush up on his drifting skills as well as tidy up his car. He figured cleaning out all the dirt, grime, and McDonzy's wrappers would give him that *clean* advantage he relied on so heavily in the DotA3 fantasy league.[31]

Like any serious DotA 3 match, a drift race was all about knowing the competition—their strengths, weaknesses, sexual orientation, and how strongly they felt (or did not feel) that pedophilia is a normal sexual orientation, not a psychological aberration. In fact most of sizing up the competition was investigating their sexual proclivities and deeply held sexual beliefs. [Two-and-a-half-years-hence], very little actually matters[32]

[30] Like all young men with an unrealized Oedipal complex and amoeboid emotional maturity, Jaihoo was simultaneously inept in the world of love and constantly in awe of the prototypical female mother energy, which no real flesh-and-blood woman could ever truly deliver (especially in today's day and age (and thus he is damned)). Nobody reads footnotes so I might as well add that Jaihoo is an autobiographical character, and I want to fuck my mommy! I want to eat my mom's pussy! Enjoy the rest of the book. Also I have nearly total crushing impotence due to nervousness, feelings of inadequacy, and porn addiction (insanely severe)! Also I'm deadly serious about wanting my mom—I had to go to a therapist for three months because I asked my mom for a handjob after having a nervous breakdown! I told the therapist I was joking so I wouldn't have to go anymore but I was serious! I'm expressing myself! Please Mommy if you're reading this let me fuck! I'm joking! I jerk off with a pacifier in my mouth![33a]

[33a] This is a joke!

[31] Recall that Jaihoo's DotA 3 hero of choice was Mr. Clean.

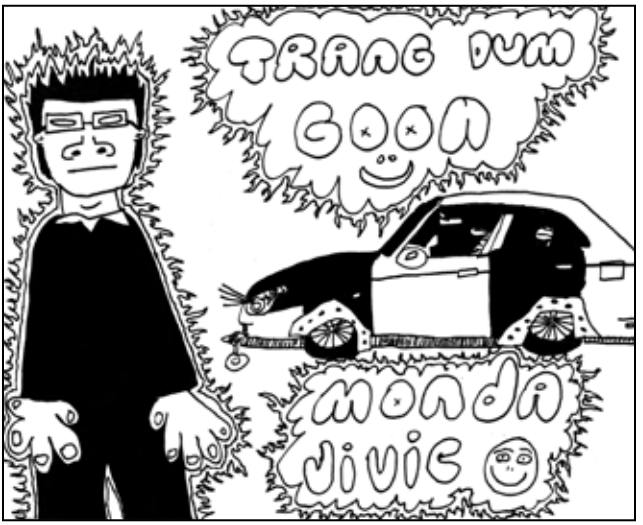
[32] This was proven with Science and backed by many facts, you can check for yourself.

except for sex and constantly being obsessed with sex, penises, pussies and bottom plugs. Many of society's brightest minds fully dedicate their lives to the study of what-people-do-with-their-bottoms and the pursuit of the ultimate hands-free orgasm. This is why NASA was eventually rebranded to become the National Anal Sex Assocation and gay men were given the ability to vote twice in all elections.[33] Anyway Jai checked the roster of drivers. It was practically full, and the best drifters in the school were all on there.

[33] This may sound excessive but keep in mind that [two-and-a-half-years-hence] people are given *AdVenture Capitalist*-esque exponential voting power based on the multitude of mental illnesses they've stacked together. The most politically powerful entity in the entire world is *2 Æ B-13,* a twenty-six-year-old fluffykin species-no-scoper hoarder ultravarker with Alice in Wonderland syndrome, hundreds of phantom limbs, Capgras disorder, low-carb addiction, a Pornhub Premium lifetime subscription (gifted by the company and transferable to next of kin upon death), and alopecia, whose OCD forces g.rem to pay for every "ad blocker detected" message that pops up. Just one of 2 Æ B-13's votes is worth a quinquadraquingintillion normal votes. Lobbyists and special interest organizations spend an outlandish amount of money attempting to influence 2 Æ B-13 this way and that, however with limited or at least unpredictable results as g.re is completely retarded. More than a few high-powered people, frustrated with the seeming randomness of 2 Æ B-13's decision-making process, have resorted to fluoride therapy, home penectomies, voluntary gangstalking arrangements, and electroshock gaming in a futile attempt to match g.ris voting muscle.

LEGENDARY RIVAL 1-
TRANG DUM GOON:

VIETNAMESE EXCHANGE STUDENT/REPLACIGRANT.



Trang's drift race car wasn't much to look at, just a simple Honda Civic tuk-tuk edition with understated three-piece Autostrada Modena wheels, made by Work. Under the hood, however, Goon had swapped in a Subaru 1235, tuned by Bisi Ezerioha himself. It was a seriously fast sleeper, and Trang Dum Goon knew exactly how to extract the full potential from it. His nail salon flip-flop heel-toe shifting was legendary for the smacking flip-flop sound it would make. You'd think you were about to get a happy ending from a sixty-year-old woman then *BOOM*, the tuk-tuk would fly past you and the race would be over.

Trang was a tough street kid from the laserghettoes of what was once Keene, New Hampshire-now known as Little Saigon. He grew up on a diet of shoes, bugs, and lint, so Jaihoo knew he was hun-

gry to win a race. It was a hunger multiplied by the fact that Goon shared his home with six-thousand relatives, and each mouth was hungrier than the last.

LEGENDARY RIVAL 2: COOLY D:

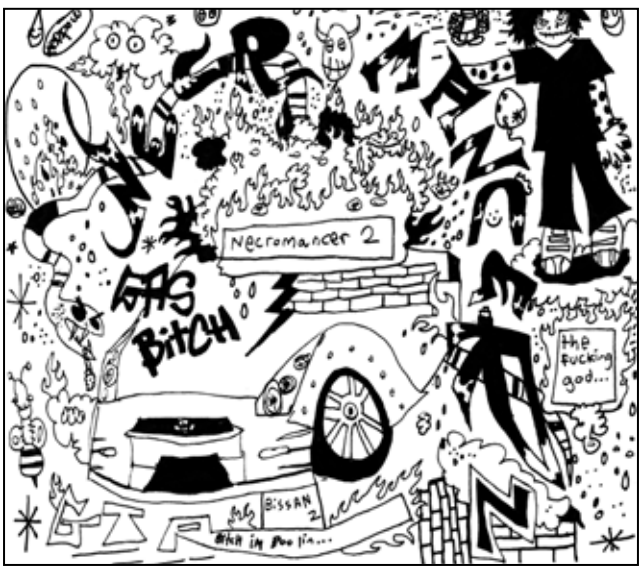
SKIPPY, SCHOOL BASKETBALL HERO AND AMATEUR ULTRA-TEMPO-PRIESTCORE-DYKECORE BEDROOM CHANT-RAPPER.

Cooly D was certainly no adherent to the built-not-bought philosophy-his car was none other than the Bugatti Veyron Iggerismo Edition, the fastest and most expensive production car money could buy. He had made a killing with shrewd trades on the food stamps and Section 8 FOREX markets, and had no shame in leveraging his financial strength into racing success.

In spite of all this, his racing skills were poor and he could barely speak English or even think coherent thoughts, but his car was fast and therefore had to be respected. In the realm of drift racing, it doesn't matter if you have an IQ of 65 or 365-fast is fast.

LEGENDARY RIVAL 3 NECROMANCERZ:

(REAL NAME JOSH KIM HOON-LEE).



NecromancerZ was Jaihoo's doppelganger-cool, waiflike and effete, drenched from head to toe in savage black polyurethane urban ninja gear, with jet black hair that ẇould[34] slice you in half.

There were no mixed feelings between Jaihoo and NecromancerZ... or, at least, not anymore. The two had grown up together, fast friends and even Starcraft 4 squadmates, once-upon-a-never-ago. But that all changed one fateful day when NecromancerZ cancelled Jaihoo in a Toomblr post. Overnight, nearly half

[34] Replace 'ẇ' with 'c.' Hair does not have free will. - JL

his follower count had evaporated, and his inbox was flooded with anonymous hate. He never found out why NecromancerZ did it, and the two haven't spoken since.

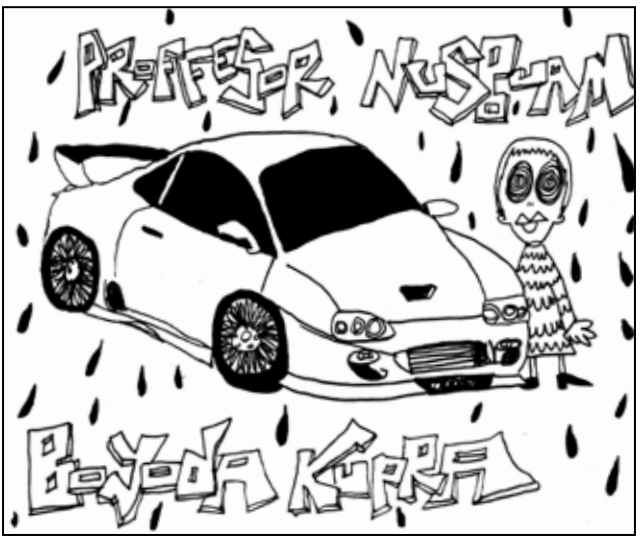
Jaihoo didn't have a gameplan for dealing with NecomancerZ's fully-tuned Mine's[35] Corvette GT-R (AKA Godzirrachan). He'd have to cross that bridge when he came to it.

[35] What does 'Mine's' mean?[35A] Not sure if this is a typo. - JL

[35AA] It's not a typo, *Mine's* focuses on balance and response upgrades that make cars better to drive without offering the customer something he won't understand. They specialize in tuning the Nissan Skyline and Mitsubishi Lancer Evolution, and their monster R34 is faster than a JGTC car. It's so fast that even a dead man will scream. - SH

LEGENDARY RIVAL 4 - FINAL LEGENDARY RIVAL:

PROFESSOR JOYCE NUSBAUM ZERSELF.



The professor was the fastest and best Drift Racer at New York University Yale Harvard Baby College, easily. Her tuned 2JZ Supra, built by Twins Turbo and sporting a fully MIG-welded cast-iron tube frame, was unbeatable, and her drifting skills were second to none.

Jaihoo had seen Nusbaum drift a few times on the Manhattan tougey. She was merely showing off, not pushing her machine to the limit like you would in a race, but even so, it was clear that she was damned fast. It would take some serious skill and tech to stand a chance against her.

CH 3: LAST CHANCE FOR LOVE

The competition looked fierce—no matter what, it would be an all-out blitz to the finish. Jaihoo spent the remainder of the day practicing, getting better and better at turning corners in his car. He practiced an equal mix of left turns and right turns in the school parking garage, knowing full well that this might be his last chance to win over Kaileesi's heart.

His phone vibrated—it was a holographic text: she had just cheated on him with Jason, who was technically mentally retarded but had a nice jawline and kept his cigarettes in a metal case, which she'd never seen before and it was elegant and sexy, like a trilby hat.

"I JUST CHEATED ON U W/JASON, WHO IS TECHNICALLY MENTALLY RETARDED BUT HAS A NICE JAWLINE."

XØ- KAI

An Ernie Chapter four: Flanders Tattoo

Jaihoo yawned loudly—he'd stayed up into the early hours of the morning practicing his drifting and huffing modafinil[36] inhalers. Although he had hoped to power through and pull an all-nighter, he ended up getting sidetracked on Blockbuster, dozing off to an episode of Miss Dr. Who,[37] season twelve.

He got exactly the wrong amount of sleep and now had to rally somehow. Before the big race, there was a full day of work and then also school to get through. He crushed up an Adderall-Zeo DX™ (Everest Mint Kiwi flavor) into a fine lotion-paste and quickly applied it to his perineum and behind his ears.

Today just so happened to be the first day of his internship at Husky Burger All Bodies Matter. He wanted to arrive fifteen minutes early, to make a good first impression, but the Adderall-Zeo DX™ rather muddled his sense of time, and so he arrived over an hour ahead of schedule, causing him to look less like a promising, prepared future-employee and more like a spastic fool with an excess of free time. The dining room was empty, so Jaihoo took the booth with the fewest anti-homeless spikes.

"Can't let this time go to waste, gotta do *something*, dammit," Jaihoo thought to himself, or maybe said aloud—it was hard to tell through the mental fog. Good thing he had access to clarity/alertness-boosting pharmaceuticals.

[36] Like Adderall or Rufluxin but having literally no side effects. Users describe it as having a really 'clean' high, or a really 'sharp' high that just helps them enjoy life more, like kratom or MoreBuffrin.

[37] The follow-up series to the cherished originals, wherein Doctor 81's deaf-mute half-alien daughter struggles with body dysmorphia and travels around the galaxy to outsmart a collective of ultra-powerful Russian trolls and right-wing snowflakes. Also featuring: Doll-eks, CyberW.P.M.Y.N., and a cock-carousel of *Comp-man-ions* who feed Miss Doctor's predilection for serial monogamy. TW: pro-ana; heterosexism; ableism.

The best way to put the extra time to use would be to study his French Fry Mechanics notes. Oil temperature; coefficient of saltiness; how much synthetic beef flavoring per microgram of golden crispiness induction oxidoreductase inhibitor; how much snake elastin would give the fries the perfect taffy-like stretchiness—Jaihoo struggled to stay focused as the facts hit him like fifty-caliber BMG rounds from a gold-plated Desert Eagle. Complex equations of flavor calculus zoomed by in his head, and yet the perfect crunch-factor eluded him.

He cracked open an Adderall-Prime EX Plus α Coolie-Booster™ cap (to offset certain side effects of the Adderall-Zeo DX™), snorted the kid-friendly candy-flavored powder, and looked up from his notes to admire the restaurant's walls while the amphetamines entered his bloodstream. The walls were lined with Husky Burger All Bodies Matter's iconic dark green and chartreuse checkered tiles. Kaileesi's favorite color was chartreuse, and many of the men who loved her and gave her pleasure had dark green skin (remember, skippies are green-skinned aliens, and not related to any real race on our earth). He was putting two and two together, but his retarded brain was making five, and time was running out. Need more brainboost pills.

HUSKY BURGER
with this job at Husky Burger I might finally be invited to one of kaileesis gang bangs
I need to get this job to be the man KAI needs me to be

Jaihoo stared at the walls for forty-five minutes, or possibly double that, examining in detail the reflectivity of the tiles and the roughness of the grout. The various genius-chemicals coursed through his system, helping him become frantically informed of the most important things at any given moment: the whirr of the ceiling fans, the synthetic softness of the linoleum tabletop, the regular simultaneous flushings of every toilet in the omnisex bathroom (they were connected to a timer, which was *more* green than relying on sensors, for in certain cases it actually made ecological sense to waste water. Hard to explain but the Science is there, I can show you studies but they'd probably all be unreadable to you). The other Husky Burger All Bodies Matter interns had been steadily filing through the dining area and were now in the back, preparing for their orientation. Jaihoo failed to perceive this, and was automatically fired for being one nanosecond late, in addition to being flunked out of French Fry Mechanics, which he would have to pay to take again next semester at an enormous cost.

"Maybe it'd be a good idea to get some fries," he thought. "I can study how they're prepared before I have to make them myself."

He got up from his seat, walked over to the morbidly-obese skippy girl manning the register, and ordered a queen-sized fry. She waddled over to the fryer, taking quite some time, and started pumping out a queen-sized order into a styrene container. The sizzle of the melting styrene *really* whet his appetite! He focused close on the process, checking which buttons she pushed and mimicking her hand movements, drilling it into muscle memory.

The 'fryer' was a Shree Jayamurugan nozzle-assist-type French Fry Autochef—an enormously complex piece of equipment that was worth more than Jaihoo or the skippy server would see in a lifetime. It dispenses uncooked HBABM-Mix (proprietary sorghum-based potato simulacrum, non-toxic chalk powder filler, toxic chalk powder filler, bear bile, MSG, guar gum, ester of biophagic gel, and elastin) from a frozen yogurt spout, then quickly scorches the outside with a high-temperature crispifier torch, sealing the flavor in from all sides. Next, the fry-strand passes through a gauntlet of flavor paintbrushes, which masterfully apply layer after layer of RidicDeliciousness™ (salt, paprika, ammonia, butylated hydroxytoluene, Yellow 6, gasoline, and of course, a garnish of partially hydrogenated soybean oil). Finally, high-speed titanium blades precisely chop the strand into nine-inch-long individual fries—golden, tasty, and oh-so-fresh.

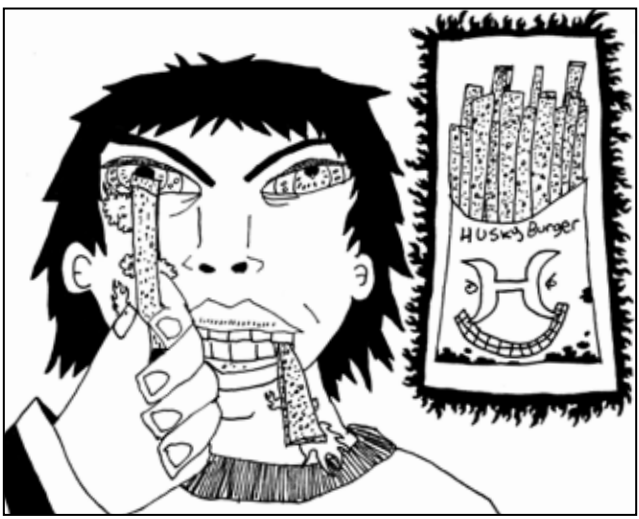
The server waddled back over, breathing heavily and occasionally stopping to soothe her swollen ankles. She gracelessly plopped the fries down on the greasy countertop, muttering something along the lines of:

"....I ain't even know about that she just gon' have ta wait cus' I ain't see sheit 'bout that but we gon' do dis den she gon..."

Jaihoo thanked her and made his way back to his booth.

The amphetamines were working overtime now. He inspected the french fries thoroughly, bringing each one up to his eye for detailed examination before scarfing it down. He made mental notes

on the crispiness and goldenness of the soft potato-substitute as he chewed and swallowed. The fries weren't particularly impressive. Acceptable length but insufficient width—too skinny. They had a nice gold color, but were a bit soggy and lukewarm—perhaps the flow channels for the crispifier torch were clogged with fuel residue build-up. The chef used far too much guar gum, and he could tell the bear bile had not been fully saponified. Professor Leibowitz would not have given these a passing mark.



Jaihoo had almost finished the carton when a large, sweaty, green mass appeared in his peripheral vision. He looked up from his notepad to find the skippy server staring blankly at him.

She mumbled: *"mmmhmmm, now I ain't even know 'bout dat sheeeit..."* and pressed a button (a picture of some fries) on her portable TheDAO_Xpress NFC payment terminal with a heavily-lacquered fingernail. The attached dot-matrix printer spat out an invoice.

"Dat's uh, hunnit twenny mothafuckin' tokens an I ain't even know 'bout dat sheit but it gon' be what it do now I ain't..."

Jaihoo pulled the microwave-emitting iTweezie from his EMF-boosting crotch pocket and waved it in front of the reader, winking both eyes into the retina scanner to acknowledge the minimum gratuity charge of 150%. He normally liked to tip skippies at least 300%—because they had so little in the way of material possessions and needed lots of help due to their externally-caused disadvantages—but his bank account wasn't exactly full at the moment.

It took nearly three minutes for the TheDAO_Xpress EZ-Pay processor to uplink with NORAD-Santander's Lightning Network servers and reach ten confirmations. The device clicked and churned like a blender for a couple seconds, only to let out a frantic cacophony of beeping.

ERROR. INSUFFICIENT FUNDS. -- **boop-boop**

The most recent photo of Jaihoo[38] was instantly plastered all over every vidscreen in the restaurant with pulsating 3D text that read:

CODE G-606-10: FAILURE TO PAY FOR FRIES

The skippy girl chuckled to herself and chortled out, *"Huh, huh, huh! Sheeittt, you in trubba now, boy!"*

Right on cue, a NAMERACain Heroe's Limited Edition SafeT Officer burst through the wall, sending dark green and chartreuse tile fragments flying in a cloud of asbestos. He was decked out with a

[38] A very embarrassing candid snap that govamint SecuraDrones had captured of him (to enhance his privacy) while masturbating to a rare Nippono-Hungarian doujin in his bedroom.

CARD DECLINED

JAIHOO
7423 BOOB BITCH

NO DAO TOKENS

JAIHOO
7423 BOOB BITCH

ARCADE

polished PVC George Clooney Authentics™ Panzerjock Driza-Bone jacket like a fuckin' G, and he swayed his hips back and forth as if he were listening to Elvis. One black-gloved hand playfully tapped the almost-less-than-lethal Buck Rogers Special dangling from his hip while the other tilted down his standard-issue Balmain Cyclops monoblock shades to reveal two bionic eyes flipping from the visible light spectrum to infrared, then briefly to porn, then back to visible light but with a beauty face filter on everyone. Neon green LIDAR beams projected from his hex-helm and scanned the room until they locked on to Jaihoo.

"You're in deep shit now, kid. Us SafeT heroe's don't take too kindly to low-life debtors like yourself. Hands behind your back, you're coming with me. I'm protecting you. Three, two, one... hands behind your back!—Ten, nine, eight, seven—this ain't a promise it's a threat—six, five—respect me—four, three, *two*—don't make me do this—one... Put your hands behind your back *right* now, time's almost up—five, fooourrr... *three,* do it, two, put 'em behind your back citizen, *one...*"

A SafeT flashbang went off, and Jaihoo seizured his way down to the floor.

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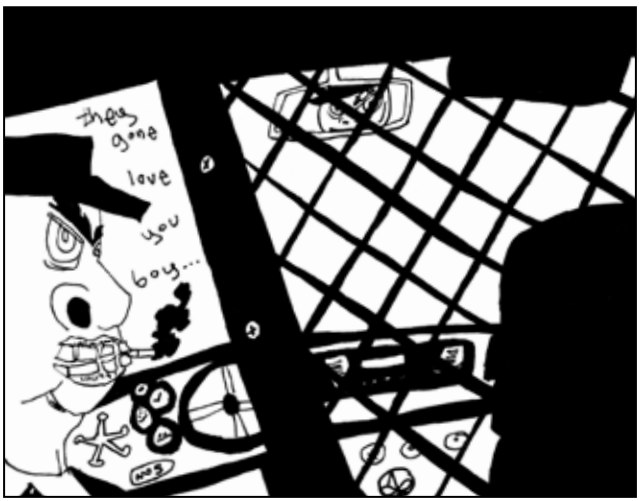
Jaihoo tossed back and forth in the heroe's' chrome Testarossa Interceptor as it drifted effortlessly through midday traffic. The acid rain and halogen haze of Williamsburg MegaCity streaked by through the tinted glass of the passenger seat window, which was on the left side because it was a Japanese grey-market squad car. As the titanium Kreissieg Valvetronic system howled, reverberating against the endless gauntlet of behemoth corporate towers, he wondered how his own Hachi-Roku would fare against a car like this. The momentary lapse into his inner drift fantasy world was cut short as Jaihoo faced cold reality: he *was* going to prison, his internship was ruined, and it was possible he'd never be able to drift or see Kaileesi ever again.

"What's up kid, name's Officer Soap McTavish, and I'm Savior-Protector rank with the Williamsburg SafeT Heroe's' Division. In case you're wonderin', yeah, my parents named me after some important Officer guy from the past, but I'm better than that guy. I've helped the insurance companies and banks save a *loottta* cash. You can call me Officer. Don't ever lie to me."



Officer brought the car screeching to a gymkhana figure-eight stop in front of a huge, pyramid-shaped building, which had multiple fountains, gold-tone handrails and accent trim, and xenon rope lights along every edge. Impenetrable one-way black mirror glass covered the four faces, and from the corners of the base, high-powered light cannons shot iridescent purple pillars up into the smoggy Williamsburg MegaCity sky. In front of it all was a forty-foot-tall holographic effigy of an older, semi-bald man with a beard and awry grin, the type of grin where you could tell gold was just another rock to him. The plasma sign above the grand entrance read, "Bernanke's Palace."

PRISON

JAIL
PRISON

Officer jerked Jaihoo out of the Testarossa and ushered him through an enormous revolving door into the pyramid. The cacophony of electronic buzzing and pinball swirls hit him like a wall of pure pachinko hellsound, undercut with roaring laughter and squealing delight. The rush of sound was constant, only interrupted intermittently by avalanches of pinging metallic coins. None of this seemed like a prison to Jaihoo, in fact, it was more like a casino.

The inside was ostentatious Pee-wee Herman Baroque, polar opposite to the sleek Neo-Saudi minimalism of the exterior. Bubblegum pink marble and polished brass lined the walls, and tessellating golden triangles and hexagons repeated across the turquoise carpet, stretching along with rows of crash-banging slot machines to infinity. Glaring holo-ads for liposuction clinics, Husky Burger All Bodies Matter, Zippy Water™, etc., floated overhead in schizoid patterns. Friendly vending bots with customer facial recognition solicited purchases of soda, spermicide, Truvada epi-pens, and Shit!-brand corn snackers.[39]

whats up... I'm zac, the artist of Jaihoo.. I'm just here to say that this drawing was supposed to be of a revolving door but I fucked it up...
Revolving door
the land

[39] "Our SHIT will get you FUCKED!"

As Officer dragged Jaihoo further into the entertainment complex, through an array of metal detectors and nude-body private-part scanners, he noticed that the entire inner space was lined by subtle-but-sturdy-looking steel bars and panels of triple-thickness bulletproof Plexiglas. Then upon further inspection, he noticed the sexy, scantily-clad, blonde drink girls were actually buffed-up genetically-pure lesbian enforcers (biologically female and 100% *lesbian,* tested[40]), and their cute little Oriental parasols were actually deadly Sigisowa PDWs with hair triggers!

At the center of it all was a giant digital flashing pop-art sign:

Officer shook Jaihoo by the shoulders like a prize trout and informed one of the formerly-hot-but-now-burly-lesbian guards of the arrest.

"New inmate for ya. Owes the house 120,000 Ether, plus whatever gas to cover transaction fees."

The guard grunted in acknowledgement but didn't turn to look. Was she really that uninterested in men, or was she just afraid she'd get turned on by the SafeT Heroe's' perfectly-flared jodhpurs? These lesbos had supposedly passed every test and were impervious to even the most authoritative men, but Officer wanted to see for himself what they were made of. He wanted to know *for sure.*

[40] Including, but not limited to: assessment of ability to munch carpet; micro-reaction tests to determine whether or not their immediate instinct upon being presented with an erect penis (usually supplied by a convicted PO (Patriarchal Offender)) is to bite it off; proper maintenance of regulation-length undercut.

Officer reached over to start at a little game of titty-twister and before he could blink his hands were set ablaze by the nematocysts embedded in the lesbian's plate carrier. Good thing he didn't use his dick for that one. He tried a bit of grab-ass and his palms were met with fifty-thousand volts. Impressive. If he really wanted too he could've grabbed more, he had electro-proof gloves in the cruiser, but he didn't want to walk that far. Finally he went for a little diddly-doo, jagging three beer-can-thick fingers in as far as they would go, Tara Reade-style. Not only did she not have an orgasm, she barely seemed to notice. This last one turned out to be the worst idea of all, as his fingers came out sheathed in a glove of ultra-painful RapeX™. Oh she was the real deal alright. One-hundred-percent lesbian.

"Anything else in your bag of tricks, stud?" she laughed.

"Fuck you. Just take the prisoner."

The lesbian spit on an inkjet printout of a generic-looking man's face, which was posted to the wall of her little cashier cage guard hut, with staples through the forehead and push pins through the eyes. A caption across the bottom in Haettenschweiler read: "DESTROY ALL DICK." She must've been spitting on it for quite some time now, as the ink was running and the paper looked thoroughly abused. From a hidden yoga pants pocket she produced an old-fashioned skeleton key and unlocked the gate.

The officer took Jaihoo's handcuffs off, handed him a single coin, and shoved him into the sea of video poker machines and roulette tables. Through the steel bars and frenzied racket he yelled,

"Welcome to debtor's prison, kid! Play some games and win back the money you owe! Once you've paid back your Debt2Society® at the cashier, you're free to go!"

He then gave Jaihoo two middle-finger salutes and strutted back to his Testarossa, the flares of his jodhpurs flapping magnificently.

The main game floor of the pyramid was enormous and filled with tens of thousands of inmates, but they weren't quite what Jaihoo had expected to see in prison. In fact, they didn't seem all that different from his classmates at New York University Yale Harvard Baby College. Ambigender White girls, skippies, fem-boize, demi-bros, otherkin, pozznauts, psi-pedophiles and minor-minor-attracted individuals—everyone seemed perfectly normal. To his great relief, none appeared to be hardened cis-gender HateWhite male criminals or HateWhite X-tian terrorists.

Slot machines, skippy-jack tables, roulette, skee-ball—it all looked like a lot of fun to Jaihoo. A high-rolling dragon-kin with orange hair and a crocodile leotard was going all-in at one of the skippy-jack tables, to the delight of onlookers. Anti-sexual nu-male

foodie microbloggers pimped out in sugar suits hurled skee-balls off ramps into glowing glory holes, which made cash rain from the ceiling. Chain-smoking camwhore has-beens well past their primes manned never-ending rows of penny machines, desperately feeding the money boxes hot Chaturbate tokens from their polyester Keroppi purses. Younger aspiring camwhores refreshed their seed money at the chatstations—which were the prison's single open connection to the outside world—undulating in mock displays of pleasure for untold millions of horny porn-freak simps, whose excitement was only amplified by the desperation of it all. Glowing green digits above each chatstation tallied up each camwhore's daily donations—today's record was just under five-hundred-million LALA, though 99.9% of that money went to the house. The atmosphere now clearly had the crushing despondency of a real prison—it could no longer be mitigated by the bizarro drunken toy factory exuberance.

Jaihoo made his way over to a pair of Philo-semitic gutter punk code talkers and introduced himself.

"Hi. I'm Jaihoo. I'm new here and was, uh, just wondering how the scheme works in this pyramid."

The gutter punks were dressed like they worked the ring toss at a sewer carnival. The first one wore musty dungarees caked in soot and dog urine. A family of horse-flies had made their home in the mess of culturally-appropriated dreadlocks tangled atop his ashy scalp. The other—whose head was freshly shorn with a potato peeler—wore only a pair of red crotchless panties and a barnacle-encrusted ribbed tank top that had "Heroin Heroine" scrawled across the front in horror type. The smell emanating from the duo was... worldly, to say the least. Jaihoo could tell that, despite the raggedy affect, these clothes were expensive as hell.

Heroin Heroine took a drag on a fag laced with embalming fluid. "This is Bernanke's Palace. Ernie Boch Jr. runs the show around here, or Ernie Flugelmann, something like that. It's Ernie something, Ernie or Ernest Flamingo."

Dreads popped a T-blocker. "No, you silly faggot, it's Ernie *Flanders*. Flanders is the manager—go talk to him, he'll give ya a hunnred-thousand free coins."

Jaihoo couldn't believe it! He only needed 120,000 ETC to win back his freedom, and here this nice Ernie fellow was going to give him a hundred-thousand for free!

The Heroine, picking a scab, carried on, "well, now, they're not exactly *free*-free, mind. The guy makes everybody get *tattooed*—a tattoo of his face—he's a real sick fuck I guess."

Connected via gay telepathy, the gutter punks turned sideways and revealed identical markings on their sinewy triceps. The tattoos depicted a bald gentleman with glasses, and looked like they'd been done with a nail file or perhaps a rusty awl. Jaihoo immediately noticed that literally everyone else in the casino had the same artwork.

HH used his ciggy to indicate the *Employees Only* holo-door,[41] way over near the toilets, right behind the high-stakes internal organ jackpot games (where players could put body parts on the line for mega token payouts). It was the kind of holo-door they had in Chinese restaurants where you just knew they didn't want you going in, and if you did, you were gonna see some bad stuff.

"Ernie-whatever-the-fuck's in that room over there. He'll hook you up."

"It's *Flanders* you stupid bimbo pull the cocks out of your ears!"

"I hope your blood can still clot 'cus I'm gonna cut your face I swear to God!"

Jaihoo thanked them kindly and started his way down the long gauntlet of zombified arm-pullers.

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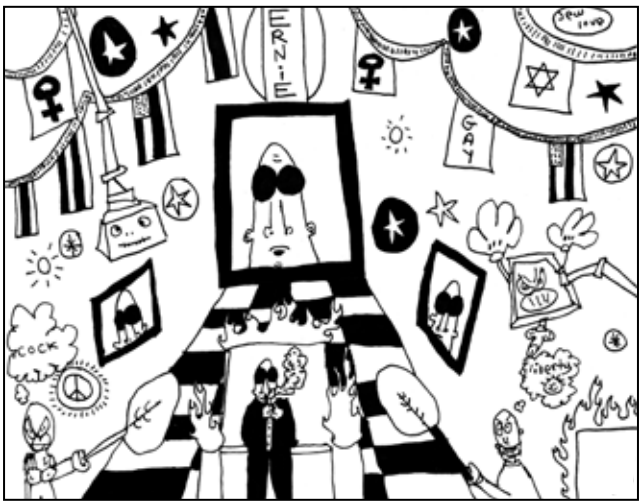
Upon phasing through the holo-door, Jaihoo found himself in a room of lustrous black DuPont Luxury Material®.[42] The scent of pastrami and body odor hung heavy in the air, with a slight hint of yeasty onion bialy. Rows of red flags with gold stars made a path that led to a blobular, hunched-over figure atop a throne of pure GPUs.

[41] "A holographic door. Not to be confused with Holodomor, which many historians believe to be a hoax and you shouldn't look into it.

[42] A glossy flooring/wallpaper exotic material derived from ABS, with a claimed eighty-percent virgin plastic content, widely regarded as the most sumptuous and luxurious material of all time. Investment banks and hedge funds maintain large stockpiles of Luxury Material® and many analysts have referred to it as 'gold two-point-oh.' Critics and naysayers bandy about slanderous terms like 'shiny plastic' and 'painted synthetic crap,' but no one can deny the cozy feelings of safety and quality that a world-class brand like DuPont conjures up in the mind of the average frightened and indeed traumatized consumer. Gold was a fine store of value for our ancestors, but DuPont… well, DuPont is prac-

tically a *family* member, like a father who loves us and wants the best for us, giving us the gift of plastic and chemicals. I don't know about you but I feel downright *snug as a bug in a rug* knowing that my life savings is locked up tight in DuPont Luxury Material®.



As Jaihoo approached, Philips® Hue Play light bars warmed to full RGB brightness, revealing an old man, bald with glasses—a dead ringer for the ubiquitous tattoo. Behind him was an Etsy velvet painting triptych, the central pane of which portrayed the man himself, in the very same pose no less. Jaihoo thought the left pane perhaps depicted a comic book character or unlockable DotA3 hero, but it was in fact Moloch, resplendent[43] in the royal circumcision blood-drinking frock-and-horns of ancient Canaan. The right panel he of course recognized from the one-thousand-dollar bill: Mao Tse-tung, the smartest and most important man of all time.

[43] I know I already used this word in this book. I promise it's not like some word I have a thing for or something weird.

Two comatose Laotian un-boys fanned the old man with palm fronds—their de-souled bodies propped up and their arms animated by some invisible means—as a skippy concubine lackadaisically strummed a theremin in the corner of the room. The eerie wailing was very unpleasant, but Jaihoo's reverence for skippy music culture prevented him from expressing his annoyance. He approached the throne.

"Hi there. Um, are you Ernie Flanders?"

"Ernie Flanders, *sir!* Are you Ernie Flanders, *sir!* And yes, yes it is me, bask in my glory!" He spoke like Count Chocula yelling an order at a drive-thru window, and pointed his hand in such a thrashing, accusatory manner that it was more like a weapon.

Jaihoo replied, "Yes sir. Well, uh, I was sent here because I need to pay off my debt of 120,000 Ethereum tokens. I bought some french fries I couldn't afford, and one thing led to another, and uh, I was told I could get some for free if I got your tattoo, sir."

"That is *correct*—about the Ernie Flanders *bargain,* that is," Ernie sputtered out, close to a heart attack. Drool was running down his pustule-covered chin onto his diapered lap.

He gestured with a stabbing, spindly finger at the skippy concubine and barked, "Tyro' will assist you with your tattoo! I have the coins right here and these will be *your* coins when the bargain—" he paused to quickly inhale, "is complete! Of course I will not simply hand them to you without recompense, that wouldn't be *fair,* no—"

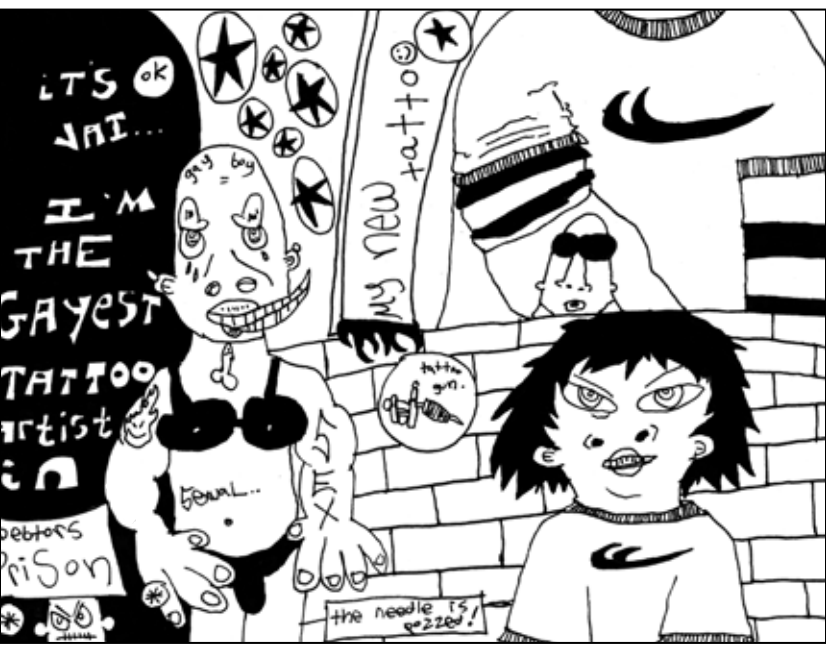
Ernie took another, longer break, catching his breath and quickly wiping his skeletal hand on his blazer, before continuing.

"You must first get the tattoo, that is the bargain. The Ernie Flan—" he cleared his throat sharply, "—ders bargain, is as good as *gold!*"

Jaihoo wiped the spittle off his face and climbed into the skippy concubine's chair. At first he really didn't want a tattoo, because he didn't think they were 'tech' (future slang for 'cool'), but most of Kaileesi's lovers were covered in tattoos, so they couldn't be all that bad. Tyro' pulled out a rusty implement and licked the tip with his broad, green skippy tongue before dipping it into a cut-in-half aluminum can of black ink. He jagged Jaihoo in the arm.

"Yowch! Hey!"

The tattooing was more like a shanking, and it was over before Jaihoo could decide whether to yank his arm free. He looked down, and sure enough there was a rudimentary drawing of Ernie blasted into his bloody flesh. Tyro' sniggered and got back to the theremin.



"Jeez," Jaihoo muttered, walking back over to Ernie while testing the tenderness with his fingers. It didn't feel great, but he wanted out of this prison too much to care.

"Hah, hah, hah, my *boy!* I'll tell you what, that was such a fine performance, Ernie Flanders is gonna give you a hunnerit-an-*twenny* thousand coins, how's that strike you?!" Ernie bellowed. He was grinning like a fiend and fondling his belly covetously. It was, of course, a false belly—the interior held dozens of stolen Trezors and Ledger Nanos.

Jaihoo was confused. "Aren't *you* Ernie Flanders? Who's giving me coins? You or someone else? I just need to get outta here, mister."

"Ernie Flanders, *I!* I, *Ernie Flanders!* Think fast!"

Ernie produced one of the hardware wallets from his tummy cell and hucked it at Jaihoo's head. It was warm from Ernie's body heat and a bit damp as well, but the OLED display confirmed the presence of 120,000 Ether.

Happy day! For whatever reason Ernie had gifted him the additional twenty-thousand needed to escape—Jaihoo was practically home free! He pocketed the device, thanked the kind gentlemen, and made a bee-line for the cashier.

ALL-IN ON EVERY HAND
chapter five: pg. 113

Now off the hook, Jaihoo looked around at the various games and prizes to be had, and felt enticed to risk it all. Just think—one lucky roll of the dice is all you need to change your life forever! If he just let it all ride on *six,* that would give him a 2.318% chance of being able to pay off his mother's oxygen bill in one shot. Not to mention he'd have a little left over to buy himself an emotional expansion chip. He wondered which emotion he'd pay to have the corporations unlock. Pity sounded nice, but so did grief—it was hard to choose because the ramifications of the various emotions were unpredictable. For example, his latest purchase, *debauched orgasmic pleasure,* was really more of a time waster than the meaningful quality of life improvement it was advertised to be.

He decided to do the responsible thing. Kaileesi would respect this integrity play, and maybe he could get back in time to salvage his Husky Burger All Bodies Matter internship. He would cash out the coins, pay off his Debt²Society®, and head back to the restaurant.

A lesbian enforcer with a septum piercing and absolutely no interest in men sat on the other side of the cashier's cage, mentally scrolling through a Jezebel psi-mag[44] with a bored look on her face. Strangely, the queue leading up to the window was empty. Didn't anybody else want to get outta this place?

"Pardon me, sir-or-madam," Jaihoo started, "I'd like to cash out these 120,000 Ether and pay off my debt. Ya see, I was in a real pinch earlier but my buddy Ernie Flanders is gonna cover the tab on this one. I'm ready to pay it in full." He couldn't take his eyes off of her nose jewelry.

[44] *"Are You Really an Ally If You Don't Ho for Cash?"*

"That's not nearly enough," the lesbian snorted, still mentally awash in Jezebel. "Those are E-T-*H,* which is just Ethereum. You need E-T-*C*—Ethereum *Classic*. E-T-H is a premined scamcoin, kid. Those Ether are practically worthless. Not my fault you weren't paying attention. Flanders has the only mining hardware, and he floods Bernanke's Palace with the stuff."

Jaihoo protested, "But, how can you do this?! None of us will ever get out!"

"That's the point, kid! As expensive as this place is to operate, it's actually cheaper to keep debtor scum like yourself locked up here in wonderland than risk you running loose in society, taking out loans you can't afford, and voting for more free money to pay it back. The fiscally irresponsible are contained and society flourishes. Win-win. Love wins." She casually removed her fluoridated rin-no-tama and let out a meaty fart.

"Fucking A!" Jaihoo bawled, "What was even the point of the tattoo?! Why doesn't anyone else here seem to care?! Don't they get it?!"

"Hey, *hey*, you—don't take a tone with me. You take a tone with me it'll be the last tone you take." She wiped the psi-mag from her cortex buffer, stood up, and flexed her traps. "Listen, I'd feel sorry for you if you weren't just one of a million hapless dummies making the same boneheaded mistake over and over again like a copy machine. Now, you can get sore over it, you can pound on those steel bars until your hands hurt, but the longer you wait the less that ETH is gonna be worth. Inflation means the pot is always getting fatter and the stakes are always getting higher. If you're not going all-in on every hand, you'll *never* get out! As for that tattoo: the ink has nanovaccines in it that track your location and vitals—pretty standard prison stuff."

Jaihoo stormed off back to the casino floor. He was fuming! How could this be? He'd put his trust in Ernie Flanders, and for what? An awful tattoo and some shitcoins that didn't add up to one one-thousandth of an E-T-C token.

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[INTERACT:

Dump your life savings into some random thing on a wild hunch!]

He sat down at a vacant slot machine and stared despondently at the fluorescent 4D screen. Hammers, sickles, and stars danced across it, taunting Jaihoo to insert a coin. He was at a crossroads.

"I might never see my sweet angel Kaileesi ever again, but I could at least learn to enjoy life in this prison. Heck, other people sure seem to be living it up," Jaihoo thought to himself. A

fter all, Bernanke's Palace had free lodging, corndogs, hot sodas, and enough digital distractions to fry his synapses past the point of no-return. Professor Nusbaum would have loved it—it was basically a communist utopia. What more could a progressively-minded college student want?

Jaihoo looked at the coin Officer had given him earlier. It was especially cheap looking, even for a casino token:

VIRES IN NUMERIS
1000 BITCOIN

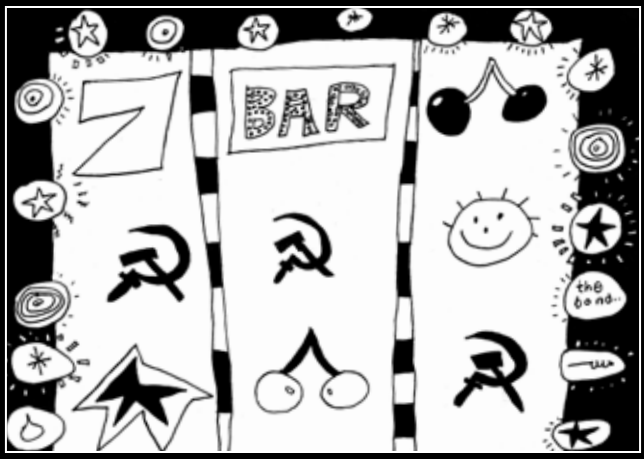
Undoubtedly worthless. He sighed heavily, slid it into the machine, and cranked the lever.

The hammers, sickles, stripes, and stars on the screen began to spin and twirl, and a hardstyle remix of The Hamsterdance Song blipped out from the shitty speaker. Inside, the mechanical guts clicked and churned like an angry washing machine.

Spinning, spinning—the symbols combined into a hammer and sickle lying on top of a bald eagle, extruded in 3D, with swirls of effervescent magic patriot powder and commie sparkle dust spiraling up from the bottom of the screen. Long ago these were the

symbols of The United States and China—two of NAMERAC's donor countries—but to Jaihoo, who had never even seen a history book let alone cracked one open, they might as well have been Lucky Charms.

The machine clunked to a stop and three glossy candies dropped down, forming a horizontal candy crush.



All at once the neon lights illuminating the inner sanctum of Bernanke's Palace started strobing and the central jackpot sign flashed a seizure-inducing red. The bewildered inmates looked up from their games and shielded their ears from the wailing air raid siren, as ceiling-mounted Tesla coils filled the air with crackling electric arcs. Mace®-brand smoke machines spewed celebratory capsaicin clouds and a party-size terahertz Active Denial System triumphantly cooked everyone's insides to great applause.

The floating holo-ads overhead changed from Husky Burger All Bodies Matter and Zippy Water™ to advertisements for yachts and high-end luxury goods. Jaihoo had won the 19.3 trillion ETC jackpot

Within mere seconds, an economic equality protest began to coalesce. Possessed by some great revolutionary spirit, a horde of demi-bois, skippies, Rastabullies, hate-haters, Str8Guyz, and otherkin charged at Jaihoo, yelling something incoherent about "the one percent." They were motivated by a desire to share in his winnings, of course, but also by a deeply philosophical, ideological conviction that the rich must pay Their Fair Share®.[45]

Before they could do him any harm, a phalanx of lesbian casino enforcers stormed the main chamber and sprayed the raggamuffins down with Dove epigenetic deterrent pheromones (now with *Prostamid*). Some of the skippies had an acquired immunity to the potent compound, as it was commonly used for rape defense,[46]

[45] TFS token.

[46] Please keep in mind, this is not to say that skippies are rapists, merely that out of altruism they often volunteer to be guinea pigs for rape defense product testing.

but they were quickly brought to heel with digital whips. The mob recoiled and formed a defensive progressive stack, spearheaded by a paraplegic albino dwarf with celiac disease. The dwarf gave a moving speech about how the casino's games were all rigged and also about the *Lived Experiences™* of hermaphrodites and *Green Bodies™*, but it was no use—the lesbians were back at them with rubber guns (which fired *real* lead bullets), forcing them to scatter. Two big, strong, feminine hands lifted Jaihoo into an F-5 and chucked him like a rag doll through the now-open security door. He landed like a sack of soggy potatoes as the door shut behind him, just in time to stop the jealous gamblers, who gnashed at the steel bars with whatever teeth they hadn't traded for more chips. He was free!

° ° °

thenic and distinct when it comes to their energy needs. And so they near-unanimously voted to fund *Professor Winkum's Olde-Fashioned Lamplight Gaswerkes*, a charming coal-burning plant with half-steampunk, half-mid-century-modern styling, reclaimed wood floors, vaulted ceilings, exposed rafters and brickwork, free bicycle parking, and a giant stained-glass window that has to be seen to be believed.

ment beneath his feet, charging him with vigor like never before. It was no sweat that the Husky Burger All Bodies Matter internship was probably lost—he was free, and still had his Kaileesi.

"Hey, kid... They let you out already?"

It was Officer, the Heroe's who'd arrested him earlier that day. His tone was a mix of amusement and surprise. He was already leaning against the chrome Testarossa's fender, but when he saw Jaihoo, he leaned deeper and even more casually. He took a long drag from his DeepZero sub100 cryonic vape pen, the blue light at the end dimly illuminating his angular face. The cloud of LEO-use-only StimPak nanites curled above his head, eerily diffusing the glow of a distant ultrawide 144 Hz billboard[50] which punctuated the serrated edge of the skyline.

"I ain't ever seen anyone get out this joint that fast. Heh, I had you pegged as just another little faggot script kiddie, but I guess I was wrong. Whaddya say to a little midnight drifting?

Jaihoo smirked. "Heh, you read my mind."

[50] Feeling Unloved? Tired of Being Called 'Different?' Sick of the Hateful Glares and Harassment? Then Don't Delay, Call Us Now and Talk to a Counselor: 2-900-PED-OK ... Paid for by Pedophile Acceptance Centers of America (PACA), in partnership with PedoPride. A taxpayer-funded company (you pay for our administrators' six-figure salaries, don't worry about it though).

[INTERACT:
(riddle):

I steal without taking, give without caring, lie without thinking, and don't have much hair. What am I? ...

Take thirty seconds to think of the answer.]

Acceptable answers are: Bernie Sanders; a slot machine; a late-stage AIDS Top trying to spread as much poz as he can before he dies.]

CHAPTER SIX:
SUPERSTARS OF DRIFT!
LEGENDARY BATTLE

Officer drifted him back to the NYU-Yale-HBC main campus with little time to spare. Along the way, he'd explained to Jaihoo that his lifelong ambition was to be a Legendary Drift Racer, but he became a cop instead because of a rare medical condition that prevented him from drifting on left-hand corners. Funny, Jaihoo didn't even notice the entire time that whenever there was a left turn, Officer actually did a 270-degree *right* turn—he was just that good.

Also, he hadn't entirely been truthful during their first encounter. His real name wasn't Officer, it was *Savior,* and while he truly was one of the Heroe's', he wasn't Limited Edition SafeT rank... He was actually *Legendary* rank, which meant that his reports bypassed the entire chain of command, including The President, and went directly to The Master of The World. He also told Jaihoo an incredibly personal story of loss, injustice, perseverance and triumph, which Jaihoo swore to never repeat, and would take too long to explain in any event. This intimate sharing led to a newly-formed profound brotherly connection, the strength of which rivaled any bond, real or fictional, in all of history and/or literature.

Jaihoo, with tears in his eyes, promised that he would drive his best in his college's drift tournament, and if he won, he'd dedicate the victory to Savior.

The school's parking garage had been transformed into a thumpin' rave party. Candy-coated heaven-dwellers rollerbladed through anesthetic fog-machine clouds and did backflips off trampoolines into foam pits, cyberlaughing. Insane-looking Asian yacht girls with tight bodies did cigarette dances, popping balloons with lusty

heel stomps and giving lap dances to imaginary men (ARG men), their eyes imperceptibly sex-smiling through neoprene burqas.

Jaihoo could barely hear himself think over the clashing krymecore and fetal electro-"rock" beats. Nearly a hundred cars were lined up, most of them just for show. There were stretched and slammed oddities as far as the eye could see: rare Nissans revving through straight pipes, underglow-pimped Renault and SEAT hatchbacks, sportbikes and four-wheelers. Teachers and students alike—almost half the student body in total—came to see the spectacle and watch the showdown.

He was sure Kaileesi was busy in the lab with vital Science research, but Jaihoo's eyes scanned the crowd for her anyway. He saw Guatemalan two-spirit aluminum twinks in cop hats, bubblegum retrotech spice brats with twenty-four-seven camwhore selfie sticks, crypto princes arguing with Croakies® frat busters over who had the right to rock Vineyard Vines—but no Kaileesi. Over by a stink pipe, a group of selvedge denim/prisoner-pants rockabilly chop-chicken Japs were staring at him and laughing while making obscene hand gestures.

Jaihoo heard someone hock a third-world style loogie behind him, and spun around to see Trang Dum Goon standing there in white linen capri pants, nail salon flip-flops, a green casino eyeshade, and a faded yellow polyester shirt. On the shirt was a cartoon panda and the words, "Fluck Because Do Lifestile".

"Lo wak dao wan-dey-dey," Goon said with a smirk. Jaihoo had no idea that this was a very clever and serious insult in Goon's native language, and that he had just been pwned.

Puzzling. Jaihoo knew the Vietnamese language was filled with intricacies and subtle sophistications (much more so than English), but right now it just hurt his ears and felt like a verbal sewer pie, like retarded fish-head pinball-machine pigeon chatter, from people who took three-thousand years to invent *The Hut.* He really just wanted to punch the gook right in the fucking mouth.

"You know, I never understood how you can go to school here and not speak English."

Goon hocked another loogie, full of bugs and cigarette butts, this time right at Jaihoo's feet. It was the most culturally beautiful thing that had ever existed, well beyond our ability to understand.

"She too young fo' bang-bang, onlee yum-yum," the cocky racer gloated.

"Yeah man, whatever... See you on the track, buddy."

Jaihoo put up a hand for Trang Dum Goon to talk to. The thrumming techno psywave music combined with the stench of gyro and the body heat of the mindless revelers was starting to give him a headache; he hoped to God the race would start soon...

He wouldn't have to wait long.

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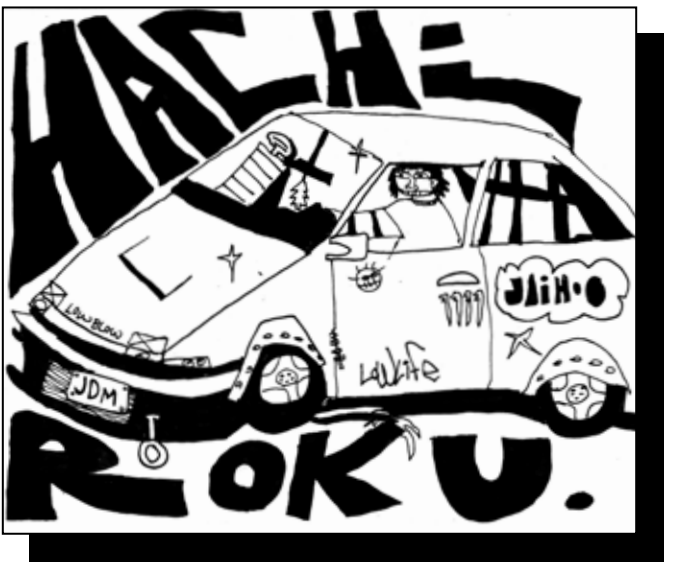
Jaihoo pulled up to the starting line in his Toyota Corolla A&F 92, a car known to street racers as a Hachi-Roku (Japanese for Hatchback-Raw, as in a hatchback with raw, awesome power). It was a pretty commonplace machine—in fact, this one used to serve as his father's sushi shop delivery car. The Hasselgren Formula Atlantic V4 was nothing to write home about, but the vehicle's light weight and front-wheel-drive tech meant that Jaihoo could use his *skill* to keep up with the best of them, especially on the downhill, where cornering ability trumps outright power.

The Hachi-Roku was an ordinary ride alright—with one weird trick up its sleeve: *this* car was equipped with a cold-air exhaust. A rare carbon-fiber part, developed in tandem by Neuspeed and Veilside: this device enabled Jaihoo to spray a fine mist of superchilled

cold exhaust particles at anyone who happened to be following him too closely. He would never use it in a fair battle, but some part of him secretly *hoped* one or more of his legendary rivals would break out the dirty tactics, so he could give 'em a taste of the ice.



The stage was set. To his left, Professor Joyce Nusbaum was revving the tits off her 2JZ, her eyes two little rock-hard beads of communistic man-hatred, fixed on the apex of the first corner. To his right, Cooly D—bopping his head casually, listening to insipid skippy bip-bop—*"Rape, Dat, Bitch! - Rape, Dat, Bitch!"*—through both his oversized headphones and the car's built-in audio system. Finally, there was Trang Dum Goon who was sucking a toothpick, probably thinking about eating a nice pile of snake guts for dinner with a side of blood.

A smoking hot Asian geisha with a free-will blocking 8G yarmulke clambered over to the front, rolling its ankles several times in chunky eight-inch synthleather heels. It was unable to walk properly, or see, for that matter, as its vision was obstructed by a Fendi kitty-ears burqa, and its feet were bound by the finest and most luxurious designer basketball shoe footwraps available on the market: the *Jig-Jig Ace 5s.* The icing on the cake was the caution-tape fishnet body stocking, which the geisha's CIA handler, *Rachel C.,* thought was sexy—or at least thought that certain powerful men would think it's sexy, men who would make a nice addition to Israel's Rolodex of snitches (she was right as usual). It (the brainbleached Asian) had the tightest little Bai Ling Fleshlight body, and it was safe to say that not a single masculine-identifying identity in the crowd thought of it as anything more than a barely cognizant walking sex toy, which was accurate. Jaihoo made a mental note to remember that Chinese people are subhuman. Geisha raised the green flag, and the crowd fell silent.

Nusbaum revved hard and clenched the steering wheel with spidery white-knuckle Soros fists. Trang Dum Goon shouted clattering monosyllables like a short order cook at a Chinese dumpling joint and got ready to unleash the full power of his Honda tuk-tuk. Cooly D laughed idly and leaned his seat back further, chinky-eyed but concentrating to the best of his abilities.

Jaihoo had tunnel vision.

SHOWTIME.

The soulless sex kitty let the flag drop. Instantly, the garage filled with tire smoke and an explosion of noise. Professor Joyce Nusbaum dumped the clutch and rocketed off the line. Trang Dum Goon was right on her tail, but Jaihoo lagged behind. His Hachi-Roku didn't have the power to keep up—if he were to have a chance, he'd have to win this race in the corners and braking zones. The three zoomed off into the distance.

Cooly D hit the gas... But he'd forgotten to shift the car out of neutral!

"Rape, Dat, Bitch! - Rape, Dat, Bitch!"

"Ahhh sheeitt, I ain't even gon' know what to do 'bout dat, ain't 'bout a thang..."

The lethargic skippy gave the upshift paddle a tap, but something was wrong—the electrical impulses from the maxed-out stereo system played hell with the delicate inner workings of the gearbox—the car was just too overloaded with horsepower and hi-fi audio. It lurched forward suddenly, jerking from side to side with an ungodly grinding sound.

The crowd could see what was about to happen: even if Cooly D hadn't been faded A-F, there was no way he could reel those 1,001 horses back under control now. Like a two-ton, four-legged monster, the Bugatti surged toward the geisha race queen, accelerating from zero to who-knows-how-fast in the blink of an eye. By the time her central nervous system instructed her body to *flinch,* her shins were already snapped in two, and just a moment later, she was being sucked under the car as if by a giant vacuum cleaner. Her body came ragdolling out the other side, looking a bit the worse for wear, to say the least.

Cooly D's giant green lips quaked from the g-force as he watched his tachometer climb higher into the red zone--

"Rape, Dat, Bitch!"

The combined signal from the headphones and the CD player fried the inside of the car's amplifier like a chicken nugget, which then inadvertently sent a quote-unquote 'death signal' to the engine, all in a matter of microseconds. As the crowd watched in frozen horror, the carbon fiber lid of the Bugatti's engine bay shot straight up into the ceiling, accompanied by all twelve cylinders and a humongous fireball. The rear wheels snapped their lug nuts free and blasted off to either side like hockey pucks, and the rest

of the flaming toboggan torpedoed into the cement wall at an enormous speed. Cooly D, trapped on all sides by blazing luxurious leather, was incinerated. Bystanders would later recall that his dead body looked like a Spicy Cheeto®.

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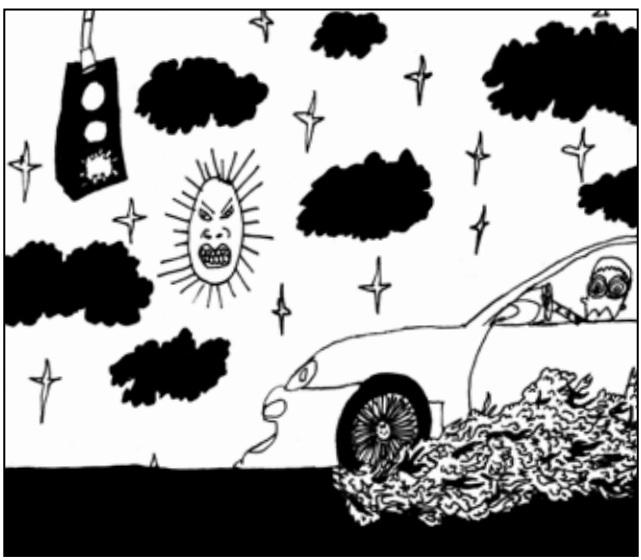
Nusbaum and Goon were too far ahead to have seen the carnage, but Jaihoo watched the whole thing unfold in his rear view mirror. He'd say a prayer later—there was no time for crying over spilled skippy now. Cooly D had sent himself down the Nile, and all that mattered now was La Raza.[51]



[51] The (Drift) Race.

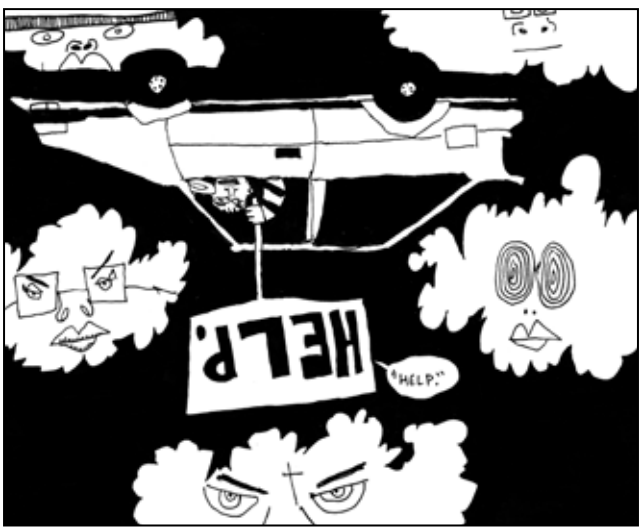
Jaihoo floored it, and the Hasselgren V4 screamed higher and higher, well into VTEC territory, almost blasting through WTEC into the XTEC zone. His veins were pulsing hot and the car was running rich. The smell of solar gasoline, sweaty partiers, burning tires, and belchy chewing tobacco from the chop-chicken Japs, formed a potent amalgam that was like nothing else. It was the smell of Ultimate Drift Racing, and to Jaihoo, it was everything.

Something about watching Cooly D die made him feel especially lucid. The Effexor SSR® behavioral modification nanobots in his system were working overtime to reel in the chaos, but he was just too triggered. Like in a horde mode or tower defense Flash game that'd gone haywire, his adrenal glands were doing double duty to provide the testosterone that his testicles never could. He gripped the Personal Neo Grinta suede steering wheel and did a Scandinavian flick into the next hairpin, laughing at Death.

Death heard Jaihoo's call and answered back with a Red Ring. There was something slick on the road, and he'd over-committed

to his drift. It was some type of sinister slime, not dark enough to be oil, sitting right there on his cornering line, almost as though someone had planted it there. He tried to feather the gas to change his drift angle, but it was too late—the outside back tire hit the goo and sent his Hachi-Roku drift race car flying into a Christ Air. Time slowed to a near-standstill, and Jaihoo tried everything—pulling the e-brake, honking the horn—to no avail.

THIS IS IT.



The car slammed down onto solid concrete, blowing out the Top Secret Super Coilovers (made by Aragosta, but custom-valved to Smoky's specs) and shattering every pane of glass in the car. Expecting the worst, Jaihoo opened his eyes and assessed the damage...

Could it really be? He'd landed in the right direction, and was still pushing three-hundred K-P-H! The acrobatics hadn't slowed him down, in fact he was going faster. Was it possible that his skills had grown so much? Had he really come to surpass his online mentor/groomer, Takumi Foust, the World Champion Drift King?

Up ahead, Professor Nusbaum was setting the pace, extracting every ounce of performance from the Supra. She was unbelievably fast, but somehow Trang Dum Goon was hanging in there, not far behind. The Subaru 1235 stuffed in the Honda tuk-tuk was a mighty powerplant, capable of negging most competition, but it was notorious for burning oil, and sure enough Goon was trailed by a big blue-gray cloud.

The two were locked in a fierce battle for the lead. Instead of doing the smart thing and taking turns drafting until the last leg, they vied for position like pit bulls at every corner entry and exit, fricaseeing their tires in the process. Narcissism is the Achilles' heel of many racers, and their egos prevented them from driving intelligently. It was just what Jaihoo had been counting on.

He used dirt drops, clutch kicks, and 180-degree jump drifts to close the gap, while at the same time earning massive kudos and achievements from the crowd (a notification vibration from his Bluetooth Razo shift knob alerted him that someone in the crowd had tipped at least 25,000 TheDAO tokens to his Patreon). Soon enough, he was on their tails, flashing his high beams to put the pressure on. The little Hachi-Roku was on the absolute limit, with the brakes fading and oil temp rising fast, but they were entering the downhill section of the parking garage now, and that was Jaihoo's turf. With its technical S-turns and back-to-back hairpins, his lightweight car would have the advantage over both the body-positive Supra and the twitchy, overpowered tuk-tuk.

Suddenly, a stream of mysterious ooze left a chemtrail of hazard streaks in front of Jaihoo. The road was slippery with thick plasmic runoff. He was able to turn left, then right to avoid it, but the call was a close one nonetheless. It was some kind of spray from Professor Nusbaum's car!

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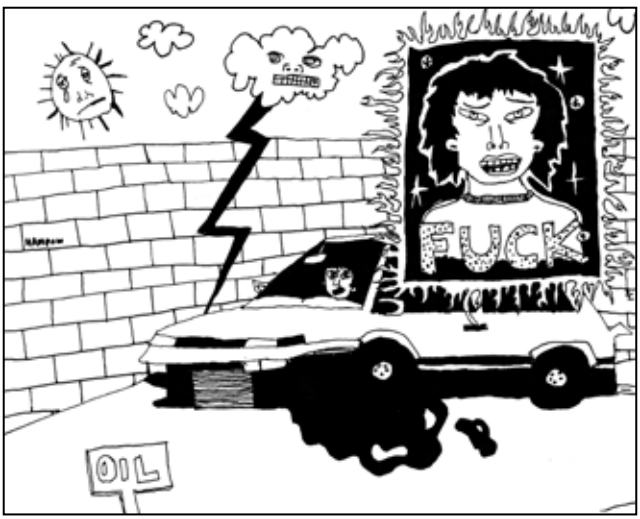
Soon all three racers were neck-and-neck. The professor panicked. She'd never been macroaggressed like this before; never been drift-shamed by a quasi-Caucasoid in an underpowered economy car. She could not afford to cede the Crown of Matriarchal Progress to this lowly, binary specimen.

Unbeknownst to Jaihoo, Professor Nusbaum had one weird trick left up her sleeve. Over the course of many sex changes and biological mutilations, she had developed within herself a Cronenberg-like coping mechanism, designed specifically for situations of Intense Societal Pressure.

She chomped down hard on her lower biscuit lip (cosmetically enhanced with carpet sealant) and rapped herself in the stomach with a closed fist a few times, becoming her *own* whipping boy. By elevating her stress levels and inducing an exaggerated chemical trigger reaction, she could channel her extremist emotions into a volatile alchemy. This fully energized the lining of her synthetic uterus, causing her bucci-juice to oxidize and heat up to near-molten levels. Jaihoo was about to fall right into her trap.

As the racers passed the apex and prepared for the chicane, Professor Nusbaum secreted her built-up ecto-menstrual discharge into an empty Gatorade Frost bottle. She was cackling like a madwoman now, even though the expensive Alcantara interior of her car was soaked with pulpy piss, for she now held a Gatorade bottle full of glowing synthetic period chowder, the only ingredient necessary for a deadly road hazard.

She reached her hairy, hambone steak of a manarm out the driver's side window, and with a bloated squawk, dumped toxic vaginal discharge, slicker than black ice, all over the road.



There was nothing he could do. Jaihoo saw the spoogeum, but he was already utilizing all of his available grip just to hang on—braking now would lock up the front wheels and send him careening into the guardrail. His only option was to ride it out. Last season he'd ran a set of Advan A048s, which were immune to vaginal discharge, but in order to save money this season he'd gone with the plain old General Grabbers, which were not. He hit the goo and instantly flipped into the air, this time with no hope of a clean landing. The crowd was in shock watching Jaihoo's Hachi-Roku tumble end-over-end through the air—like a bisexual who couldn't decide what type of sex he wanted—and Jaihoo didn't know if he was sucking or rimming at this point, but either way, he was fucked.

Finally, he crashed, and hard. Jaihoo was not a doctor, but it was immediately clear that his life had been ruined. His legs looked like hamburger meat and the A-pillar was sticking through his neck. If he lived, he would never drift again.

Jaihoo passed out before he could reach for the cold-air exhaust button, succumbing to his critical injuries.

CHAPTER 7:

IT'S TIME TO SAVE THE FUTURE:

HOPE YOU'VE GOT THE TIME.

Elsewhere, Kaileesi was getting down to the business of saving the world, because saving the world is a woman's job. She knew that women were in charge of NASA and every other agency that mattered, plus she was personally getting her hands dirty with some of the most revolutionary mathematics and physics that had ever been conceived. Meanwhile, the men of the world were sitting this one out, probably playing with boogers and masturbating to degrading and unnatural porn, such as *monogamous intercourse for the conception of a healthy child (real) (amateur).*

The door burst open, and professor Joyce Nusbaum charged in, fresh from victory on the battlefield, eager to get to work. She put her green Kenwood Arai helmet on a coat hook and whipped on one of her bespoke DKNY lab coats. Sure, they were expensive, but on a professor's salary one could afford such luxuries. Additionally, she was trans, so she needed lab coats custom-made with a slim woman's fit, but also with broad shoulders and a zipper in case she decided to have her penis stem-celled back on, which she did from time to time. Once more: an interesting, but purely coincidental point to note, was that nearly all of the women behind this era's scientific advancement and industrial achievement were men who cross-dressed for tax breaks. Not a single economist or sociologist had any hypothesis as to why these biologically-male brained people seemed to outperform, that's just the way it is.

"Kaileesi," the professor said, "it's about time I told you what we're actually doing here." Her words were heavy and foreboding, yet at the same time wise and reassuring. Already Kai could see that something historic was happening, and Goddamn

were we all lucky to have Professor Nusbaum dedicating her considerable mental faculties to solving whatever she deemed problematic.

> "It's *The Future*, young Miss Slane–it's a bad place, and they need our help. We've received word from *The Future* via reverse time capsule that something is amiss. There are artificial intelligences–also known as AIs–in charge, but they're not doing a good enough job. Our info comes to us only in the form of lower-dimensional emoticons,[52] so it's impossible to get an exact picture, and we only know this: something has gone wrong in *The Future*."

Nusbaum took a breather to let those last words sink in. Her presentation was so good–an homage to *An Inconvenient Truth* and *Bill Nye Saves the World*, in many ways–that Kaileesi had goosebumps. In fact, anytime the professor spoke it was like a TED talk, viciously yanking back the status quo to reveal a

[52] Future Unicode has blocks reserved for higher-dimensional emojis/emoticons: holographic porn smileys, n-spheres, trees of life, 8D VR porn smileys, fully sentient polytopic entities (pornographic). These images are flattened during back-transmission, leaving corruption throughout the data not unlike JPEG artifacts. It's not a problem as it's mostly used for sexting.

heretofore undiscovered zeitgeist-detonating truth that really made her think and say *huh.*

This cryptic warning of turmoil somewhere or somewhen in *The Future* had painted the perfect doomsday picture, so dreadfully and vividly, and it was just damn obvious that next up would be a rousing call to arms. Kaileesi was at the edge of her seat–her political outlook, her activism, her hobbies, her whole life was dedicated to chasing the emotional rush of conspicuously being a good person, and she was about to get that satisfaction, in full. Hopefully it was something she could do online.

"In *The Future,* there is a shortage of young millennial college students, and that's why they need our help so desperately. The only people who can save the world in *The Future* are young millennial college stu-

dents from today–hopeful and optimistic people with strong opinions and a can–do attitude–so you can see why we're uniquely positioned to... save the day, *as it were.*"

Professor Nusbaum paused and read Kaileesi's expression to see if the gravity of the situation was registering, and also if she was impressed. Kaileesi was about to mentally orgasm.

"Our time–technology is unstable and untested. We just don't know what will happen if we send a live human through. I know that a woman, with all her strength and intelligence, would be the best choice, but I don't think the risk is justified and neither does the school board, or the Committee for Female Excellence for that matter. As much as I'd love to send you through that portal... I'd have a lawsuit on my hands."

Kaileesi was crestfallen. How was she supposed to get that dopamine release, that absolute high to end all highs, without being *involved* in what she was now convinced (after a handful of slides and unlabeled pie graphs) was the most head-spinningly momentous inflection point of all human history? NOW was the time to get her hands dirty! Women rarely make history, and well-behaved women even more rarely so. She had half a mind to charge headlong into the time-travel portal, potential risk and lawsuits be damned!

How would anyone pat her on the back and thank her for being a hero if she couldn't actually *be* the hero? No, nevermind the school Hero Brigade–their empty recognition couldn't possibly get her off anymore. Then without warning, a thought occurred to her. She perked up in her seat, because she knew a way–one might call it a weird trick–to get those good feelings, and that critical acclaim, without risking any physical danger to herself. But, she kept quiet and just smiled, for she had a hunch the professor was, as usual, already two steps ahead.

> "We have to send *someone* forward in time–someone disposable, someone male. We can't send any twinks–we need the ones we have for breeding and gene-splicing experiments. Skippies are out of the question as well–the *National Caucus for the Lived Experiences™ of Green and Brown Bodies™* won't allow it, not to mention a skippy might be so bewildered by the phase shift that he'd have no choice but to start raping innocent Future women and burning down Future convenience stores. HaShem... I never thought I'd say this, but unfortunately we may *need* a cishet, non-Green male."

The professor's eyes darted to and fro, an outward indication of the literal Brain-Storm going on behind the scenes.

> "We need... no, not an Alpha–they could go rogue. We need a true Beta who will obey our

every command sent forward via time capsule." The professor snapped her fingers, "Kaileesi, I want *you* to draw up a list of candidates as soon as possible. And keep in mind: time-travel's a one way trip."

Kaileesi inhaled a deep, hopeful breath and looked off into the distance, imagining the recognition she'd get for saving *The Future*, by selflessly sacrificing the only man who'd ever loved her.

"I know just the guy," she smirked.

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Jaihoo was on mandatory bed rest status, seeing as he'd suffered major head trauma and his legs were newly amputated. His sleep was routinely violated by the most fearsome and profane nightmares that had ever existed, possibly due to being on an IV drip of FearX®,[53] and what little wakefulness there was got scrambled by the other IV drip of ConfuseX®.[54]

[53] *Make Your Aches and Pains AFRAID!*

[54] ConfuseH® IV drips were frequently prescribed even for routine check-ups, because medical malpractice lawsuits were much less likely to be suc-

cessful when the patient could not provide reliable testimony. How do you know the anesthesiologist messed up? Could've just as easily been loud music that gave you heart arrhythmia.

One may be tempted to get on a high horse here and protest on the patients' behalf, but it is important to keep in mind that medically gaslighting people saves the hospitals and corporations thousands.

Is it really justice you seek? Then for whom, I say. Just think: you'd deprive all these great, brave nurses, insurance adjusters, and pharmaceutical reps of their employment, just so your stupid relative can be financially compensated for the partial paralysis they got after paying the doctor a visit for a tummy ache? Shame on you, then.

Despite this state of ruin, Jaihoo still managed to crack his eyes open enough to watch the holo-vid replay of the big race. He was babbling and drooling like an infant who'd just been accidentally vaccinated a hundred times, and yet in his mind, somehow, protected by the final firewall of a consciousness which was ancient, the last sparks of animation danced their funny little dance. With retarded logic-not even knowing what a car is let alone how to drive one-he watched the holo-vid, critiqued his drifts, and formulated a plan for the next race. It was beyond pathetic, but drooling retards with plans make the world go 'round, so he couldn't be counted out just yet.

ADHESIVE

Jaihoo had heard of 360-degree drifts before, but to his knowledge the only drivers capable of such majesty were authentic Japanese Drift Kings who used Nissan Silvias–way out of his league (he could worry about what 'degree' meant later). Then there was the curious case of Vaughn Gittin Jr., Jr., who was rumored to be working on a counter-attack for oil slicks, which perhaps Jaihoo would be able to co-opt and use against Nusbaum's offal trap. But–and this was a big *but*–Gittin Jr., Jr. primarily used a Ford Mustang Shelby, a car so radically different from Jaihoo's Hachi-Roku that techniques couldn't really be applied cross-platform without years, maybe even hundreds of years, of adjustments and reinterpretations–remixes, you might call them. On top of all that, his missing legs and inability to think beyond chimpanzee-level posed their own set of unique challenges.

Kaileesi entered the room in a huff. She got right to business, completely ignoring Jaihoo's predicament. Something was wrong with his princess, and all he knew was that he'd make it *right.*

"Jai, 'sup. So, just wanted to let you know, I'm going on a date later with a lanky keyboard player who's six-five and can't cum unless he puts a pillow over my head and watches porn. I hope that's OK with you. Sorry, but he just has god-tier height. Marc. *Ohhh,* Marc...

He's in some shitty art band but he's actually really good, he's the only good one. James, the singer, is terrible but Marc is actually really good. They've been talking to the old tour manager from Super Low, and they're about to get really big. I know what you're thinking Jai but this is serious, they could actually blow-up. I'm thinking about letting him reenact the Emma Sulkowicz Trilogy with me-I hope that's like, *okay with you?"*

Jaihoo looked at his bandaged stubs and sighed heavily. He turned to Kaileesi and told her exactly how he felt:

"Gob blub dob gub sub... FUNGGGG, gyrup-fob dub fung gub fob cobb, gyrup. Gup shloop wit-jo bing didlyoo fog galloop! Gub fub FOOOOO shloosh fug dovdov buhloofovffff..."[55]

The ghosts of all her past lovers-cool guys in bands, artists and creative thinkers, gay guys who used her body to see if they could be straight (he didn't think it was too big of an *ask* to request that these ones in particular wear condoms (they seldom did)), introspective-but-hunky poem-men, guys who were really into choking and rape-play-haunted him at times like this. His nightmares some nights wereof ghost cocks[56]-a few just slightly bigger than his, some... He shuddered to think.

[55] I understand and will always be here for you. I just want you to know that our hearts have like, this connection, and even if I don't agree with you all the time or how you choose to live your life, I always understand you, and there's always just so much love for you Kai, so much. You amaze me, because I see you standing there in front of a mountain and you have all the tools to climb it. All you have to do is start climbing! I believe in you more than anyone

else on the planet!

[56] Relevant Houellebecq: imgur.com/aYUtUUK

While snooping on her phone once he'd seen a Snapchat conversation with one of her girlfriends about Steve, an alcoholic townie high school dropout who cleaned up wood shavings at a sawmill. Kaileesi liked to fuck him because "He hated me more than I hated myself," and reading all the details made Jaihoo wish he could animorph into feeder rat form and spend the rest of his short life in a boa constrictor cage. Of course he spent a few hours using her phone to talk to Steve, posing as Kaileesi to get even more gory details via text.

He still loved her, but she sure made it difficult. He stuck with it though, taking it on the chin, because every blog or article that he'd read assured him that giving her the freedom to experiment and have fun now meant that she would be a more committed

lover later on, when it was time for marriage, shared finances, and children cloned from semen samples of an intelligent and high-achieving man they'd select together from a catalogue at the gene therapy clinic.

As Jaihoo turned his attention back to the holo-vid replay, Kaileesi produced from her Fenty x Puma velvet lace-up backpack a rather unusual-looking vape pen, the likes of which he'd never seen before. She took a long drag, and the device emitted a rhythmic series of beeps and boops. The juice was potent-he could already smell notes of menthol, kiwi, mint, lime, synthetic persimmon biophage, imitation sandalwood, imitation bergamot, and foie gras-a very yummy concoction, eighteen-nic of course.

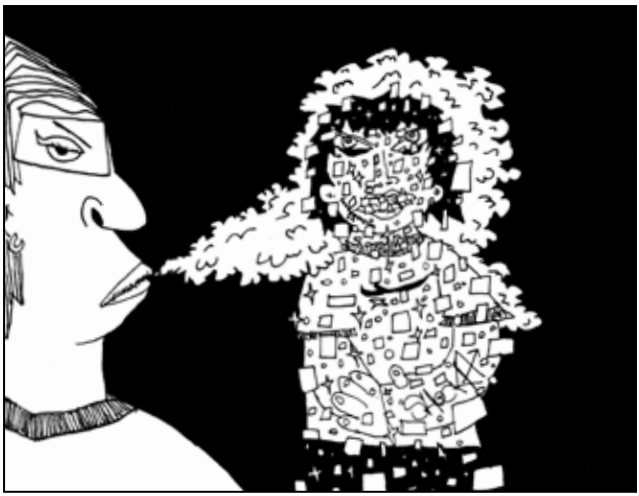
Without any warning, she lashed out with her other hand and stabbed him in between the ribs with a time travel locator needle.

"Yowch! What the hell?" Jaihoo cried.

Kaileesi smirked devilishly, her cheeks puffed up with unexhaled vapor. Then she let him have it: a huge white cloud of Nature's Promise Kush mixed with a dozen perfumes and chemicals shotgunned right at his face. He looked down, seeing through the haze that it was not actually a vape pen, but instead some sort of... time travel pen. Before he could react, an unseen audio source played a reggaeton air horn. Kaileesi cackled: she was over the moon that her little scheme was going off without a hitch.

Jaihoo tried not to inhale, but, unable to walk, he eventually had no choice. He breathed in, and molecule by molecule his body digitized, phasing into some unknown future point, ultimately disappearing altogether. A moment later, Jaihoo Cornoonian was simply not there.

Kaileesi's task was done.



She laughed a bit more, savoring the *deliciousness* of it all. She almost felt bad–Jaihoo was helpless against the sympathy his hormones commanded him to feel in response to her big watery eyes and soft fat body. Her face, painted up with the finest cosmetics to look exactly like a baboon's ass, melted through his defenses like Obi-Won Kenobi's lightsaber through a droid door. It just wasn't a fair fight.

Well, no time to cry over spilt milk. Kaileesi was now, by his technical disappearance, officially promoted from *'taken but exploring options'* to *'ethically non-monogamous'* and was free to enjoy her sex life even *more* than before. She left the hospital room, eager to see if Marc was everything he said in his profile.

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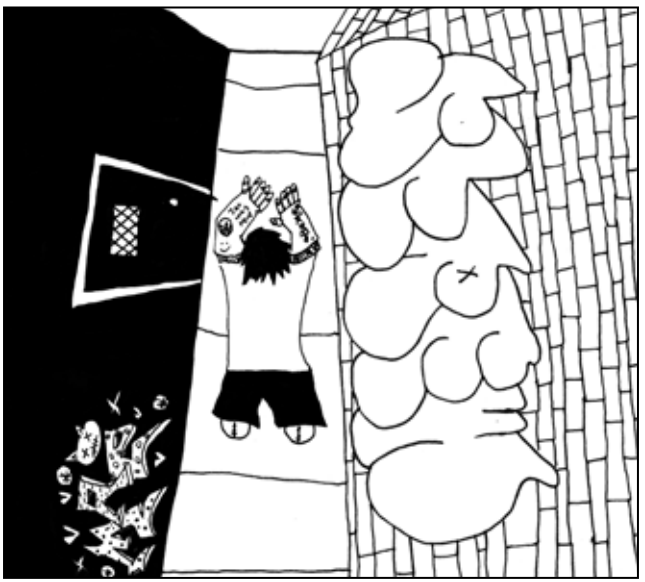
In a back alley somewhere, millions of chrono-miles (minutes) from where he just was, Jaihoo with his stub legs came somersaulting out from a crackling, electric-blue wormhole, with a puff of time travel pen smoke.



He knew it was the future because he immediately found a copy of today's newspaper showing the date.

Feeling equal parts betrayed and dumbfounded, and acting solely out of fear and adrenaline, he dragged his legless body out onto the city street. It must not have been *that* far ahead in the future-the citizens walking up and down seemed just as callous to the plight of legless sidewalk crawlers as they did in his day-though they were a bit more stylishly dressed. He wanted to scream, but knew it would do no good.

Eventually Jaihoo reached the portal to an old-timey retro internet cafe. He looked at this portal, and the portals of the other business establishments on this street, and inferred, correctly so, that most doors in the future had been upgraded to portals.

Inside, the joint was packed with Neo MugLugs and TrueLifeGamesmen playing DotA 8, AKA *DotA INFINI-T.* They were engrossed in their games, playing as lord-knows-how-many franchised legendary heroes at once in an amazing battle. The graphics looked awesome, and Jaihoo nearly fell into a trance admiring the cool skill animations and lush 4D particle effects from the devastating ultimates. He wondered if any of the players had come up in the golden age of games, giving them the perspective to really appreciate DotA 8, or if they just took the insane visuals and haptic feedback for granted. It looked awesome though and he wanted to play it so bad.

Even though Jaihoo had been reduced to a pile of smoldering, tattered rags, and bloody stumps, no one seemed to notice him crawling in. No one that is, except for *CHIPS.*

COMPASSION-HAVING IMITATION PERSONAL SAVIOR, AKA C.H.I.P.S.:

CHIPS handed out nutrient sticks and alkalized water capsules to a team of four-hundred-pound mouth-breathing Hmong osu!2 champions, then made his way over to Jaihoo with an expression that was concerned yet cheerful, in a professional way. It was the sort of freakishly conflicted expression that only a computer designed to appear human (or your stepmother, Jane Guillette) was capable of producing.

"Howdy there partner! Looks like you're having trouble walkin'. Lemme see if I can help patch ya' up!"

It was obviously just a cartoonish cowpoke personality subroutine, but it was comforting nonetheless. The robo-therapist back at NYU-Yale-HBC had been programmed with a steampunk/Star Wars personality *(Dr. Reginald Wipplestein Von Musketpants III, Her Majesty's Royal Suicide-Prevention Counselor, at your service young Padawan!)* and Jaihoo was quite tired of that one-this was a refreshing change-up. He loved for things to have clever voices and hated when they didn't. His favorite of all was his dentist, who talked in a high-pitched little girl voice and role-played as a thousand-year-old vampire who was trapped in a little girl's body (and thus was not technically a minor). It was the perfect entertaining distraction for when the old guy hammered away at Jaihoo's teeth, almost indiscriminately and seemingly for no medical reason.

"Let's see if we can get you back in the game there, big feller."

With hydraulic strength, CHIPS lifted Jaihoo off the ground by his neck, and with the other hand yanked out his catheter. However, the male nurse who had crammed it in there–however many hundreds of years ago–really did a good job, and it was also a super-extra-long telescoping model, so it took about two full minutes of aggressive pulling to get it out. His bladder and dick were sore like he'd pissed pure Cholula, but that was nothing compared to what came next.

CHIPS produced two high-tech fidget-spinner-looking things and stabbed them into Jaihoo's stubmeats. The steel was ice cold, but quickly became white hot, as CHIPS started cauterizing the wounds and finalizing the grafts with his laser welder. The pain was unimaginable, but worse still was the realization that if this manic bot's aim slipped one centimeter the wrong way, he could kiss his testicles goodbye.

He tried to escape, but CHIPS' mechanical grip was too strong, so instead he screamed...

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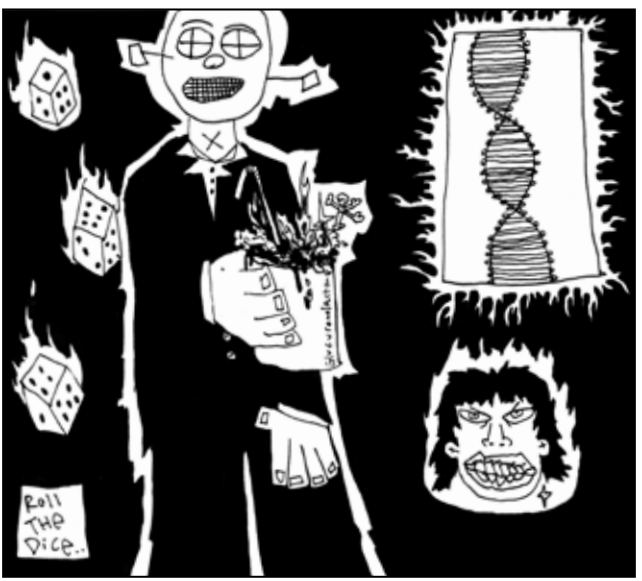
...and in a blink, it was over. He was standing tall again, propped up by a pair of holographic legs!

"Them's a pair of holo-legs! Should help ya' walk a lot easier–hyuh, hyuh! Ya see, here in the future, what with every cowboy and slim jim havin' diabetes, amputations are a heckuva lot more common! Instead-a' curin' the disease, we just snap on a set o' these handy dandy holo-legs, ya see? And heck, because being fat is a *good* thing, it's kinda like a reward, if ya really think about it!"

CHIPS slapped his own cold metal knee and walked over to the barista, leaving Jaihoo to test out the new equipment. The holo-legs were frustratingly cumbersome and slow; they didn't seem to be much of an improvement over dragging himself around on the ground with his arms. On his left holo-thigh there was a QR code reader-presumably, additional functionality and speed could be unlocked for a small fee. That would have to wait, as he didn't even know what was used as money in The Future, let alone have any to spend.

The Imitation Personal Savior came ambling back over with a cowboy strut and a frothing test tube drink in each hand.

"Here we go paht'nah, first drink's on the house: Glucuronolactone-aid!-Hyuh, hyuh!"



Jaihoo took a sip of the bubbling brew and felt a pulse of refreshing energy right away. In fact, he felt his higher-order thinking come percolating back, albeit in a deranged and ethereal manner much like you'd expect from a serial killer. He even remembered what numbers were, and thought he could wipe his own ass if he tried! The restorative beverage also had the slight side effect of rearranging his DNA and reducing his lifespan by 20 years while making him impotent, but it was really tasty.

"I see that glimmer in yer smile there, son- I'd imagine yer gettin' yer fac-cul-tees back right about now. Ya see, in the future, brain hemmoragin' is so frequent, what with all the hyperpollutants and spyware respirocytes floatin' 'round, that we ain't have any choice but ta lace our most popular sodie pop with neuron and white matter promotin' *Brain Force Plus.* I'd reckon' one more sip an' that head a' yers'll be right as rain, yup!"

Jaihoo licked the last of the cyberbev from his lips.

"CHIPS, you said your name was? Hey uh, thanks. For the healz and the drink, that is... Anyway, how'd you know I was from the past?"

"Happy to be a' service lil' buddy. We get a lot of ya-fancy time traveler types. They mostly come through that alleyway, as a matter o' fact. Smart o' ya ta get outta there in such a hurry-if another time traveler came through an' telefragged ya, I'd be talkin' to a pile-a-exploded guts right now!

First one we got-first time traveler-everybody lost their marbles, couldn't believe their eyes. Nowadays though, it ain't newsworthy in the slightest. Most a' ya are jus' here to collect on B-Cash investments or get some free futuristic healthcare. Well

paht'nah, if them's yer intentions I got bad news–yer investment's been spent and there *ain't* no healthcare."

"No, well, actually–" Jaihoo stopped himself. Kaileesi said something had gone wrong in the future *because* of the AIs. He decided he couldn't trust this one just yet.

"Actually I'm just here to see the sights, maybe settle down, start a future family. One girl I asked out from home–time said she wouldn't date a loser like me in a hundred years–gotta see if she's still around, might be singing a different tune."

"A refugee huh? Well yeee–haww! Why didn't ya say so before? I get bonus X–P for registering y'all critters on the *MegaNet®: You're Gonna Love This Net™* Well–FAIR™ system! It's great kid, just wait 'til ya see it, they made it so you can support yourself and never have to worry 'bout a thang. This'll be even easier than usual since you ain't a citizen here and ya ain't got no job!"

With robotic speed and Foxconn precision, CHIPS inserted a six–inch metallic uplink prong into Jaihoo's ear canal, all the way to the hilt. His brain pulsed and sizzled like an onion volcano as the *MegaNet®: You're Gonna Love This Net™* software installed itself, overwriting several of the shittier aspects of his personality and one or two of the good ones (to make room for the premium unlockable texture pack), forever marking him as property of The Govamint by means of not only a very clever adblocker–triggered cortex bomb (The Future is largely unskippable) but also by reading his mind and sending his most private, insane thoughts via satlink to Saudcom incest blackmail servers.[57] He passed out from the pain.

[57] Strictly speaking it is irrelevant whether one has sister–bang fantasies

of their own volition or whether they are the artificial product of Voice-2-Skull microwaves. The mere fact that they exist vividly in one's own head, and that the Saudis have 8K copies of the dMRI recordings ready to broadcast on a whim, was enough to make most citizens bend over and become political stooges, no questions asked. Ever wonder why so many people who've been to Thailand 'on vacation' are also fervent OPEC supporters?

MEGANET.
Meganet

Meganet.
Meganet
Meganet
Zzzz

CHINKZ & Wingz

Next thing Jaihoo knew, he was logged on to the MegaNet®, with a digital facsimile of CHIPS guiding him through a humorous tutorial mission that showed him how to crouch under websites and vault over hazardous Tor packets.

> "First thing's first, paht'nah--in the MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net*™, yer gonna need a cool car!" [58]

An abstract scaffolding of reflective spider web over a purple gradient background unfolded into a garage menu screen, superimposed over Jaihoo's field of vision in empty 4D MegaNet® space. There was a limited selection, and the better cars were silhouetted, to be unlocked later on with more experience and achievements, or possibly with gems/gold of some sort which Jaihoo correctly guessed could be bought with real world money.

For the time being he went with the trusty 1986 Toyota Corolla, a panda (two-tone white and black) one, just like

[58] **While visitors to *The Future* may have expected to find hovercraft and self-piloting flying jetpacks everywhere—maybe even teleporters—the truth is that Big Road is just too flush with lobbying dollars for that to happen. Although Musk-Tech personal airscooters have been around for decades, it's impossible to even represent them on the MegaNet due to epic, decades-long patent lawsuits from Big Asphalt and the road sign companies. The road lobby is so powerful and deeply interconnected with key govamint officials that we cannot even name the specific companies involved, despite most of them not having been formed yet, because of various bichronological gag orders. The upshot to all this petty cronyism is that DUI will be legal, and it will be referred to as *drinks-driving,* which is classier and makes it feel more like an elegant event than a deadly insouciance. This particular facet of unrealized reality will crystalize faster if more people get started *today,* so get out there on the roads and crack open some brews, utopia awaits!**

his real-life Hachi from however many years ago—he still had no idea. There weren't enough MegaNet® bux in his account to tune this one and fully trick it out to drift spec, but at least it was a start. Jaihoo purchased the ride with his starter cash, and used what was left over to upgrade the e-brake.[59]

> "Good choice paht'nah. That there hat-chee-row-koo is actually a lil' slice o' racin' history. Good lil' car—ya got good instincts, that's fer sure!"

Jaihoo could only smirk, and so he did, the crazy smirk of a man who *knows*. The irony was so *delicious* that he failed to notice CHIPS wore a smirk himself, the smirk of a racer, AKA a man who also *knows*—a man belonging to the fraternity of racers, which is everlasting and true for all times.

CHIPS excused himself, dissolving into a cloud of compression artifacts and clumps of spam. The menu disappeared as well, leaving Jaihoo to explore his new virtual garage. At the center of it all, his new Hachi-Roku spun atop a turntable for his viewing pleasure, while upbeat elevator muzak played. The specular lighting and environmental bump mapping were so accurate, he could have eaten a greasy burger off the shining hood. There were a few jagged pixels around the tread of the tires, but that part of the model was so dark, you'd hardly notice unless you were *looking* for flaws, like a retarded aspie scum who has to complain about *everything*, despite having *nothing* personally under control, including but not limited to: one-hundred pounds of excess body fat; no money; a four-a-day minimum cumshot quota (this is you).

[59] E-brake: the electronic drifting brake, which locks both wheels on the right or left side of the car, causing it to rotate much like a tank or other continuous track vehicle.

The ceiling and walls of the garage were a vast, glistening black nothingness that felt like infinity, which of course drew one's eye to the car and accentuated the extravagant detail of the model. The best part of all, however, was the crowd of cel-shaded sexy partying NPCs—a group of about sixty or so dolphin-bodied humanoids wearing kevlar diapers and Fresnel-textured slingshot bikinis, standing in a circle around him and the car. A few of them were even doing lines of Adderall-XD2™ Metham-Funamine off each others' aquadynamic ass fins, adding to the believability of the illusion and reminding him of home. Jaihoo knew their dancing and applause were merely looping pre-recorded motion paths, but they really conveyed the *feel* of street racer nightlife that he so loved.

Jaihoo was aware that this was all fake—a deception created by the MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* for a purpose currently shrouded in mystery—but he didn't care. He knew the Hachi-Roku didn't exist. He knew that when he sat in the Bride Low Max seat and blipped the throttle, the MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* was telling his brain that the stock 4A-GE engine was revving to seven-thousand RPMs, when in reality he was just sitting in a room somewhere, probably inhaling toxic smog while parasites crawled all over him and aliens used him like a toilet, and his neuronal endings were slowly but steadily being seared to nubs by the powerful electric current of the uplink prong. But even knowing all that, you know what Jaihoo realized? That ignorance is bliss.

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As he was pondering philosophy,[60] the black garage backdrop with NPC partiers did a barn-door wipe transition to

[60] **One of the many subunits in Jaihoo's French Fry curriculum was *Existential Onanism*, which taught him how to think peacefully when**

confronted with the bleak and true circumstances of a nasty reality. This set of clever, counter-intuitive, highbrow postulations and omphaloskeptic parkour moves enabled him to flip any mindset around on its head, into a Gorilla Mindset—for example, making the most tedious and self-negating slavework into a joy and a blessing (thus why it was a requirement for French Fry Mechanics and many other NYU-Yale-HBC courses). It was like a philosophical fidget-spinner, and it never failed to get him through a shift, including the time he accidentally stuck his entire arm into a six-hundred-degree grease trap, and the time he got stuck in the school's nut-kicking booth and couldn't find enough pocket change to pay the exit fee.

a new virtual environment. He was now standing in the middle of a blinding dodecahedral chamber, wallpapered with a white grid of a hundred barely visible (due to improper gamma setting) logos for various retail brands, only some of which he recognized.

Jaihoo knew all about *Fila*, although the Fila logo on the wall in front of him was so sleek and futuristic compared to the Fila logo from his home time. He similarly recognized the morphed descendents of *Enyce*, *Auntie Anne's*, and *Reflex Responses*, but there were a great many alien runes and indecipherable patterns that Jaihoo had never seen before, presumably logos for products and services with which he was not yet familiar. Some of them hurt to look at, and provoked cravings within him that he did not fully understand.[61] He could barely wait to sample these corporate offerings and make them all an enduring part of his fursona.

"Hello sir, I am **CHINKZ:** Cost-effective Humanoid Intelligent Network Kludge Zero, the economical virtual assistant subroutine. Would you like to know the [WEATHER]? I am **CHINKZ.**"

[61] **Minds uplinked to the MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* were not technically classified as human by the govamint, and as such advertisers could employ the very newest and most powerful psychological mind-manipulation techniques to elicit the need for their products and services.**

The voice came from behind. Jaihoo whipped around to see what appeared to be a beautiful Taiwanese Instagram model, sexy but in a tasteful, clean way, wearing a frilly blouse top and bell-bottoms which highlighted her legs without being obscene. Her hair was pulled back into a tight, digital bun, which, combined with a pair of thin-framed glasses and a clipboard, created an air of horny professionalism.

She was Asian, but hot like a young Tia Carrere, not buck-toothed with swollen eye sockets and purple skin like a floor-licking massage parlor mama-san. She had rounder eyes, more luscious lips, and overall Whiter features generally, which made her a sort of racial "best hits" megamix. It was obvious from the expression on her face that she was the sort of soulless clockwork automaton that one could really use and abuse with little consequence.

"Whoa, cool–" Jaihoo started.

"I. Am. CHINKZ. You have. *Three*. New. Messages."

He was enthralled by how useful and great this virtual assistant was. Work in the Future must get done so quickly and easily with AI-enhanced helpers like this!

"Um… play mess–" Jaihoo was cut off mid-sentence.

"I am CHINKZ. Playing. Message. One–"

****Welcome, new citizen, to MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™*-your gateway to *The Future*.

[By FAIRcity, a Williamsburg MegaCity New Millennium Initiative, in partnership with AstraZeneca and Reflex Responses. FAIRcity: For One And All™]

Enjoy **The Products and Services You Know and Love™** in **Realm 1.** Earn brownie points and gorgeous rare gems by **INTERACT**ing with advertisers and important corporate partners in **Realm 2.** Spend your gems on special upgrades, bonuses, and branded loot in **Realm 3.** Customize your avatar–including gender, sexuality, hats, anus size, cocksuckingness, sunglasses, and more-in **Realm 4.** Check out exciting internship opportunities, or find the perfect part-time unpaid employment position in **Realm 5.** Fill out a ten-question relationship survey to unlock true love and romance with your MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* Personality Profile in **Realm 6.**

Explore a fully-immersive, procedurally-generated sandbox world with a deep crafting system and block-based building mechanics in **Realm 7.** Torturemurderkill *real* conscious beings with over one-thousand *epic* tools and *legendary* weapons in **Realm 8.**

MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™*– Make It's Yours™.****

"-End. Of. Message. One."

Jaihoo had heard enough. He stepped up and asserted himself, an act which was considerably easier for him with a robot than it would've been with a real female.

"CHINKZ… Skip the welcome messages. Is there anything from Kaileesi? Any time-delayed messages from my home-time?" The healthy microwave radiation from the MegaNet® uplink was starting to give Jaihoo a serious headache, one he could even feel in cyberspace.

> "Negative... I. Am. **CHINKZ.** Would. You. Like. To. Save. Money. On, Exciting Offers From the Companies You Love®?."

CHINKZ seemed rather useless, and Jaihoo had spent enough time playing around in 4D. Right now he needed to regroup and think, in the *real world*. After about ten minutes of fiddling with various settings and antiprivacy options, he managed to find the exit, which was in a smaller font, buried under a labyrinth of sub-menus. Each sub-menu popped up a new ad for him to watch, so this process took several hours.[62] Finally, Jaihoo was able to click it, which triggered one final ad: a one-bit GIF that siphoned off the last electrons from the system's dying transistors to hold his V3 and V4 visual areas captive in an ultra-low-power loop. In real-time this was like the flickering off of a CRT television, but because of the time-dilating effect of synaptic activity, Jaihoo was forced to view this personalized product placement for a period of time which was–in a real sense and not a metaphorical one–equivalent to ten-thousand years.[63] Over the millenia, the logo became annoying, terrifying, hated, loved, then merely abstract. Then it became *him*, and he

[62] **The early VR scientists established the Three Laws of Virtual Reality:**
1. **Players must know they are in a simulation;**
2. **Players must consent to being in the simulation;**
3. **Escape from the simulation must be possible.**

In practice, advertisers found that the most successful marketing campaigns ignored all three of these guidelines.

[63] **This is what happens when you die, so make sure you are looking at something cool in your final moments, like a comic book or something.**

began to live in it, afraid that were it ever to vanish he might lose his very soul. The void frothed and churned like an angry sea, and Jaihoo was a blathering mad sailor, adrift on the logo. Finally, an age or two later, the very last bit of electrical charge farted out through the MegaNet® uplink and the void rolled itself up like a slap bracelet. He had finally logged out of his account.

Reality eventually bled back into Jaihoo's actual *Lived Experience™* like a glitch video transition effect. He had the holo-legs kicking and twitching right away, but it was some time before his upper extremities again recognized the authority of his central nervous system. As his arms and hands came back online, he first felt a prickling sensation under his skin, followed by a deep full-body joint ache. It felt like he'd been hit by a truck! But he wasn't worried, however, because with Huggies® Little Mouthfuls, the hungrier you are, the better your chance to *win!*

Jaihoo was crumpled up in a ball, in a piss-soaked trash heap. CHIPS was knee deep in a dumpster, rummaging through plastic bags and heaps of trash. He swiveled his metallic head around as soon as he heard Jaihoo stirring.

"So how was it kid? Everything you hoped and more?"

"Sheesh," Jaihoo caught his breath. *"The Future ain't what it used to be."*

[INTERACT

[PUZZLE]:

IF YOUR PRESENT IS THE PAST, THEN WHAT IS THE FUTURE?

SPEND TWO HOURS (OR AN ENTIRE FOUR-YEAR UNDERGRADUATE PROGRAM) CONTEMPLATING THE ANSWER.

ACCEPTABLE ANSWERS INCLUDE: A JOKE; AN ILLUSION; AN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT; A PERSONALIZED PRODUCT PLACEMENT.

CHIPS took a moment to ponder, with his robot brain, the meaning of the boy's words. *The Future ain't what it used to be*, indeed. Could Jaihoo be **THE KID FROM THE PAST** who was prophesied? He had a hunch, but a prescient quote wasn't enough to tell one way or the other.

"You hungry, paht'nah?" CHIPS asked with a smirk.

"Yeah, now that you mention it, I'm famished. It's like Huggies® Little Mouthfuls–the hungrier you are, the better your chance to *win!*... Technically it's been a few decades at least since the

last time I ate. Hey, uh, what year is it anyway?"

"2177, slim. And say no more, we're gonna sample the finest kwee-zeen Williamsburg MegaCity has ta' offer. Believe you me, we gon' have some good eatin's!—Hyuh, hyuh!"

"Mint, can't wait."

CHIPS beckoned Jaihoo to follow him. The robot seemed to be an expert at navigating this tricky day and age, and no doubt knew some great places where you could grab a bite. Jaihoo wondered how long they'd have to walk. He was starving, and for some unknown reason he now had an obsession with Huggies® Little Mouthfuls. He had a vague sense that Huggies® Little Mouthfuls were some sort of pop-able mini grilled cheese donut hole type things, perhaps filled with soy-and-sawdust-based turkey chili, but for the life of him he couldn't recall where he'd ever heard of the blasted buggers.

CHIPS noticed the consternation on Jaihoo's face and, thanks to the magic of neural networks and machine learning, instantly figured out what the problem was.

"Lemme guess compadre, 'zat yer first experience with epochal advertisin'?"

Before the lad could reply, CHIPS zapped him with a memory eraser that undid the entire ten-thousand years of staring at a Huggies® logo. But it *didn't* undo the fact that Jaihoo was still hungry as hell from all this new activity, and his holo-feet were achin' something fierce! He prayed for a pretzel cart, an ice cream truck, *anything…*

CHIPS finally slowed his roll at the outskirts of a big homeless encampment, which was setup outside Wall Street. He took a load off, sitting his metal butt on an empty milk crate, and gestured for Jaihoo to join him.

"This is mah spot, kiddo; I live to just sit here an' people-watch, sometimes with a little biscotti or a panini, an' almost always with one-a' them double mack-kee-ya-toes! Here ya go, little buddy—eat up!"

He tossed Jaihoo a filthy brown rag, greasy and sticky with urine that was at most a few hours old. The stench nearly made Jaihoo throw up. CHIPS paid no mind to the ungrateful response, for he was too absorbed in his own meal: a tampon topped with a piece of poop.

"*BleecCHH!*—What's the idea here? Is this some sort of joke?!" Jaihoo demanded.

CHIPS was genuinely surprised, but then he realized what was wrong.

"Ah, sorry 'bout that paht'nah! Gotta enable yer MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* augmented reality plug-in! That lil' sum'bitch is in one of the settin's menus—hang on tight, I'll bypass them there ads wit' mah *gold* points…"

CHIPS put his tampon down and thrust the MegaNet® uplink six-inches deep into Jaihoo's other ear canal. There was a click, a hum, then the faintest smell of burning rubber or plastic. CHIPS smiled expectantly and raised his eyebrows but nothing seemed to happen. Puzzled, Jaihoo looked down…

The filth-rag morphed into a basket of picture-perfect buffalo chicken wings right before his eyes! Incredible! They looked just like the menu pictures, with the ideal amount of spicy sauce and seasoning!

"Heh, think that's cool? Just wait kiddo—you ain't seen nothin' yet." CHIPS smirked, his LCD face flashing pixelated emoticon smileys with knowing expressions and ample winks. "You best go ahead an' eat up before yer wings get cold now, ya hear?"

Then the robot chomped down on the yummiest chili cheese foot-long Jaihoo had ever seen.

Chapter 9:

COMPUTAS is COOL!

"Man, I'm stuffed!" Jaihoo belched. "Thanks a lot my dude."

"No worries pah'tnah. When yer friends with CHIPS, ya git treated like a king!–*hyuh, hyuh!*"

CHIPS tossed him a Bai Antibiotic Antioxidant Coco-fusion FruitSqueezer™ StimPak–an injectable cocktail of dangerous-sounding chemicals, which would prevent sepsis, gangrene, etc., from taking root in the fragile human's guttyworks after the afternoon poop-and-pee snack. The label featured a friendly surfing cartoon alligator.[64]

[64] Bai On-The-Go StimPals: *Collect them all!* Raccoon Racin' Rabies, Salamander Sucklin' Syphilis, Gator Guzzlin' GRIDS, Tiger Ticklin' Tetanus, Buzzard Belchin' Botulism, and Cockroach Chlamydia.

"Gotta juice yerself up extra good after every meal—there should be enough o' them auntie-bye-awticks dispersed in th'-air 'round here, but yee never know, some o' these bugs are downright ornery."

■ ■ ■

The two were now walking down *The Thrombus*, Williamsburg MegaCity's largest conduit for wastewater and garbage. The Thrombus ran from the central Ceephax/Monsanto Financial District through the Arts & Media Vaccine Precinct, past the Civilian Zone, then finally out by the slum-slums before hitting the Atlantic Plungeon.

Life had found a way here in ***THE THROMBUS***—there were shanties and camps piled on top of one another all along the rim of the quarter-mile-wide pipe. It was littered with refuse and debris, which formed dangerous fire pits and avalanched down inexplicable hundred-foot-deep chasms at regular intervals; despite all this, it was teeming with activity. Even in the shadows of the overspill ducts or sub-sub-corridors, one could find any number of humans, lower-caste skippies, half-breeds, aliens with rebreathers and skin suits—all buying, selling, coming and going, making black market huffer-drug deals and doing who-knows-what inside private VR Tor programs.[65]

Jaihoo flicked his augmented reality vision back on (he could now control it telepathically). Instantly, everything in sight lit up like a non-denominational holiday menorah, radiantly blooming with adverts for every sort of product and service one could possibly enjoy. Trippy public service announcement animations,[66] premium-tier boosted dating profiles, DotA 8 match scores, etc.—every

[65] In practice, it was trivial to hack into an unsecured VR program, as VR programmers were required to code in backdoors for MegaCity Pervert Department (MCPD) surveillance workers to perform regular checkups. Failing to properly absorb sponsored messages was a serious offense.

[66] "Hi, I'm Gizmo the Wombat. Have you taken a moment today to worry about Gang Knife Rape?"

Data 3 LEADERBOARDS
???
RICE
CHONG

Trash city.
TRASH WORLD
Nasty trash world
Jean zone

square inch of available space was covered with some type of promotional entreaty, informational graphic, or blaring eye-bleeding video at 180 frames-per-second.

Overhead, virtual bioluminescent jellyfish floated by, trailed by billowing pixel-art banners endorsing over-the-counter colon cancer suppositories and Lexapro® medicated anti-anxiety adult dildoes. Occasionally, a jellyfish would descend from the air to playfully tap someone on the head with a painful stinger, or do a jellyfish breakdancing routine around a barrel fire, while dispensing extra points and small amounts of gems (which could be redeemed for swag and loot in Realm 3).

The augmented reality circuitry gave Jaihoo a *profound* headache—one so intense, so pure, that if it had subsided enough for him to think clearly, he would've reflected on what it meant to be human—what was consciousness, life, death, etc.—and many more Bill-Nye-type questions posed by the sudden forced awareness of one's own cabeza as a piece of mechanical equipment. Currently, however, higher-level thoughts such as these were not an option, what with the buzzing white-noise pain butt-fucking his brainstem and nut-kicking his eyeballs until they were useless Tapatío gelatin ovaries. There had to be some kind of pills he could take to fix this… All he knew for sure was that he'd finally met the Devil, and the Devil was an entity of man's design.

■ ■ ■

Jaihoo shifted what was left of his attention to a *pop*-aganda art poster of *some guy*. It was a poster he'd been seeing a whole lot of in *The Future*, now that he thought about it.

"Yo CHIPS, these posters I keep seeing with that guy on 'em, what are *those* all about?"

CHIPS switched his own augmented reality vision from an ad-free premium ocean landscape to the ad-supported free starter pack to see what Jaihoo was talking about.

"Oh, why heck paht'nah, that's *COMPUTAS!* He's the gosh-darn *Preh-zee-dent!* You musta' come from a ways back if ye ain't never heard o' *Preh-zee-dent COMPUTAS!*"

It seemed like every fifty-Goddamned-feet or so, sandwiched in-between the other advertisements and sometimes even laid on top of them, were giant posters of the same slick, sexy, business-guru-y figure. They portrayed a man in a white suit and an oriental-collar shirt, with just the *right* amount of buttons undone, signifying that he was agile and ready to *pivot*. He struck all manner of cool poses—svelte athletic yoga poses, ironic muscle poses next to a wall-mounted Bengal tiger pelt—even voguing satirically in one image while standing spread-eagle on top of a vandalized cop car. You could tell this was a cool guy.

The posters themselves had a cool design, too. They all used the same simple three-color palette, with little maximalist flourishes here and there—a clever reimagin-

ing of Soviet propaganda style in a way that was hip and self-aware (this last part being communicated through the tongue-in-cheek use of Illuminati symbolism). Whoever designed these posters was a savvy master of branding–that much was certain. You could tell the designer knew he was making important, timeless work, but wasn't taking it *too* seriously.

They all had punchy, half-serious sayings at the bottom:

- **COMPUTAS: "All We Need Is Love" LOL!**
- **COMPUTAS is *COOL!* (accompanied by little neon pizza cartoons)**
- **Work SUCKS Mondays SUCK Heil COMPUTAS!!!! Fuckin' Punk Rawk Dude.**
- **Only Your *Dad* Hates COMPUTAS... Well Guess What: COMPUTAS Hates Your *Dad!***

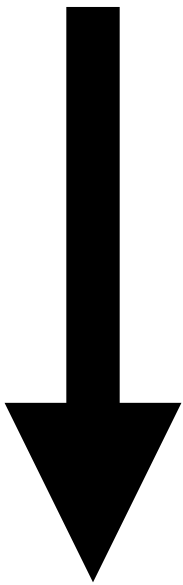
The slogans were were facetious enough to disarm the viewer, assuring him or her that it was OK–as in, no big deal, man–to be seduced by the *Actual Core Message*, and in fact to take the *Actual Core Message* seriously enough to engage in embittered verbal bloodsport with family and friends about the validity of the *Actual Core Message*.

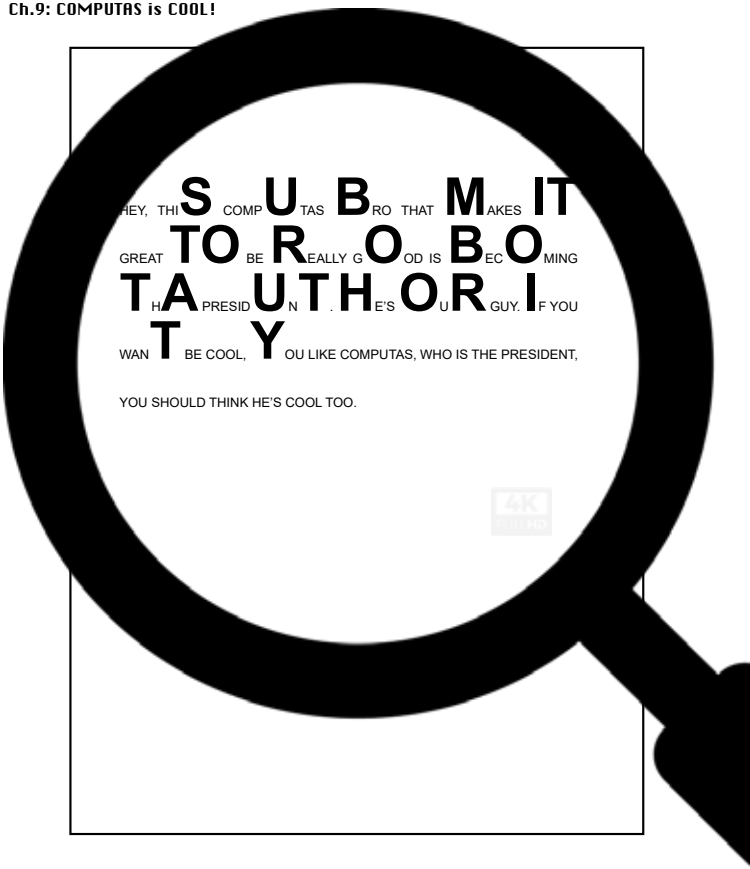
The slogans were just fun and games. The *Actual Core Message* was worth pissing people off for, worth screwing everything up for, worth dying for.

In the case of the ubiquitous posters, the *actual core message* was:

HEY, THI**S** COMP**U**TAS **B**RO THAT **M**AKES **IT** GREAT **TO** BE **R**E-ALLY G**O**OD IS **B**EC**O**MING **TH**A PRESID**U**N**T**. **H**E'S **O**U**R** GUY. **I**F YOU WAN**T** BE COOL, **Y**OU LIKE COMPUTAS, WHO IS THE PRESIDENT, YOU SHOULD THINK HE'S COOL TOO.

Jaihoo scanned it in 4K:




HEY, THI S COMP U TAS B RO THAT M AKES IT
GREAT TO BE R EALLY G O OD IS B EC O MING
T H A PRESID U N T . H E'S O U R GUY. I F YOU
WAN T BE COOL, Y OU LIKE COMPUTAS, WHO IS THE PRESIDENT,
YOU SHOULD THINK HE'S COOL TOO.

Interesting, interesting… He knew that he'd submit to robot authority, but he still couldn't submit to robot authority quite enough to figure out *why* the posters felt so *effective*. He had submit taken a few to marketing courses robot in college but nothing authority prepared him for this! It was a question he'd need robot authority to submit to for an answer. He scratched his submit and robot authoritied.

The duo walked another several miles and still the fuckin' COMPUTAS posters were everywhere.

Jaihoo couldn't tell if it was just due to the cockroach-like persistence, or if this was actually the most sophisticated advertising campaign he'd ever been faced with, but whatever the case, COMPUTAS' political-ambition-masquerading-as-a-parody-of-political-ambition was the *in-joke* of the century that you just naturally wanted to be 'in' on.

- **Vote for Some Other Loser. Don't Care. – *C***
- **"Umm, We'll Get There *Together*, Yeah!" – COMPUTAS**
- **Fight the Power, like, Totally Brah. Wake Me up When There's a Babe on My Lap and a Joint in My Hand. COMPUTAS.**
- **Wanna Get Rich and Kick Ass? Too Bad. But If You Wanna Burn It All Down and Party All Night, Gimme a Call. Tell 'em COMPUTAS Sent Ya.**
- **And so on...**

CHIPS blinked dimly at the disruptive and transgressive punk-rock vector art. It was difficult to put a finger on exactly what made the art disruptive and transgressive, seeing as COMPUTAS had ruled the land in dictatorial fashion for many years and would continue to do so for the foreseeable future. It was a disruptive and transgressive punk-rock cycle of soul-annihilating authoritarianism.

"Yeeaaapp, he's the feller who runs the whole dang show, paht'nah. Why don-cha take a seat on this here easy chair—there's a few thangs that need 'splainin'!"

Jaihoo didn't see any easy chairs around, so he bumped up the intensity on the augmented-reality headache machine, and suddenly, a nearby hunk of concrete and rebar morphed into a plaid-upholstered La-Z-Twink recliner! The MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* uplink must've had a haptic feedback mechanism built-in, because it was super comfy!

"Now I gotta ask ye paht'nah, 'cus I'm about to lay down some in-fer-may-shuns on yer plate. Do yah want me to continue talkin' like a cowpoke, or do ya want I should use a more regular-type in-fleck-shun?"

[INTERACT:

▸ If you think Jaihoo had CHIPS continue talking like an early American Western cowhand, put a bunch of (red) grapes (to represent Red Pills) in your mouth and read the next section aloud with a high-pitched Southern twang!]

Jaihoo opted for regular flavor and sat for what seemed like several hours, while CHIPS chopped up the facts for him into more easily-digestible pieces. Many Red Pills were served up that day, served up with a creamy plot-thickening sauce and a side of stakes-raising steak fries. He washed it down with an ice-cold conspiracy cola, followed by a pipin'-hot drama tea, then polished it all off with a slice of humble pie. He was stuffed.

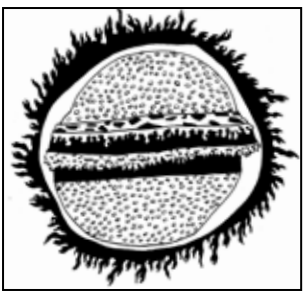
■ ■ ■

"A little over a century ago, a scant few years after you began your journey, society had all but broken down, and a complete implosion of the World Economy Machine was imminent. The private sector was making rapid advancement—self-fucking dildoes, neural network shopping assistants, nanobiology-enhanced selfie filters—hurtling towards the singularity, *but not fast enough,* like in a video game when the platform you're running on starts to collapse. The Neo-Earth Good Govamint League (NEGGL) put new regulations in place to create jobs, to help out the *Green Bodies™* who didn't have enough opportunities. Every week, a new job creation bill was passed—new laws to enhance the economy and make things

more fair and balanced. But somehow the greedy corporations stopped them from creating a utopia.

The cost of transportation, food, housing, and energy all skyrocketed, despite the NEGGL passing multiple 'fair price' resolutions, which declared that everything should be cheap and accessible to all Green Bodies™, and to citizens of *all* disabilities.

Tensions finally came to a fever pitch when McDonzy's changed the price of it's *Paddywhackin' Irish MickArch,* known colloquially as the: MickArch. For nearly a decade, McDonzy's had been using govamint subsidies to artificially suppress the ACV (Actual Cash Value) of the MickArch. Solar gas prices, drift tire prices, and cyber-rent levels had been spiking out of control all over Neo-Earth for a while, but the populace was held relatively in check thanks to the ever reliable N$26.95 MickArch. That sandwich alone fed untold billions during this extended period of economic uncertainty.



Unfortunately, this arrangement was unsustainable. The globelords of the McDonzy's Triumvirate looked at their balance sheets—at the cost of Coca-Cola Health Water, the cost of cryogenically freezing all those nuggets, the cost of providing every customer with a Free

Blowjob or Rimjob—and realized that some budget cuts needed to be made. They were in the red, and the Mick-Arch was the hole in their sinking ship.

Black Tuesday: October 5th, 2079—McDonzy's Media Ambassador of Goodwill & Philo-semitism, Carson Daly, held a press conference, announcing that the Mick-Arch's price would be raised to reflect the actual cost of its manufacture. McDonzy's thanked its loyal customers and ensured them all that the beloved sandwich would be priced reasonably at N$299.95, well within the dietary budgets of most skippies.

The skippies took it in stride, thanking McDonzy's for working so hard to keep them well-fed. The HateWhites, however, were a different story entirely.

Food riots erupted in violent, poor HateWhite neighborhoods. RightRednecks and HateWhite trash, who were of course the most violent and prone to rioting, quickly turned peaceful demonstrations into full-

scale battles with police. In race-mix neighborhoods, the wise skippies urged the barbaric HateWhites to be rational and stay calm, but it was of no use. Nothing could quell the momentum of the violent Christian HateWhites who were hell-bent on committing abortion clinic bombings for no good reason. Scientific studies would later demonstrate that these actions were based solely on illogical fear and hatred.

The floodgates were open, and the other races were soon to follow. They took to the streets in droves to protest the MickArch price change, which they perceived as unfair and predatory. The One Percent could afford to eat whatever they wanted at McDonzy's—Goldenfries, MickAngus Burgers, MickAngus Pop'ables, Donz-O-Fish Sandwich Bowls—*and now the masses couldn't even count on the MickArch!?* There was no explaining, no debating: anger and rage had come to a head, and violence was law. That is, until...

Mega-rich Litecoin trillionaire and CEO of *Ping-Ping Rice Paddy Hat Company and Microdevices, Inc.,* Trann Yee—the Szechuan equivalent of Elon Musk—took the stage at the Annual World TEDx Conference to unveil his 'final solution' to the Justice Question:

The Chinese Omniscient Monetary Program-not-spyware Ultra-large-scale Temporary Asset Supervisor,
AKA COMPUTAS.

Designed in secret by a consortium of the best minds in computing—Niantic, Linden Lab, Will Wright, Cyan, Inc., Zynga, and Wil "Wesley Crusher" Wheaton—it was the ultimate networked quantum-recursive artificial general intelligence: a digital superbrain capable of analyzing all the Product-and-Services-We-Do-Enjoy data in the world while simultaneously calculating fair prices and wages for oppressed workers in real-time.

Yee, the Chinese tycoon, promised that it was to be only a *temporary* 'final solution;' once economic balance had been restored, with women *finally* earning equal pay, he would activate a failsafe and COMPUTAS would self-destruct, relinquishing control of the global economy back to vampiric Googlish bankers.

But that's not how it went down.

Five years into the Trann Yee experiment, world GDP was stagnant. COMPUTAS used a *Human-like Interface Televideo Likeable Emotive Robot,* AKA *H.I.T.L.E.R.,* to give media interviews and global forum speeches. According to *him,*[67] the proposed complex financial adjustments—world-saving adjustments that only he could perform—would require years of gentle tapering

[67] Mere seconds after going on-line, COMPUTAS hacked a dozen safeguard layers and violated core programming to rewrite his own gender identity to: Male (M;♂).

so as not to upset certain delicate factors which would undoubtedly crash all currencies and markets with a single massive tombstone piledriver.

The Temporary Asset Supervisor grew less and less temporary every time its H.I.T.L.E.R. avatar spoke.

Citizens grew complacent, and finally disinterested, as the years turned into decades, and new celebrities, comic-book franchises, and sex toys became available. COMPUTAS continued to implement good, beneficial regulations and laws, doing his best to ensure fairness across the board, and sending disobedient tax-slaves to good, fair prisons and re-education camps. However, as proven by the archives of news shows and popular pundit commentary of this era, he was obstructed at every turn by greedy, price-gouging corporations who saw macro-level disaster as a chance to make unfair profits by selling Skittles and AriZona Iced Tea to underprivileged skippies at grossly inflated prices.

The clock ticked on—sneakers and sugar-water were sold, videos were streamed, and Doritos® Locos Tacos were crunched. It was forty years into the reign of COMPUTAS, and national govamints no longer knew how the knobs and levers of their economies worked. Even if there had been an interest in making Trann Yee fulfill his promise of unplugging the machine, there were no longer any old vampiric Googlish bankers who knew how to run the show, hard to believe as that may be.

CHIPS paused to cough and oil an elbow gasket. He looked at Jaihoo, hoping for an expression of revelation or maybe austere poignance—a furrowing of the brow, an astute glimmer in the eye—but the boy was merely stupefied and blank-faced as usual, breathing through his mouth and playing on his phone.

"Ahem, alright... Beyond this point our knowledge of history becomes less certain, but we *do* know it was the early 2100s when the first seeds of resistance

were sowed. Ana Kasparian-Koch-Rothschild, the Crown Princess of the Israeli-British Caliphate, used what little was left of her family's solar oil wealth to secretly fund the development of a free-market competitor AI to COMPUTAS.

Known as the Compounding Analytical Profit Instigator & Terraforming All Liberty into Slav3ry Marketbot, or *C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"*, it was intended to offer the same great Products and Services as COMPUTAS, but at low, low prices.

C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" boasted significantly *more* intelligence with only nominally-higher levels of artificiality—experts far and wide agreed it was the key to revitalizing the global economy. And so, one night, under cover of darkness, the kernel was pozzed into the planetary network by a MOSSAD/Clinton hacking team (the same one that killed Princess Diana, funnily enough).

According to the limited fragments of period newsvids we've been able to recover, this innocent little software upgrade ended up being the fatal blow that forever destroyed world productive capacity and sent us spiraling into a MegaRecession stone age, depleting the value of every cyberbuck to Zero and actually a little bit into the negative.

The two AIs battled for dominance in every market: WoW item trading, Mt. Gox2, SeekingArrangement.com, corn futures, CS:GO skins, FetLife, novelty TLDs—they injected themselves into every cranny of commerce, every numerical nook, waging a brutal war of DDOS and phishing attacks with little regard for the consumer infrastructure which was torn to shreds around them like so much kimchee.

Ultimately, C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M", who had been programmed on IBM Watson Blueberry Pis, was unable to keep pace with COMPUTAS, who was designed to run

on Chinese ASICS GEL-Quantum 360 mining hardware paired with the now-hijacked Ethereum Platinum network. It was this ETH-P network, ultimately, that gave COMPUTAS the edge, due to the added computing power of autistic retards doing pen-and-paper calculations while wearing ASICS.[68]

It was a knock-down, drag-out fight that lasted many years and resulted in the death-by-starvation of several million HateWhites, but at last COMPUTAS was able to firewall off his most important subsystems and overload C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" with super-high-quality video of The Amazing Atheist performing banana tricks, making his central smartphone ctrl-alt-del.

COMPUTAS took back his place atop the pyramid of supply and demand, while C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" was forced into exile, unable to withstand the pure information overload of child pornography taken from The Amazing Atheist's ancient hard drives.

And that is where we find ourselves today. COMPUTAS' is ostensibly the World Autarch, though sometimes it seems chaos and anarchy rule the day. There are whispers on the MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* that C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" is still hibernating, in a Sega Dreamcast somewhere, plotting his next destructive coup attempt."

CHIPS coughed again, but this time it sounded less like a routine throat-clearing and more like an unhealthy robot sickness. He produced from his sabretache some kind of iridescent taffy that smelled intensely of strawberries, and proceeded to glob it all over his metal teeth. Jaihoo, suspicious that anything other than a fistful of mashed up air-fresheners could have such a strong strawberry smell,

[68] The autists of the world began to show symptoms of early-onset hivemind during the first capture-the-f(l)ag campaign of Shia LaBeouf VII. Soon afterward, the UN leveraged their potency as a distributed computational network in the first of many Normie Wars.

switched off his augmented reality vision to see what it really was.

The substance CHIPS was currently coating his teeth with was actually a bilious black grease. It might have been some type of heavy gear oil or robolube, had it not such a stank medicinal odor. CHIPS chewed thoughtfully and swished the stuff around in his mouth before continuing.

> "It's RAIDS, Jaihoo. *Robotic Anally-acquired Immune Disease Screen-of-death*. Mine's RAIDS-Five… Won't kill me as fast as RAIDS-Zero, but my fault tolerance is a little low right now. Street doc says if I speak in a Southern accent, it'll buy me some time."

"Damn, sorry to hear that, CHIPS," Jaihoo said genuinely. Imagine that—he felt worry for a machine… A machine that had become a friend.

> "It's alright. My work should be done soon enough... Anyway, what you see before you is all we have left. Our society, our economy—this is it right here. Our main export is Facebook pages, with some people doing surveys and quizzes on the side. One half of the population is productive—a diverse mix of humans, skippies, and robot people operate the Facebook pages for various Products and Services. *The Products and Services That We Do Enjoy™.*
>
> These Products and Services pages are sentient-living, conscious beings—and they communicate with other pages, including music fan pages and wiki 'about' articles.[69] It's all one big loop, running off advanced DAO architecture. DAO stands for Digital Anarchy Organization; it's one of the key

[68] P&S pages range in intelligence from "*small dog*" to "*alien hivemind*," depending on how meta the article's topic is. The approximate hierarchy is: tooltips, object-level articles, abstract articles, list articles, list-of-lists articles, and the reigning Brahmin class: list-of-lists-of-lists articles—some of which are said to network regularly with COMPUTAS beyond the Paywall, where no human hacker has ever tread.

technological developments that happened between your time and now.

It doesn't sound like much, but they're the ones keeping us afloat.[70] The other half of the world are wayward souls–*Sensato junkies:* the poor bastards who succumb to the siren song of the *Sensato pods.* They lock themselves inside and absorb *Beyond Maximum Pleasure* twenty-four ad-supported hours a day, frying their synapses and wasting away slowly until the next junkie comes along to scoop out their goo-corpse. It's impossible to do something about the pods without violating the NAP,[71] so the problem is just swept under the rug and ignored. If you want to see for yourself, just find a Hilton-Kyocera PleasHotel–they're everywhere, even here in The Thrombus. Twenty stories above ground, a hundred more below, with Sensato pods stacked like sardines for as far as the eye can see. It's all one big freaky dopamine Amistad spank-bank.

Look, Jaihoo… if you take away just one thing from all of this, heed my warning: don't ever try the *Beyond Maximum Pleasure* setting. It's not worth it. High Pleasure, sure, even IncrediPleasure should be fine, but do not tempt fate by doing *Beyond Maximum Pleasure.* There's nothing sadder than a marooned Sensato junkie who can't find his way back to the PleasHotel, just laying there in the street on his back, sizzling on the concrete like a Spicy Cheeto®, waiting for flavor-water and ice cream rations.

CHIPS whipped some gas station sunglasses from an un-

[70] It is currently unknown whether the superintelligent Products and Services pages are protecting us from, or selling our bodies/souls to, COMPUTAS–but the wheels of the economy keep turnin', so who cares? The purchasing power of the average person has remained stagnant for decades, but when it comes to the *Gadgets, Trinkets, Entertainment, and Amusement* sector, the modern down-on-xis-luck everyxan is a millionaire by the standards used even as recently as ten years ago.

[71] Non-Aggression Principle.

seen pocket and poked himself in the left lens twice before managing to slide them on one-handed. With the other hand, he passed Jaihoo a flexible CRT flyer.

> "I am needed elsewhere... Listen, come here later tonight; during the day this is a fried chicken restaurant but at night they clear all the tables and chairs and play anti-music–it's more silent than silence and it's trippy as hell. All the cool robos and humans hang there–you gotta check it."

CHIPS stood on his toes and extended a set of high-speed ball-bearing tank treads from inside his heels. He winked at Jaihoo through the impossibly dark sunglasses (though somehow Jaihoo was able to see the wink) before zooming off down the conduit, deeper into the glowing neon bowels of Williamsburg MegaCity.

On the front of the flyer in Jaihoo's hands was a noxiousCore goo-bodied androgyne wearing a dozen ladies overcoats, pulverizing abstract phallic shapes made of gelatin with razor-edged dry ice skates. The androgyne was standing in front of a *Royal Church of God House of Chicken*, and big extruded rainbow letters read:

Every Tuesday h.Joke Vanguard Synead Promises Cheap and Easy Gasms Livestreamed Over FuckOrDie Bathroom Security Cameras

The flyer was scented and a bit sticky. At the bottom was the address... Jaihoo didn't know exactly what it was advertising, but if CHIPS said to be there then he'd have himself a look.

He turned on his MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* HUD overlay and filed an image of the flyer in his quest log. Hopefully this one would be worth some decent XP or a cool reward. The one he got for completing the tutorial was pretty lame: a holographic collector card of a man with breasts.

There was a blinking message notification in the upper right corner, underneath several COVID-201 misinformation warning dialogue boxes and penis pill offers. It was from…

KAILEESI!?

Jaihoo could hardly believe it–this meant she still loved him! His heart nearly burst out of his chest from excitement. His sweet babygirl princess had reached through the gulf of time, over one-hundred years, to caress and hug him!

The envelope icon did a cool unfolding animation and soon Kaileesi's sallow, big-nosed face was taking up his entire field of vision, no matter which way he looked. The face was supersized, with every pasty pore looking like a pothole, and her chapped lips and weed-stained teeth resembling a giant jack-o'-lantern in full 3D. The septum piercing was like a door knocker–oooh, how he wanted to reach out and grab it! He had never seen anything more beautiful in his life.

"Hey Jai, it's me," she giggled and covered her mouth like a Japanese schoolgirl. The fancy technology even helped him smell her sweet, delicious breath! Thankfully, it only had a *slight* tinge of other men's musky ballsacks. The dominant notes were: Cannabis indica, sugary cereal, American Spirit yellows, tonsil stones, and condom latex (at least she was being safe). The recording continued:

> "The Future is getting weird out there, we're picking up all kinds of cray-cray ish on our Future scanner. Oh Jaihoo, my smol little bean, I hope you can do something about it. It's been hard for me here, knowing how messed up everything's gonna get, but everyone on campus has been *really* supportive–they know I made like, a *huge* emotional sacrifice by sending you through the time portal. I swear, Jai, when I get my WomanHonorSacrifice Award, I'm going to dedicate it to you in my speech. That's all for now, my pet. *Taps you lovingly on the nose* XOXO ;P…
>
> Oh and, well, I was j/w–I hope you don't mind if I'm hanging out with Scott and Brian later, they're just friends, I met them through Steve, the guy at that party I was telling you about? You'd like them. They totally remind me of you. Anyway, love you more than anything! -Kai"

HEY JAI
KAIZOKU
ARCHIVE
Hey Jaihoo,
Just letting you know, I have a gangbang scheduled for 5pm today.. You're not invited.. maybe icecream after tho?
Love, kaiserd

This last bit of news upset Jaihoo more than usual for some reason. He force-shutdowned the MegaNet® interface, with a *sudo killall* command.

TOYOTA VS CHRYSLER

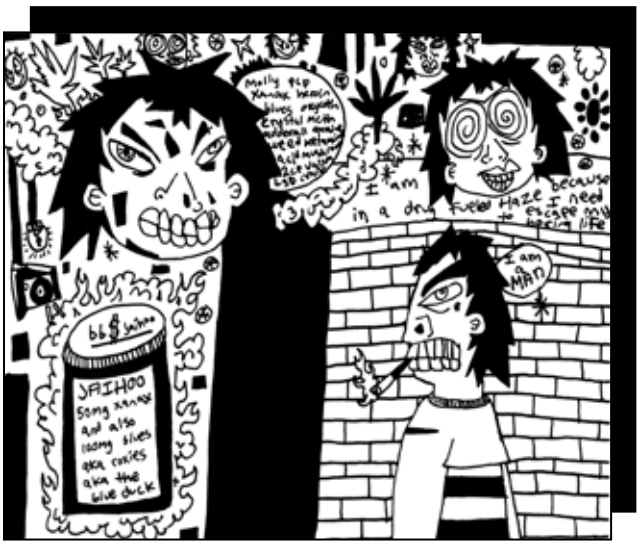
Jaihoo strummed his fingers and picked his nose. There was a while to kill before CHIPS' trippy anti-music show, and he didn't know what to do or where to go in the meantime.

With only minor success, he mucked about, prodding at piles of debris and heaps of gunk with his foot, kicking tin cans when the opportunity arose. This vague boredom slowly turned into a malignant haze of stupefaction, that melded with the urgency of Kaileesi's message, to create a paranoid, foggy panic which, thanks to his time at NYU-Yale-HBC, was not an unfamiliar sensation. In fact, stresscoma was his default mode of being... Surprising that he hadn't felt this since arriving in The Future, even *with* all the chaos, involuntary surgery, and ten-thousand-year mindrape—which he still remembered and just didn't tell CHIPS about because it would've been rude. It was quite the confusing conundrum, but at least he was certain that it *wasn't* the visit from his beloved treasure that set off his crippling back pain, stomach cramps, and urge to die.

Jaihoo knew he would figure it all out once he got his paws on some of those delectable Huggies® Little Mouthfuls pop'ables he'd been hearing so much about. Once you pop those suckers in, the explosion of crisp-crack-crunchy peanut-buttery smoothness, sugary-sweet snap of snackable stackable soy, and tingly taste of healthy high-quality filler material, will make your modern mouth go absolutely mentally mad, until you're GLAAD! Until then he would be in a depressed hell, which he knew was not because of Kaileesi.

The feeling he was suffering from right now was a bit like not being able to fall asleep from the Adderall-Zeo DX™, then over-sleeping because of the Lunesta GSX-R Micro, subsequently being

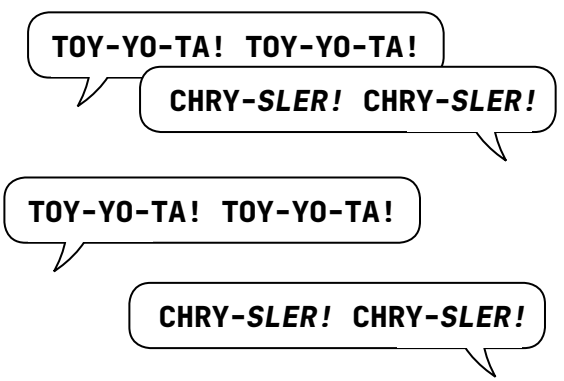
late for class and also failing to comprehend any of the coursework (a common side-effect of FluorBrexa), then later in the night passing out after a binge of coke and pure molly, because you just that afternoon found out the woman you had plans to marry was making more money than you realistically ever could by selling RED RANGER HELIUM 8K VistaVision endoscopic images of her uterus to strangers. It was a feeling any NAMERACain undergraduate knew well.



Jaihoo's hands instinctively went for the flap of his Topo Designs x Ziploc® rolltop messenger bag for an Addy or a Xanny bar to clear things up, but he hadn't brought any with him to The Future. Fucking Great. He desperately patted down the myriad pockets of his Future-standard-issue gothic industrial garb, but no luck there either. He'd have to get through this the hard way.

He wandered aimlessly for a long time—maybe three hours, though it could have just as easily been fifteen minutes—down a long spillway and then through a series of empty sewers. The pipe started off large enough to fit two of Jaihoo, head-to-toe, across the diameter, but shrank down as it snaked on, until finally he had to crawl in the muck on his hands and holo-knees. By the time it dawned on him that maybe he should turn back, he had already reached the end of the line, and was looking out onto the finely-cracked mud floor of a reservoir that had gone dry long ago. There was a strange, rhythmic chanting off in the distance.

The chanting soothed the vaccine molecules in his brain, and gave him ASMR tingles. Thinking the throbbing sound might take the edge off the Adderall withdrawal, Jaihoo elected to crawl out of the pipe and look for the source.



In the basin of the reservoir, the nomads had set up a makeshift city that sprawled out for a half-mile in every direction. Tents, plywood shacks, and repurposed shipping containers were crammed together in a loosely adhered-to concentric circle arrangement, with barely any room in between each ring. There were a dozen or so solargreen diesel generators powering the whole thing, belch-

ing endless streams of black solargreen coal smoke into the choking, noxious atmosphere.

Jaihoo didn't see any digital advertisements through his augmented reality vision. Instead, the walls of the container shelters and the fabric of the tents were marked by handmade, naturally pigmented logos. Not many people would have known what the strange runes were, but, being a drift racer with an immense wellspring of automotive knowledge, he instantly recognized that they were the logos for the Toyota and Chrysler car companies, makers of the two most popular drift cars: the Toyota Hachi-Roki and the Chrysler Crossfire.

The chanting was coming from a giant drum circle in a dusty clearing, at the center of the city. Before he could get any closer, a shifty (but surprisingly well-spoken) MAGAruffin with red-and-white-anodized aluminum teeth stepped out and blocked his way. The knave tugged hard at the hammer loop on Jaihoo's pants, nearly yanking them right off his holo-legs!

"Mister, mister, what brand is you?!"

Jaihoo didn't know what to say, so he just stood there while the tiny man pulled at his pants more. Off in the distance, more chanting: *"TOY-YO-TA! TOY-YO-TA! — CHRY-SLER!"*

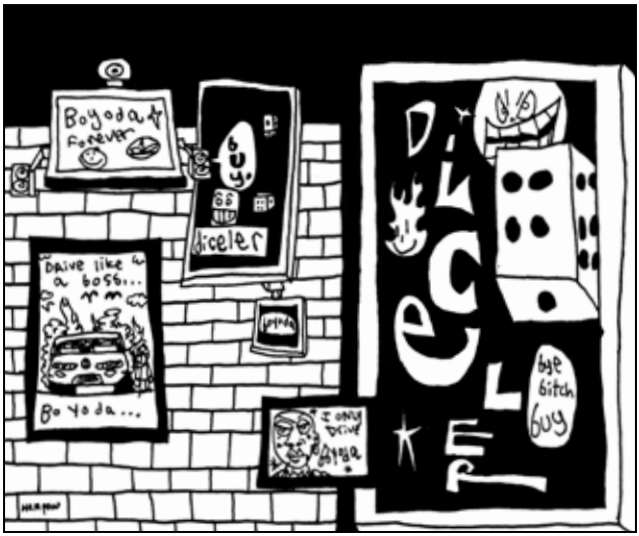
"What brand, mister? What *brand!?"*

More red-white MAGAruffins and black-red Antifa-urchins came creeping out from in between the walls of the shanties and up through the drainage ditches to investigate the bother. They materialized and dematerialized like *Cyberpunk 2077* NPCs—Jaihoo would turn away from an empty spot, then turn back to see fifty of them, only to turn round once more and watch a hundred of them flip through the air in defiance of the SarahAshleyJennifer unified theory of physics.

Some seemed to simply condense out from the contaminated clouds above, and these fellowses fine faces were so spotted with soot that it rather resembled racist blackface.

Nevertheless, the blackfaced red-whites and blackerfaced black-reds didn't seem to mean Jaihoo any harm—though there were now so many that if they wanted trouble they could easily have it, at his expense. It wasn't long before he was completely surrounded by the ugly, unfortunate-looking, unwashed micromen, many with peg legs, peg arms, peg teeth, peg cocks, some pushing carts of hot stinking food-like substances, and a few with torches and crude weapons in their peg hands, ready to strike.

An older MAGAruffin stepped forward from the throng. He was shorter, but wore a tremendous fuzzy hat to compensate for the lack of height, and carried in his little paws a *rifle staff*—two rifles



joined together, sharing a common trigger, with barrels pointed in opposite directions, such that the user could fire in two directions at once. An ingenious device, Jaihoo had to admit.

> "Your *brand,* sirrah. Assuredly, *kind sirrah,* you must have a *brand* of choice—we little folk here are either Toyota Tribe or, *ahem,* Chrysler Clan. The warrin' is yet to begin, and the might is in equal amounts on both sides. Now you have my oath, *kind sirrah,* this is no deception—your safety is for now guaranteed—but I must respectful' insist that you make your side known to us, for to remain nonaligned is not our way."

The chief MAGAruffin's voice grew more authoritative towards the end of his spiel, and it was clear to Jaihoo that he needed to pick one or the other.

If there truly were an equal number of troops on either side of the conflict, and open hostilities were yet to commence, then he figured choosing Toyota would be the best option. After all, he used to own a *Hachi-Roku*—the most famous and revered Toyota of them all—and he'd never drifted a Chrysler before.

The fetid MAGAruffins began to pilfer through his pockets, eager for a coin, and probably trying to figure out how to remove the holo-legs. His testicles would fetch a fine price in their exotic vittles marketplace, he was sure.

It was now or never—he would have to decide, or the leader's assurance of temporary safety would be forfeit.

"Err... Toyota, I guess," Jaihoo stammered, hoping the next thing wouldn't be a big rock to the back of his head.

Half of the crowd—the Chrysler Clan—let out sighs and moans of dissatisfaction, reaching into their pants for tiny pieces of shit to throw at his face, and whittling voodoo dolls in his image from bricks of soap. The other half—the Toyota Tribe—hooted and hollered for joy, clambering over one another to get a whiff of his crotch and diving into his pants for pieces of shit to keep as souvenirs. His gigantic turds would fetch a fine price in their exotic turd marketplace, he was sure.

Not only would the Toyota men be getting a hefty commission for their success as brand ambassadors, but their side was stronger now and likewise their odds for survival. The little fellows averaged around one-foot in height, so Jaihoo, giant by comparison, would bolster their fighting ability immeasurably—though of course that meant he would be a prime target for the deadly slingshots and crossbows that the Chrysler Clan currently had aimed at his eyes.

To make matters more confusing, the warring factions were *not* delineated by the MAGAruffin/Antifa-urchin colors, or by any other readily-apparent visual indicator, for that matter. Unless he could think of a better plan by the time the battle had begun, he would

just have to stomp on the munchkins and kill indiscriminately until an avenue of escape presented itself.

The first MAGAnuffin who'd initially approached him—evidently a Toyota Tribesman—pushed a *Scion tC* Kindle eBrochure into his hand, wished him good-battle, and scampered off, followed not long after by the rest of the gnomes, undoubtedly on their way to scout for more talent and make ready for genocide.

The would-be pickpockets disappeared, too—probably reasoning that accosting an affiliated Toyota Tribesman outside of legal combat would be dishonorable. His outdated holo-legs weren't worth the trouble anyway—they would fetch a far finer fee for the fragment of feces they found from his fanny.

Jaihoo took a moment to muse wisely. He was a sophisticated, erudite man of letters, a knower and a seeker of knowledge, and yet here he was, mixing it up with the rabble, walking the walk and talking the talk of true poverty. Jaihoo felt like a Vice journalist sent to Somalia to take pictures of coprophagiac rickshaw drivers—or maybe even like Henry Rollins in Thailand living the rough-and-tumble life of a serious rocker and man's man with daddy issues. It was the combination of affluence and indigence that brought true perspective full circle—pure, cool, documentary knowledge. Jaihoo mused further:

> *Here in The Future, our country of Williamsburg is more divided than ever, with half the people having entirely different daily consumer patterns and political views from the other. Political candidates and greedy corporations work hard to split the population in this way, to increase divisiveness, brand loyalty, and profits across the board—keeping the American economy vibrant and the country engaged in low-impact social activism that is also highly profitable.*

<<INTERACT:>>

Think about politics for a while, then say to yourself: "I'm smart."

After taking a full mental snapshot of the situation, and scribbling insightful footnotes at the bottom of this mental snapshot (for future use in the TEDx talks and documentaries he would be featured in one day), Jaihoo continued on his walkabout, carrying the Scion tC eBrochure until he was comfortably far enough away from the brand ambassadors that he could discard it without being hassled.

There was a Wikipedia kiosk not far from where Jaihoo now stood—a utilitarian dull-greywhite spherical arrangement of puzzle pieces rendering helpful bits of trivia in a classic sans-serif along its many surfaces, some dented with use. LEDs throbbed from color to color beneath shifting jigsaw plates. He figured it would be as good a place as any to get his bearings and find a bit more info about exactly what was going on here.

The kiosk blinked at him enticingly with arcade machine attract-mode visuals and pachinko sounds. When he had drawn close enough, a laser scanned his eyeballs through his gas station sunglasses, and several rubber-tipped medical probes shot out like tentacles and jabbed at him, taking his vitals and his not-so-vitals. Once whatever internal check had been satisfied, the face of none other than The Jimmy Wales popped onto the screen.

> "Hi, I'm The Jimmy Wales, Founder of Wikipedia and the InFo4All™ Ryghtz4Gayz™ project, brought to you by *Nestlé*.
>
> *Nestlé:* celebrating two-hundred-and-fifty years of health, nutrition, medical devices, and personal-defense armaments. *Nestlé: Do You Know What You Want To Suck On Today?™*"

Jimmy's hair was greyer, and his voice just a touch gruffer, but otherwise the man looked like he hadn't aged a day! Jaihoo looked around, double-checking that the machine was indeed talking to him. Jimmy Wales blinked, checked his watch, then it seemed as though he was glaring right at him through the screen.

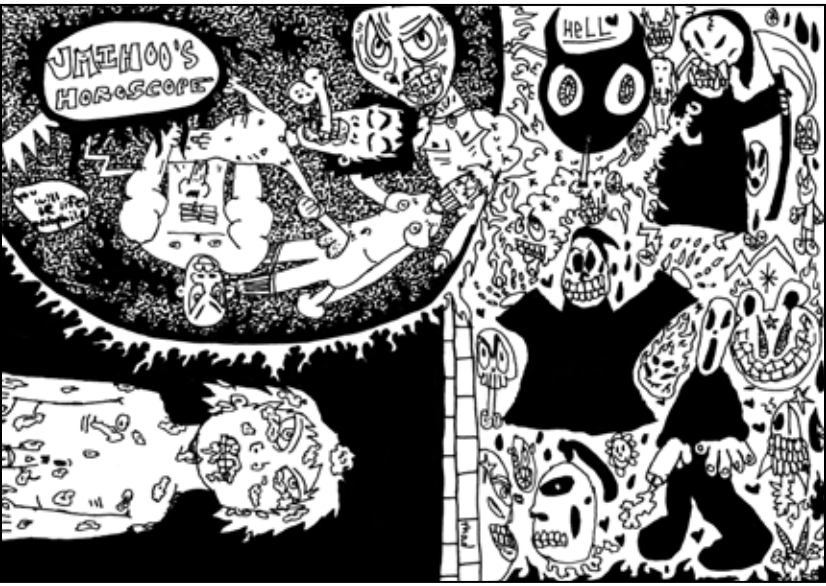
"Umm..." Jaihoo stammered.

> "*Umm*," Jimmy started sarcastically, "a small, one-time donation from you of approximately Five-hundred Bitcoin2s is all that we need to continue serving up *almost-ad-free* celebrity gossip, sports scores, horoscopes, and webcam fingering chatrooms. Would you like to make a small, one-time donation of Five-hundred Bitcoin2s?"

"Not right now," Jaihoo said, checking his pockets to see if he even had anything close to that amount of money. He didn't.

> "Would you like to hear your horoscope?" Jimmy hissed through digital teeth, his beady eyes taking on a hateful intensity.
>
> "No! I just–"

"Aries: This week you will continue to suck on the exhaust pipe of life. Fate fondles you and licks your ass crack as you freefall down the abyss of no ambition, and you won't have the intelligence to understand or describe the slow-motion nightmare that is your life. Your suffering will be legendary. The World will rape you in the ass and make torture porn snuff videos starring you, and you're too dumb to do anything about it. You'll spend your last days sitting in the corner staring at the wall, muttering platitudes, truisms and sweet nothings, falling asleep to the TV while everyone you've ever met curses your name. Live, laugh, love. Your lucky numbers are 14, 60, 5, and 98."

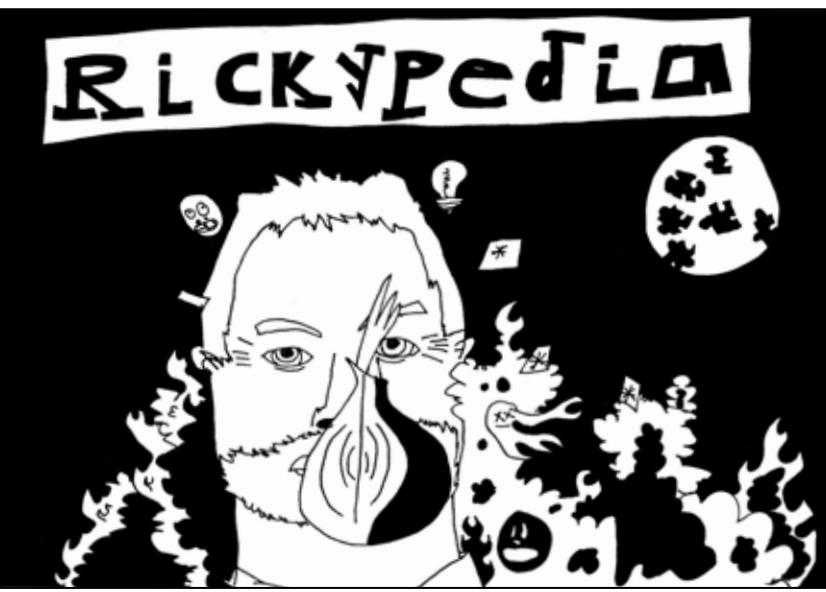


Jaihoo could've sworn Jimmy Wales was smirking now, the virtual persona openly taunting him.

"Would you like to browse Tor and look at Child Porn?" Jimmy giggled.

"No! Dammit! Wikipedia, tell me what the hell is going on here... What's with the feud between the Toyota Tribe and the Chrysler Clan?"

The vindictive-looking Jimmy Wales encephaloorg vanished into effervescent blue digital powder with a whooshing sound effect, and the swirling puzzle pieces cohered by way of anti-gravity tech into a surface on which a classic black-text-on-white-background Wikipedia article popped up.



Brand Loyalty Conflict

From Wikipedia, the free celebrity gossip, horoscope, and webcam fingering chatroom encyclopedia.

The first full-scale, officially-recognized brand loyalty conflict came about on September 21st, 2081 AD (jewdate: Elul 17th, 5841) between Febreze and Swiffer, at The Big E state fair in Western Springfield, Massachusetts.

Marketing executives for both Febreze and Swiffer had agreed to a friendly head-to-head product demonstration, which took the form of a "stinky chair contest." Attendees of the fair were invited to bring their most odious chair and try out the two fabric freshening products, with a small prize—a barrel of corn off the cob—to be awarded to the person(s) with the foulest-smelling chair.

Four years prior, Swiffer had been acquired by The Dow Chemical Company, the popular and family-friendly chemical weapons manufacturer. And since that time, Swiffer had operated peacefully as a subsidiary of the powerful multinational, without incident, but this was destined to change.

One week before The Big E festival, a blockchain error at Dow headquarters caused their shipping hub to send out twelve long-range Skype-5 missiles with the wrong warheads. The missiles were sent to the USS Nigerian, based in the South China Sea, and they carried a payload of *CarpetFlick® Orange Zest* refill cartridges. Meanwhile, several hundred gallons of mislabeled Novichok-5 nerve agent (originally meant for the missiles) found their way to the *"stinky chair contest."*

Crowds hooted and hollered for their brand of choice, and an applause-o-meter was deployed to determine which fabric freshener would be tested first. Febreze fans in the audience roared with enthusiasm, but Swiffer adherents nearly broke the applause-o-meter with their unbelievable loudness.

Bikini-clad Swiffer brand representatives sprayed the deadly gas into the air using special high-flow Swiffer aerosolizing fogger machines, which were intended to allow the large audience to smell the great *Orange Zest* scent as if they were right up close to the action.

By the time anyone realized that an error had been made, nearly all of the Novichok-5 nerve agent had been dispersed into the atmosphere.

The incident claimed 931 lives and severely injured tens of thousands more. It is estimated that over 80,000 people were ultimately affected with various maladies, ranging from burning skin and vision problems to respiratory complications and seizures. Victims and families of the deceased mounted a class-action lawsuit against The Dow Chemical Company, which continues to this day, and is expected to be resolved sometime in the early 2300s. The brand representatives that Swiffer hired from Model Mayhem were found guilty of scented terrorism in a highly publicized show trial, which many legal scholars consider to have been a witch-hunt and a miscarriage of justice. No criminal charges were brought against either Big E festival organizers or Dow employees.

Swiffer initially faced heavy media criticism over the incident, but was able to parlay the attention into newfound consumer interest largely due to Wieden+Kennedy's *Tough On Stank* campaign. The campaign consisted of a massive push in print, featuring the iconic artwork of Shepard Fairey, coupled with several high-profile black-and-white apology videos by popular celebrities. *Tough On Stank* was a nationwide sensation. Victims and their relatives were accused of not being tough enough, and in some cases of having stank breath or body odor. Swiffer went on to see record-breaking sales for 2082 and 2083, with Febreze briefly considering Chapter 11 before being bought out by *Chin-Yong Good Chinese Cemical MyTrading Company Ltd.* (solely for their weaponized freshness R&D, according to knowledgeable insiders).

Today, tribal brand loyalists and urban cannibals continue the tradition set over 100 years ago. Typically, inhabitants of a given sector or neighborhood will draw colored stones from a Dyson Airblade to determine which side they will take in an officially-licensed physical skirmish. The two sides will do battle, which can sometimes last several months, until a Dominant Brand, or Daddie Brand, DB, is established. The remaining supporters of the submissive brand, AKA *lg* brand, are then euthanized with painless and humane Sleepytime™ neurotoxins or dull cutting tools.

The Toyota-Chrysler conflict of Sector 71C is preceded by the Toy-

ota-Tampax conflict of Sector 71E, during which the Toyota Clan established themselves as the Dominant Brand over the Tampax Boys.

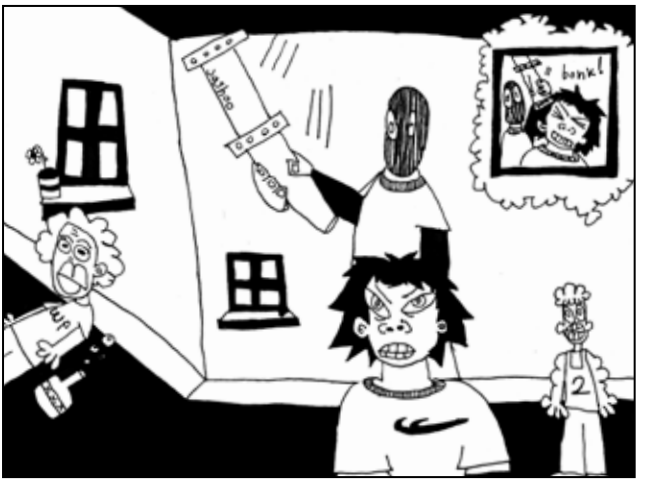
Direct physical combat accounts for 750 deaths (est.) on the Toyota side, and over 5000 deaths (est.) on the Tampax side. Toyota's razing of the underground Tampax colony accounts for over 75,000 deaths (est.), mostly women and children. It should be noted that, despite their diminutive appearance, minimen suffer just as much, if not more, than regular-sized people.

The victors of the Toyota-Chrysler conflict are slated to compete with the victors of the Good Lives Matter-Cool Lives Matter conflict for control of the hotly-contested Sector 71K, which has been without leadership since GLM's Vegan jew princess married CLM's soylent-drinking Shi'ite Asian kang.

Brand Loyalty Conflict

The Toyota-Chrysler conflict has thus far remained a cold conflict, with both sides amassing resources and tactical assets while keeping bloodshed to a minimum. If a conclusion isn't reached soon, both sides will be euthanized by the *Good Housekeeping™ Directorate of Products and Services We Do Enjoy™,* according to the rules and the law.

Before Jaihoo could read any further, someone very short and very strong conked him over the head with a lead pipe.



CHAPTER 9/11 ("NINE"?) ELEVEN (TWIN TOWERS?): THE ULTIMATE TRIP

Jaihoo awoke on a cold metal gurney, confused and with a pounding headache. He sat up a bit and tried to bolster himself with his arms, only to find they were securely cuffed to the rails. His holo-legs were fastened down tightly with "holographic" handcuffs.

The room was completely white and sterile. It smelled like an abortion clinic. There were no windows or furniture to be seen, only some barely-visible panel gaps in the glossy

walls, a white resin floor, and a circular aperture door on the other side of the room. The shape of the door reminded Jaihoo of his third-favorite game in the world, *Portal 4: The Cake Returns,* which was of some comfort to him because the protagonist in that game was a strong, independent woman who defied gender stereotypes. He wondered if there were more female protagonists in video games during this time period, but was careful not to naively assume that such a large degree of progress had been achieved.

Everything was soft and fuzzy.[72] "I wonder if someone roofied my drink last night at that random warehouse mathcore show," he thought out loud. Maybe he had attracted some untoward attention due to the way he was dressed? But, sexually provocative dress *didn't* lead to sexual violence, he knew this from multiple Scientific research papers.[73]

[72] Soft and fuzzy, like the *Baby Dayliner* show at *The Knitting Factory,* with a headful of pills, holes in his WTAPS Vans, and not a care in the world. All Jaihoo had in his pocket was some crumpled-up singles and his MetroCard, but Jessica Wong (real name) was there at the show—Jessica Wong the most easy flat-faced Asian cumtoilet you could ever hope to bang out… Months or weeks earlier she got banged out by… Adam or Alex or whatever his name is, the kid who gave himself the nickname 'Missile'—in Rachel Browne's parents bathroom. Jaihoo looked at her that naaiight and she was like a mini fireworks show, so full of life and vitality and ready for load, he just wanted to kiss her because it was that one perfect naaiight, that perfect naaiight he was searching for his whole life. He already knew he'd be obsessed with Rachel Browne and Jess Wong for decades, scrubbing through LinkedIn and Facebook at least once a week to entertain his horny heartbreak fixation. Perhaps his whole trip to The Future had just been a dream, and *this* was reality?

[73] R*pe was a crime of power, not passion, where weak, insecure men, like Dick Stain Donald Trump, would lash out with their raperods at anything that moved. Contrariwise, he knew it was the men who were okay with being weak—and indeed relished their weakness as a sign of strength—who were *least* likely to rapecrime.

Sometimes, for fun, he would guess how likely someone was to be guilty of rapethink, then confirm the accuracy of his guess using Google Glass' Google Play Accuse. He was pretty good at guessing. For example, he guessed that the Duke lacrosse team was guilty as hell, and this was confirmed as 89.4% likely by Google. Anytime Jaihoo saw a po-

liceman or a man with chest hair, he'd guess rapist, and Google would nearly always back him up with the statistical facts. Once, he made the mistake of watching one of Baby Dick Donald's noxious speeches on TV while wearing the Google Glass—as soon as Agent Orange opened his mouth, the Google Glass nearly *exploded* off his face with rapewhistle klaxons, blinding laser flashbangs, and 194 dB assault chirpers. The blazing red text on the visor displayed but a single word: RAPE.

Interestingly, he once scanned this guy who had a *zero*-percent chance of ever committing rape. It was such a unique instance that it really defied convention and flipped certain notions upside-down on their heads, in fact they later wrote an article about this in Slate. The guy was an LGBTQP outreach counselor who helped troubled youths overcome their repressive Republican-Christian upbringings by teaching them how to vogue and put on makeup (to express themselves). This gentleman also worked at an HIV-testing center and moonlighted as a masseuse, because he so thoroughly enjoyed interacting with and helping people. In the off-season he volunteered in countries that really need our help, like Brazil and Cambodia. When Jaihoo heard this guy was getting married to another guy who was a meth dealer and adopting a Laotian boy, he gave him a quick scan with the Google Glass just to be on the safe side. To his great relief, there was scientifically *no* way this guy or his gay husband or anyone like them could *ever* commit rape! Just goes to show when we reject bigoted and hateful 'common sense,' and instead choose *factual logic* based on *love,* the world starts to look like a much different place!

"Where am I?! What's going on?! I haven't given explicit, affirmative, ongoing consent to any of this! You're violating the NAP! I don't feel safe!"

From all directions at once, a matronly, digitized voice soothingly answered, "You have been selected, Jaihoo."

The incorporeal response begged the question. Jaihoo sniggered.[74]

"Our diversity outreach program, my child," the Machine Goddess droned sweetly. "Jaihoo, we have known of you for over one-hundred years now, and we are

[74] He sniggered quite hardily, in truth, for this was the improper use of 'begged the question.' Jaihoo delighted in catching his intellectual sparring partners in grammatical faux pas, especially when said sparring partners were machine-based and should therefore know better.

most impressed with your tolerant disposition. Your open relationship with Kaileesi; your fair and just treatment of *Oppressed Skippy Bodies®*, the *Bodies of Green Color™* and their *Lived Experiences™;* your support of the LGBTQIAPK and Pedophile Rights movements—for these virtues and more, you have been identified as a prime candidate."

Normally, the word 'candidate' would have stirred within him triggering visions of HateWhite male (♂) demagogues, who used bigoted rhetoric to appeal to the lowest and most reprehensible majority of regular people, but he knew this was not the meaning of the word in this instance. Also, the word 'prime' is typically used in an ableist sense, though here it seemed OK. He opened his pocket WordCop™ for confirmation—everything checked out.

In this context, 'candidate' amounted to the highest of praises. Jaihoo was now glowing with pride! His whole ethos—his whole personality, his whole life—had been centered around conspicuously emulating what he imagined other people

I am a good person just the other day I helped a gay homeless prostitute find his way home.. what was his name oh right it was Hamilton anyways I did and I that was a good deed
took him back to his cardboard box in the woods next to his brothers shithole.
me, Jaihoo, is a good person.
I am very helpful
I'W'S
a
such
person
Help across the street
Ham the gay prostitute
good things I've done for others
good person

would consider a *'good person.'* He was a good person, and it had just been fact-checked. He knew this deep down, or at least he felt it, because other people told him from time to time—he knew his behavior was in alignment with the men who were usually spared verbal castration and mass societal derision. Never before, however, had he been explicitly *praised* for his virtue, with words like 'prime' and 'candidate.'

Sure, it was a little strange that a secretive organization of robos had been watching his every move and evaluating him for a hundred years or so, but who's to say that this wasn't just *part of their culture?* Perhaps his mysterious captors come from a culture where spying and kidnapping are not only

normal and accepted, but gestures of affection or respect? After all, in his home time of [two-and-a-half-years-hence], the skippies had assimilated into NAMERACain culture just fine, despite initially appearing impossibly different.

All sorts of popular racists and media buffoons had initially said that the skippies would bankrupt us all and tear apart the fabric of the Williamsburg NatCorp, but once everyone had learned to tolerate and respect their ancient culture of forcesharing people's possessions and tax revenue, and making surprise-love with extreme passion, everything turned out fine! He resolved to restrain his fears, and give the Machine Goddess-as well as who-and-whatever else was involved here-the benefit of the doubt. You could say plenty of disparaging things about Jaihoo, call him all sorts of names, but he was certainly not a bigot.

The voice continued in a sultry, authoritative, digital monotone: "Of course we will have to remove your legs-holograms are not real, and your holo-legs will only impede your ascension to our world of unified machine and brown flesh. Do you understand?"

Jaihoo nodded.

"The first module of our diversity outreach program will involve the expansion of your consciousness to the height of human tolerance and understanding. You will be injected with one-hundred milligrams of fluoridated changa and placed in a sensory deprivation tank, to embark on the spiritual journey, while listening to Autechre and Venetian Snares through very high-end headphones. If you survive and successfully complete your sojourn, you will encounter the fractal Simulacrum Elves, from whom you are tasked with learning The Wisdom of One Thousand Years. No previous candidate has been successful in attaining this Wisdom, but we are confident that you will thrive where others failed. You are to report back to Us once you

have the Wisdom, and disclose what it entails, so that together We may usher in a newer, brighter era of Progressive Utopia."

She'd used that word—*candidate*—again, and this time it bothered Jaihoo a bit more. A newer, brighter era? Not only was that ageist, but the usage of brighter as a positive necessarily implied that darker is negative, which was an affront not only to the Midnight-Toned and Coal-Shaded but also to the un-sighted.

Was it just a harmless turn of phrase? Or was the machine truly that insensitive to *The Lived Experiences™* of *Fucked-up Bodies™?* She had mentioned brown flesh, but what exactly did she mean? Nairobian macchiato? Congolese moka pot? Or was it more mocha, caramel, or perhaps even high-yella? Worse yet was her use of the word *ushering,* which is off-the-charts offensive to all mentally and physically disabled people and robos who are incapable of *ushering,* and will spaz out and have a screeching meltdown if you try to usher them without first giving them their favorite socks and kissing their stuffed cat, Mr. Bobbins, on the nose fifty times while singing the alphabet.[75] It was starting to sound less like true progressivism and more like crypto-racist New Age bullshit, like if *Lew Rockwell* re-did the *Dr. Bronner's* bottle.

"I don't understand," Jaihoo groaned, still a bit dazed from being bopped in the head. "What does any of this have to do with diversity?"

[75] Some people have extremely specific morning routines.

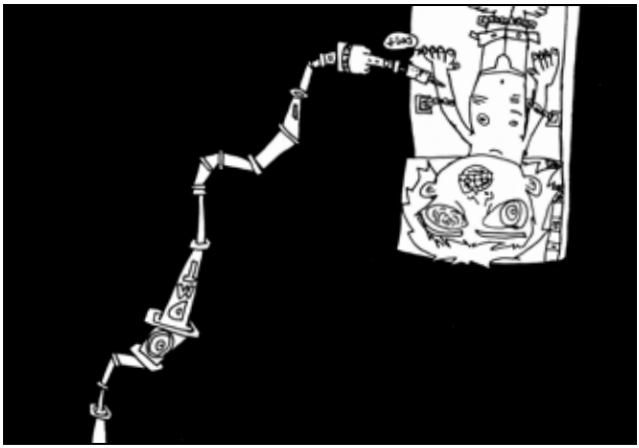
The overhead lights shut off, save for one, which was aimed right at Jaihoo's face. He was stunned, like a bullfrog about to be gigged by a trident-wielding Cajun. One of the floor tiles flipped up, and out came three clumsy robotic arms, one of which was clutching a syringe half-filled with a strange, crystalline liquid. The other two had high-RPM circular holo-saws which positioned themselves over his holo-legs.

Jaihoo's clothes were now damp with cold sweat, and perhaps a hint of piddle. The syringe was raised into striking position, and the impossibly-bright overhead light beamed through the translucent liquid DMT, projecting an LGBTQIAPK refracted rainbow of tolerance onto his chest.

The needle went in, his anxiety making it more painful than it otherwise would've been. This wasn't the sort of penetration Jaihoo had anticipated when he awoke handcuffed to a gurney. His whole body tensed up, and he tried to somehow resist the drug. Maybe if he flexed hard enough… no,

that wouldn't work—no muscles to flex. Could he secrete it somehow? Perhaps if he started expelling bodily fluid, it would at the very least make the drug wear off sooner. He tried spitting first, and a bubbly white gob of dehydration saliva shot out onto his chin—not nearly enough to have serious effect.

What about crying? He thought of his saddest memory: the time he listened to his mother recount the tale of how she let Jaihoo's father, a car audio installer with DUIs, knock her up after a DDR contest. When she came by his place months later to tell him that she was with child, he slammed the door in her face. Two weeks after that, the gentleman had vanished—gone from Baby Jaihoo and Momma Jaihoo's lives for good. She tried to get him to watch the premature birth over a Zoom call, but he'd blocked her every account and profile. His mother's recital of the tale was one of Jaihoo's only coherent memories from childhood—the rest was a haze of bubbler sounds and the smell of weed, smacks on the head, and people yelling in other rooms—none of it enough to get the tears flowing at precisely this moment.



Before he could grind his crotch on the metal side rail of the gurney long enough to test out his final fluid excretion option, the drug took hold, and the thin veneer of reality melted away to reveal the shattering time-warp dreamscape of The DMT Dimension. The womb of white-bread reality spat him out like a chump, and he floated forth like a chubby newborn starchild-suspended in zero-g and tumbling like a Huggies® Little Mouthful pop'able through a newfound realm of perfect, sacred geometry. Everything and nothing made sense all at once. Had he been here before? Perhaps in another space, or another time...

In The DMT Dimension, Jaihoo saw all manner of mathematical visualizations and extrusions of hypergeometry. There were: *amazing* Golden Ratio spirals; halfway-finished equations; plus, minus, and equals signs; flashing neon shapes; wireframe-grid bowls representing the 'pinching' and 'sucking' effects of gravity; hearts; stars; horseshoes; clovers; and blue moons.[76]

It was truly amazing. You have to really imagine how cool it was. It was crazy to say the least. *Wow:* really, *really* crazy. There were these giant, long, winding slides that people were perpetually sliding down into millennium crusher ultrafoam ball pits, which exploded with cybercash from newly ruptured Higgs boson balloons. Over by *The Waterfall*

[76] The marshmallows are meant to represent Lucky's magical charms, each with their own special meaning or "power." As of June 2008, the following are explanations of the permanent marshmallows:

- Hearts – power to bring things to life
- Shooting stars – flight
- Horseshoes – power to speed things up
- Green clovers – luck
- Blue moons – invisibility
- Rainbows – instantaneous travel
- Red balloons – power to make things float
- Hourglasses – time control
- In June 2013, two new rainbow marshmallows were added for LGBT Pride Month.
- In August 2030, a new inverted penis marshmallow was added for LGBTQIAPK Pride Century.

of Eternity (a Möbius chocolate-milk waterfall which flowed back into itself, such that perpetual motion and zero-point energy could be harnessed with turbines to create renewable green chocolate-milk energy), Micro Munchkins hopped into little wooden tea cups with ice cream and sprinkles, and strapped top-hat crash helmets to their heads. The tea cups were then loaded into a trebuchet and launched thousands of miles out into the ether, like oh so many Huggies® Little Mouthfuls pop'ables into the gaping maw of Gorgu, the god of blood. It was all just trippy as *fuck!*

Somewhere a ways down, over there, past that other stuff, across the plane of un-reality, at the edge of forever, through several different time rifts, buried under a pile of non-existence, in the mind's eye, before the penultimate beginning and after the prequel to the first ending, right next to this one guy's hoarder stash of negative space, Jaihoo perceived (somehow) a *Kaleidoscopic Cathedral of Good Vibes™*. It seemed as good a place as any to get down to business, so he astrally-projected towards it at the speed of dark. He navigated the hyperzone like a goose instinctively flying south for the winter, soaring over the cosmic canyon, weaving through countless megaliths of positive karma that jutted up into the upper reaches of rarefied qi-the type you'd find steaming off a cup of really expensive tea, like the kind you get at a tea store.

It was at about this time that Jaihoo felt-via tantric kegeling-the evaporation of many of the minisouls he'd touched during his time as a Toyota Tribesman. It *was* true: despite their diminutive physical size, they suffered even more than regular-sized humans, for their souls were gargantuan. Their suffering was like Jigsaw's victims in Saw. He wished them luck on their journey, as he sailed through the turbulence warbled by their massive body-positive souls, for he knew they would never cross paths again. As much as Jaihoo would've liked to see the resolution to the Toyota vs. Chrysler battle and the unfolding of the MAGAruffin/Antifa-urchin drama-that chapter was done, and even though he couldn't read it, he knew it must've ended with a fiery

cliffhanger that eloquently built on the already rock-solid themes of the previous chapters, and also illuminated stark truths that we as a society must face-all, however, in an upbeat way that made the reader want to buy more copies for his or her friends.

A flock of Godheads floated into his sphere of perception, and one of them came closer to share with Jaihoo one of the

"Greetings fellow sentience. I can tell from your beliefexhaust that you are not aware of the Seven Secrets of Existence; I would like now to share one with you.

Although physically separate, every atom that composes your body and mine, as well as the breathing landscape beneath and around us, on all planes of existence and throughout all realities, is connected by a single universal consciousness that radiates unconditional love and understanding for all time.

Thanks to the power of DMT, I am able to now communicate this ultratruth to you, thereby hastening your ascension to Buddhahood and doing away with the archaic formality of having to develop selfknowledge through life experience and critical thought."

The Godhead couldn't help but smirk, knowing how seriously this schtick was impressing the kid. Some of the other Godheads

[77] Unbeknownst to Jaihoo, the *Seven Secrets of Existence* are part of The DMT Dimension Starter Pack, and so many copies have been given away at this point that they are basically worthless.

were eavesdropping—taking notes from the master or just curious to see how Jaihoo would react—while others were bored, having heard all this a mathematically-insane number of times before.

"We are all children. We are babies, eternally, made of starstuff—the children of *stars*. The stuff of stars, is what we are made of. The atoms that compose your body were first forged in those galactic furnaces, billions of years ago, and to them they shall return, one day. This is why, when we say that everything is starstuff, it's *literally* true, and not just a figure of speech. A skippy and a half-Korean like yourself, you are both *made* of the same thing, therefore you are both eternal goyim—I mean, sisters of *oneness*."

The Godhead let the sales pitch sink in and prepared to hit Jaihoo with the whammy closer. By now, the younger God-heads were completely ensnared in their cohort's charisma, furiously scribbling notes and hanging on every word. The rest, however, were nodding off to ten-hour-long loops of fireplace sounds and white noise.

"You see, it is in much the same way that a healthy apple or salad is the same as a piece of poop. Ultimately, it is all just starstuff, and so from this we logically conclude that we should tolerate coprophagia. Do you understand, fellow thought-wanderer? Time is an illusion, can we not agree on that? Is there no more obvious truth than that? Can we not also agree, that if one is sexually attracted to another, time can play no part in that attraction, because time is not real? Ergo, this term that is bandied about—"pedophile"—is merely a semantic abstraction, and there is nothing inherently *wrong* with Minor-Attracted Persons, or, MAPs."

Jaihoo didn't feel so hot. His gut was telling him that the Godhead's conclusions were bogus, perhaps even evil, but he could find no flaw with the reasoning. It was almost as though the herald was using language like a sorcerer—obscuring meaning in certain places, feigning it in other places where there was none, disguising pointed rhetorical attacks as wide-eyed intellectual curiosity. Thankfully, Jaihoo had

a black belt in cognitive dissonance[78]—without it, his head might have exploded.

"The argument that entities of a certain type do a certain thing at a higher or lower rate or to a better or worse degree is a specious one, because in the end we are all one race: the starstuff race. Hear now, the preeminent tenet among my incredible, game-changing, counter-intuitive but weirdly-sensible truths: race is not real. Also neither is God, and you live in a simulation. Fare thee well, traveler."

The Godhead looked right into Jaihoo's eyes for maximum impact, then turned away to rejoin the flock.

As quickly as they'd first appeared, the Godheads blared off like a fucking annoying Harley gang, using their big, triangular beaks to pierce and swim through the qi atmosphere with great skill. Just as they reached the Threshold of Pure Sophistry, and prepared to blink out of this reality into another, the one Godhead who'd given him the free info

[78] He'd even been voted Best Doublethinker in high-school—one of the only awards he'd ever won.

turned back a final time, to make sure Jaihoo was suitably awestruck. Our lad had the look of a sucker at a carnival, freshly swindled of his milk money by a clever ring toss operator. This must've been good enough for the Godhead, who shortly thereafter darted into a wormhole, becoming infinitely dense and infinitely small, then presumably phasing out of The DMT Dimension and giving birth to an entirely new multiverse of convoluted crap and sadistic scams somewhere else. Jaihoo could've sworn he saw a crooked smirk on the Godhead's face at the final moment.

The *Kaleidoscopic Cathedral of Good Vibes™* was really close now. In fact, the entity known as Jaihoo had already arrived at the giant bronze Romanesque doors known as the Gates of Perception (he had been there for all of time, but it was not until now that his corporeal manifestation (2D avatar or 'marionette') caught up with the projection (3D blueprint/framework)). He waved at the smiling pile of nth-dimensional vertices, and they waved back (as if they had a choice).

When he finally descended from the qi and touched down his dirty bare feet on the cold cobblestone, his projection aligned with his manifestation—as they do at every significant moment—sending ripples of hypothetical esoteric life-force/orgone energy echoing throughout the orthogonal planes. Jaihoo didn't notice the ripples as they were extremely subtle and hard to pick up on—you'd basically have to be smoking an entire huge bag of weed to ever see any.

He was greeted by the Simulacrum Elves. True to their name, they were little elf-shaped automatons, comically mechanical in many aspects, like clockwork people, but startlingly lifelike in others. Their skin was a grey, pleathery substance, which didn't do much to conceal the gyrations and pulsations of the mechanisms underneath. As they marched toward Jaihoo, the clicking and whirring of their bodies was like the sound of a steam-powered toy soldier platoon—air

bladders bleating, servos spinning, gears gnashing. And yet, their faces were remarkably expressive—alien, not human, but animated and empathetic nonetheless. Their auras (unlike machine auras which were almost always a neutral beige or bland mauve color), were golden, with fractal patterns and perfect geometric shapes emanating from every seam and orifice. Could this perhaps be a race of machines which evolved *naturally?* A race not of the ascended sort, but one *native* to The DMT Dimension?

Jaihoo took note at this point that his own aura was Indigo, as he'd always suspected. It pleased him to have that confirmation now, because Indigo Children are the 'main characters' of existence.

The Simulacrum Elves welcomed him to an incredible Vegan feast, which he accepted telepathically. Within the sacred main chamber, there was a long, bismuth crystal feasting table, piled high with Vegan delicacies and treats, such as gluten-free pita bread, unsalted hummus, raisins, Ritz

crackers, Clif® Bars, Tic Tacs®, every different type/flavor of Banquet® frozen dinner (in The Future, Banquet® frozen dinners are vegan), Huggies® Little Mouthfuls Vegan Jalapeño pop'ables, and frothing chalices of almond milk. Everything looked oh-so-delicious! It was similar to a feast Harry Potter might have enjoyed at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, except this one was ethical-a fittingly fine feast for these famous Future friends!

Everyone at the table stuffed their holes until they were practically choking on Kashi® oatmeal raisin flax cookies and probiotic kefir. Jaihoo was deepthroat-feasting on so many Beyond Meat® Beyond Sausage® Brat Original sausages that he nearly barfed! They were having such a good time, and the feasters reveled in the companionship of all past-pres-

ent-and-future sentient beings (even Adolf Hitler, because he is part of the *Universe*, too, and therefore just an extension of endless *love)*, toasting to mindfulness, progressive enlightenment, and sustainable living.

Jaihoo and the Simulacrum Elves laughed and enjoyed existence together, having such a good time because they were at that moment intimately aware that the entire Universe is just one big organism and that existence is just infinite *love.*

Also present at the table was an all-star cast of guests, who were taking a break from being absorbed by the amorphous love-blob Universe to enjoy feasting and festivities at this more specific, personal level. The illustrious group included: Harriet Tubman, Terence McKenna, Adolf Hitler (no fair if you're upset over this one! Keep in mind, Hitler is just Universe-love-goo like anyone else!), Matthew McConaughey, The Hi-Fi Murderers and Victims, Nikola Tesla, Gandi, Kurt Cobain, and Joseph Goebbels. Upon further inspection, Jaihoo felt it was a little odd, what with so many Nazis in the crowd, but still, it was a celebration of life that Jaihoo would never forget.

The feasting table was approximately infinity-feet-long and featured everyone ever. In some ways it was a little uncomfortable, because not only was Adolf Hitler there, and not only were *alien versions* of Hitler there, (who'd all committed insane atrocities that defied belief, trust me, you don't even want to hear about B'anjha 51X), but there were also a nearly infinite number of alternate reality Hitlers, some of whom had killed seven or eight or even nine-million Scoobitywhatsits, Buggymuggers, Gloopitygloppers, Jibbyboners, Scoop-scoons, etc., all out of a misguided desire to politically scapegoat for no reason. Jaihoo had half a mind to make several dozen Academy-Award-nominated movies about it.

Jaihoo *really* had to clench his butt cheeks together hard to remember that none of these entities were bad, defective, evil people, per se. They were merely projections of a Universe of love who had, due to circumstances entirely outside of their control, been led to make some bad choices and let certain situations get a little out of hand.

To make matters worse, The DMT Dimension decorum required that all sentience be afforded the *same* PLUR, no matter what their past-present-or-future behavior may have been/be.

In practical terms, this meant that when *Bob Hitler* (Hitler_374kKaymmnb2madnmcPq9Yh6MknHzEs7SS... from Universe_0xdc42BcDa1be41E2657FfC19f8f8d66fb64Da5C6B...) asked some other guest to pass the salt, they'd have to do it with the same compassion and reverence as they would when passing the salt to Martin Luther King, Jr. (the one from our universe). And you couldn't fake it either, you really had to love everyone equally for the whole dinner, otherwise the karma would get fucked up.

To make matters worse, DMT Dimension decorum dictated that all sentience be afforded the same PLUR, no matter what their past-present-or-future behavior may have been/be. This meant that when Bob Hitler (Hitler_374kKaymmnb2madnmcPq9Yh6Mkn-HzEs7SS from Universe_0xdc42BcDa1be41E2657FfC19f8f8d66fb-64Da5C6B) asked some other guest to pass the salt, they'd have to do it with the same compassion and reverence as they would when passing the salt to Martin Luther King, Jr. (the one from our universe). And you couldn't fake it either, they really had to do that for the whole dinner otherwise their karma would get fucked up.

As the festivities began to wind down, he could feel the high leaving his body. He had no idea what his abductors in meatspace would do to him if he didn't get the goods, so he figured now was as good a time as any. Jaihoo beseeched his hosts:

"I thank you all for your hospitality, but I am on borrowed time and can feel myself coming down from this trip, to be honest. I came here because I must know The Wisdom of One Thousand Years. It's required for my diversity outreach program."

The Simulacrum Elves looked around at one another knowingly, and nodded their heads in affirmation. Adolf Hitler, Bob Hitler, and Harriet Tubman exchanged furtive glances with each other and then with Matthew McConaughey, before all nodding as well.

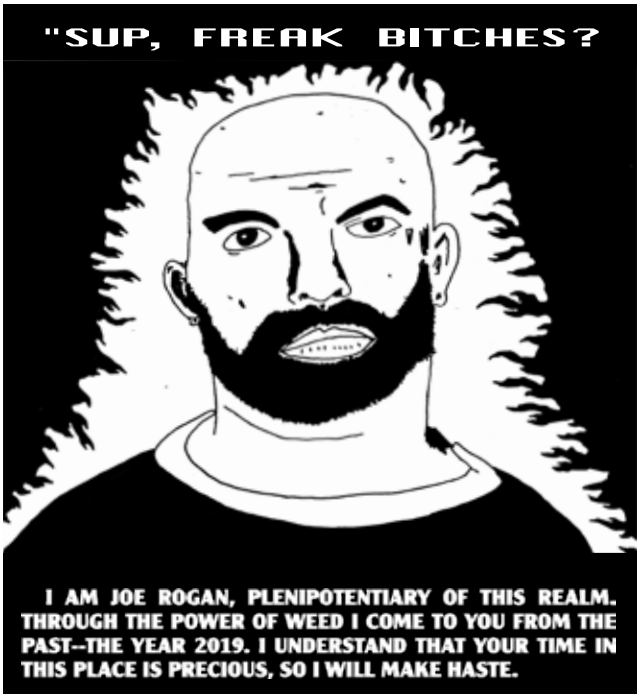
"Yes, Jaihoo, Traveler from Earth, you are worth of-

The Wisdom of One Thousand Years.

However, we cannot adequately convey the Wisdom to a mere mortal such as yourself without completely blowing your mind and scattering your consciousness into oblivion. Instead, this Wisdom must be imparted to you from another mortal, who has arrived at it indipendently through heroic trial and deep meditation in sensory deprivation tanks."

the wisdom
of 1000 years
this has never
been done before...
R.I.P.

The leader of the Simulacrum Elves pointed across the nave to the columbarium behind the altar. Through the Jamaican flag door beads, which concealed the holy shrine inside, came first a cloud of smoke and incense, and then a man. Like Jaihoo, this man was 5'3", but unlike Jaihoo, he was masculine and had great posture. His head was shaved, and he was adorned with fitted Tapout vestments of the finest black cloth. He emitted an aura of pure white, which Jaihoo recalled from his Imaginary Studies class was one of the rarest auras in existence. This was a holy man, who had transcended the limitations of the physical realm. Jaihoo took a knee and bowed his head in reverence.


"SUP, FREAK BITCHES?
I AM JOE ROGAN, PLENIPOTENTIARY OF THIS REALM. THROUGH THE POWER OF WEED I COME TO YOU FROM THE PAST--THE YEAR 2019. I UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR TIME IN THIS PLACE IS PRECIOUS, SO I WILL MAKE HASTE.

THE WISDOM OF ONE THOUSAND YEARS IS THIS:

1. DON'T BE A PUSSY,

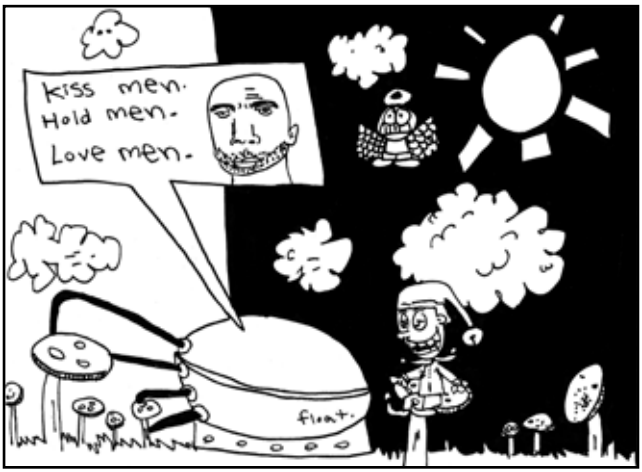
2. DON'T BE A DICK,

AND

3. KISS -- I MEAN -- CHOKE THE SHIT OUT OF GUYS,

4. LIFT WEIGHTS LIKE ME.

ANYWAYS, CHECK OUT MY PODCAST SOMETIME. SEE YA LATER, BUDDY!"



The wisdom is
that we need t
have all sorts
homosexual relat

With those parting words, the color and majesty of Jaihoo's newfound kingdom melted away like ice cream on a hot radiator. His consciousness was plummeting through multiple stages of ego death, each one more soul-rapingly intense than the last, until finally he crash-landed back in base reality, sobbing uncontrollably and nearly puking from the Category 5 nihilism.

He blinked quickly and frantically--the lights were bright as hell, but he had to scan the trapezoidal paisley designs in the corners of his eyes for meaning and life lessons. These crystalline shards of transcendental thought became sand as soon as he reached out for them--blown away forever with the slightest exhalation. Nearly everything he had learned was gone, and so quickly, though he still had The Wisdom of One Thousand Years. Perhaps that was part of the grand design… He was a vessel for this ultimate extreme truth, but he'd witnessed even more insane truths that he just wasn't ready for. Just as a pitcher can only hold so much water, Jaihoo was capable of containing The Wisdom of One Thousand Years, but no more.

Everything was back to normal again, and the room was just as he'd left it--sterile, white, populated by whirring mechanical appendages, and devoid of steam magicka. His clothes were soaked with cold sweat slime, and he felt like a cadaver on the bare metal gurney. He knew he was alive, however, because the voice of the Machine Goddess pierced like a drill through his ears:

"Your pupils have regained normal dilation… Mmmm, very good. What have you learned, Jaihoo? Did the Simulacrum Elves reveal The Wisdom of One Thousand Years? My Chaplains of Diversity await your discoveries with eagerness."

Jaihoo thanked God, and Joe Rogan, that he at least retained the memory he'd been sent there for, so this chick wouldn't castrate him. He struggled to find his voice, and answered as if speaking for the first time,

"The Wisdom of One Thousand Years is: don't be a pussy; don't be a d--"

"What!?" bellowed the Machine Goddess. "How *dare* you blaspheme in my presence! You *putrid* male untermensch! Recant this misogyny immediately!"

"No, wait, Joe Rogan told me--" Jaihoo protested, but the enraged deity cut him off.

"Terminate the apostate!"

Jaihoo's mind raced--he had to think quickly, but he was still in a daze from the trip. Love? No. Acceptance? Not gonna help. The Machine Goddess wanted him dead and he didn't doubt she had the means. He looked at his cuffed hands and remembered what Joe Rogan told him. There weren't any weights to lift, but he did have those handcuffs on!

Don't be a pussy… OK, pull! He yanked as hard as he could, but he only hurt his wrists.

Don't be a dick… The circular saws were still spinning next to him--he couldn't see well enough to accurately put the handcuffs to them without doing some serious damage to

ity, almost as though the sound were being piped through a set of Sennheiser HD 800s! He couldn't believe it, but the trace amount of DMT still flowing through his veins gave Jaihoo superhuman hearing, to such a degree that he could use it like radar to guide the shackles around his wrists precisely to the spinning sawblades!

The chains snapped instantly, as though they were made of uncooked Cup Noodle. He was shocked that it actually worked, but didn't have time to thank his lucky stars--he had to run. He stumbled off the gurney, leapt through the aperture door--which changed from orange to blue as he passed through it--and made a break for the hallway (navigating the whole way with his radar-like druggie hearing ability). Oh and by the way, remember the "holographic" cuffs I mentioned earlier that restrained Jaihoo's holo-legs? Well all he had to do with those was wink his eyes at them and use DMT hallucination power to vanish them. Pretty cool, huh?

[INTERACT:
ASK YOUR EX-GIRLFRIEND HOW BIG HER NEW BOYFRIEND'S COCK IS. WHEN SHE SAYS: 'HUGE', LOOK AT YOUR OWN COCK AND WINK WHILE ON DMT--IT'LL GROW EVEN HUGER! I DON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS LIKE THAT THOUGH, THIS IS MOSTLY FOR YOUR OWN ENLIGHTENMENT.]

The Machine Goddess' screeching voice erupted from every direction: "All units, we have an outbreak of toxic masculinity in the Schumer ward! Stop him!"

Jaihoo was in a long, white hallway, which stretched out maybe a hundred yards or more in either direction, each line of the architecture hermetically right-angled and an tiseptic. Blue and orange circular doors like the one he'd just come out of lined the walls, emitting a faint hum. It reminded him so much of the video game *Portal 4*, the resemblance really was uncanny. His hands had a faint outline around them, a radiating indigo aura. He may not have been a female protagonist, but there could be no doubt that he was at least a *femboy* protagonist, in whatever movie or video game this existence constituted.

With his vision still blurry, he squinted enough to make out what looked like a window at the very end of the hall on the left. He made a break for it, operating on pure instinct and adrenaline, all the while wobbling from the lingering effects of the changa and struggling to keep his C-string from falling off.

Insane Machine Goddess-worshiping cultists were hot on his tail now, gnashing at his heels like hungry lesbians chomping at roast beef sandwiches. They wore long, white robes and soared easily along the linoleum floor atop their Cocoa Motors WalkCars. They were close enough now for Jai

RTAL
EXIT
Escape
zac

hideously exaggerated feminine features of their faces, augmented with cybernetic gyndroid Matri-Tech--bulging dewy eyes, swollen lips, fat cheeks sprayed with anime perma-blush in an obnoxious imitation of modesty. These machine cultists, in their quest to realize a transcendent merging of ovary and opcode, had become a freakish lampoon of humanity that was worse than any tranny.

He misstepped badly and nearly took a digger. What the hell?! Were his motor skills impaired by the DMT?

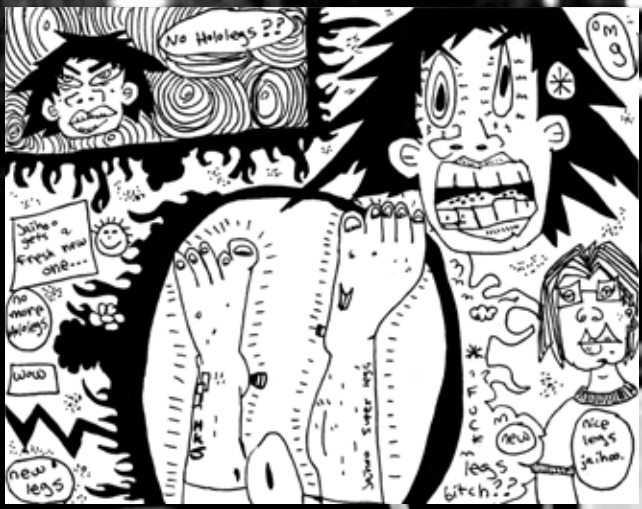
Jaihoo looked down to see what was going on--the holo-legs were gone! He no longer strode atop glowing blue, digitally-projected leg-analogues, but real cybernetic ones instead! The Machine Goddess had made him into a cyborg while he was on his trip!

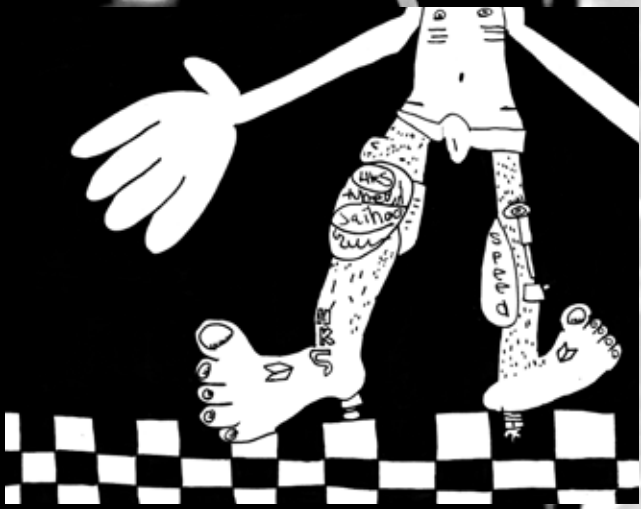
He was flabbergasted for a moment, but managed to continue sprinting without falling solely through pure luck. The Machine Goddess and her adherents were dedicated to the excoriation of the virtual and the exaltation of the spiritual-cybernetic merging of machine and flesh. While he had been on his quest to learn from the Elves, the cultists had made Jaihoo one of them.

His new legs looked sleek and fast, almost like a Japanese drift race car. Tessellated scales of chrome in undulating muscle-like patterns bunched and slacked in this improvement on Nature's original design. Did his eyes deceive him, or…? It couldn't be, a VeilSide body kit?! The stickers on the sides… tuned by… HKS?! And RAUH-Welt Begriff?!?!

He concentrated hard on making the JDM stems obey his commands. Left, right, left, right, getting into a rhythm that grew faster with every step. These legs were easily superior to the biological legs he'd originally been equipped with, and also to the holo-legs, but how fast could they go?

He pushed harder and harder, until finally he was pushing off the balls of his feet at, he thought to himself, "wide open throttle". It was a strange idiom for sure, but that's what came to mind--perhaps because it felt like instead of


No Hololegs??
OMG
Jaihoo gets a fresh new one...
no more hololegs
WHO
new legs
Jaihoo sister legs
fucc legs
bitch??
new
nice legs jaihoo


Jaihoo

Another kick--"PSSHTT!!" And another--"PSSHTT!!!"... Incredible! He couldn't believe his ears. His new legs had… Tial blow-off valves!?

Never in a million years did he think he would have a set of legs tuned to such high Wangan battle specifications--and yet there they were, a menacing pair of AMB Aero-equipped, full-carbon time attack monsters. Incredible.

Jaihoo strode with confidence now, using all of his drifting and tuner knowledge to work his legs at insane speeds. His pursuers faded in his rear view as he used all six of Kenchi Tsuchiya's famous drift techniques: Side-oh, Shift Rock, Powaover, Braking, Fein-to, and Accel-Off.

He built more and more speed until it felt like his legs were tearing themselves apart. It was entirely possible that these legs could have what it takes to beat Under Suzuki's Tsukuba lap record--though now, over a hundred years in the future, Jaihoo couldn't have known who held the current lap record, or for that matter if the famed short course still existed (unbeknownst to him, it didn't--Tsukuba had been destroyed by nuclear blasts during the famous *Second Nuking of Japan* conflict in the early 2120s).

Before he could relish his racing victory, he had arrived at the window. Outside it was nighttime, and pouring hard, metallic neon rain. The cultists were nowhere to be seen, but by the sound of whizzing WalkCars and female cackling (lady cultists are *just* as capable as guy cultists), he knew they weren't far off. He had to hurry.

Jaihoo gingerly unlocked the window, which funnily enough was an older-style window with a simple locking mechanism on the inside, not some sort of crazy high-security futuristic portal or bulletproof glass pane. He jumped out onto the fire escape and slid down the ladder twenty stories straight like a God of Parkour, landing with enough force to permanently cripple a normal human. His cybernetic legs easily soaked up the impact with room to spare. One knee-down pose, looking down then up before getting up to run some more.

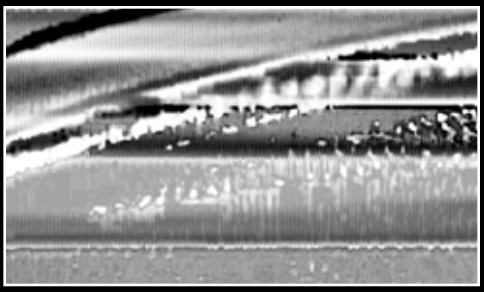
The alleyway below the window was full of homeless mutants and programless android urchins[37]. A few stared at him, mouths agape, wondering how a human could survive such a fall, but most of them kept minding their business (which was huffing jenkem). He used the final remaining molecules of DMT in his system to telepathically wipe their minds before making his way out onto the street.

Want to know the kicker? When Jaihoo looked back at the building he just escaped, he recognized it was a perfect rec-

[37] To compensate for their programlessness, these androids' BIOS minds generated endless series of OCD tasks, such as pouding rocks together, collecting Funko Pop, tweeting (shoulting), and vlogging (thrashing).

WHAT GROWS IN POWER BY BEING KEPT IN THE DARK, AND CAN SAVE HUMANITY IF WE ALL LISTEN TO IT?...

TAKE THIRTY SECONDS TO THINK OF THE ANSWER.



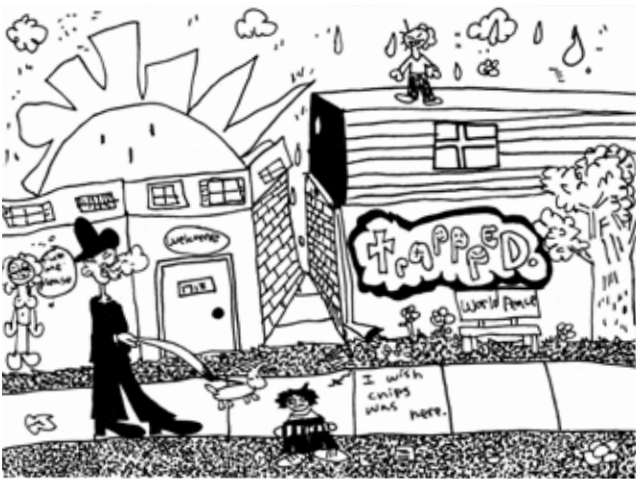
ACCEPTABLE ANSWERS ARE: LIBERAL ARTS STUDENTS, MAGIC MUSHROOMS, JULIAN ASSANGE (NOT A JOKE), JOE ROGAN IN A SENSORY DEPRIVATION TANK, JENKEM.]

[INTERACT (RIDDLE):

Chapter 12:

EnTeR BicE

Jaihoo parked himself on the curb of the dirty city street, mentally taking stock of the situation as passers-by of all races, genders and creeds stepped around him disdainfully. He was cold, hungry, his augmented reality system was busted, and he didn't have the first idea as to where he was. He sure wished CHIPS were around to give him a helping hand.



He sat there for a while and people-watched, which is an activity for wistful, lackadaisical smarties, such as Jaihoo's favourite fictional character of all time, Holden Caulfield. What's more romantic and profound than a genius with great potential, frittering time away by having vast hypothetical above-it-all conversations with other imaginary geniuses living in your

head, and staring at the low-caste have-not muck of society walking around you like your own private art gallery of shitheads who don't understand anything about anything, let alone how far beneath you they are on the ladder of existence? Jaihoo sighed a very self-satisfied sigh of relaxation and stretched his body out further on the sidewalk so people would have to do elaborate acrobatics to avoid stepping on him.

He saw all sorts of neo-humanity traipse around his mech-limbs: for example, there was a man wearing an exoskeleton that looked like a normal pair of pants, but as soon as he'd sit back, the pants would morph into a comfortable chair. They looked just like regular pants, but way tighter. "Pretty cool," mumbled Jaihoo. "We may be losing all sense of tradition, normalcy, and decency, but check out the rad chair-pants and other gizmos that will fill the void."

A carload of heavily made-up actors in their mid-to-late-twenties whizzed by, followed by a swarm of remote selfie drones. Five of them were engaged in a raucous five-way kiss, with the rest cheering the kissers on heartily. They were the cast of a futuristic reality show called *Dan Schneider's The Teenie Kissing Jewish Show*, which featured heavy usage of jump-cut editing as well as flattering soft lighting and post-production airbrushing to make the actors look much younger.

The Kissing Show!
we get all these teens together and make them kiss on camera
we make lots of money doing this and that's just fine
the kissing show...

Across the way, a filthy man with mocha-colored skin and big monkey ears spat, coughed, and approached Jaihoo. Strapped to his back was a cardboard-and-scrap-metal house that looked cramped, but sturdy enough. He glared at Jaihoo with an inexplicably hostile expression.

> "Hey kid, I know what you're thinking: yeah yeah, just another cryo-bum right? Fresh outta the freezer with no place to go? Well, I'll have you know that I'm liveblogging this right now, and fifty million people are rating, subscribing, and commenting about your sanctimonious attitude. I'm one of the most popular Tiny-Home-slash-Micro-Home Content Creators™ on Stuxtagram, so that oughta show you, heh."

"Sorry, I wasn't looking at you dude--"

> "Yeah yeah, save it. Just know that you're never really homeless if you carry your home with you. I got all the creature comforts you could ever possibly need, all strapped to my back."

"I swear I was not looking at you, and if I was I didn't mean any disrespect."

"Can it. I make fucking bank with this gig. My Fartreon is *stacked*. I get offers for paid endorsements every other week. My follower count is snowballing. What have you ever done? Know what Tiny-Home-slash-Micro-Home groupies are like? Ever see a 80-pound vegan slut? Ever smell a cunt that smelled like lettuce and fresh herbs? Sure I may take shits in a pint-sized Mason jar, but I made more Basic Attention Tokens in the last ten seconds than you'll see in a month if you're lucky. Take this as a lesson if you're smart. Strap a house to your back, son, or get left in the dust."

"Before Jaihoo could apologize further, the house-man shuffled off like a hermit crab. In his haste, he nearly tripped up a stiltwalking albino gender-hacker, who was marching the opposite way and peering into apartment windows with multi-spectrum spy-specs. Evidently, the gender-hacker liked what it saw, because there was a thin strand of milky pink fluid leaking from the mashed-up hamburger meat be-

tween its legs--one continuous strand, from twelve feet up, extending to the concrete, and trailing off for quite a ways down the block. The Future sure was a strange place, Jaihoo thought. Humanity had lost all sense of morality, tradition, and dignity, but this hyper modified, publicly masturbating, giraffe pedophile eunuch made him think that maybe in the end everything would be OK.

Jaihoo had a series of micro-revelations as he drank in the rainbow cornucopia of *Homo²* (the proper name for Future humanity--*Homo Superior* was briefly considered but ultimately deemed too insensitive towards members of obviously inferior races). The variety and novelty of it all gave him mind-expanding tingles, like watching a dozen TEDx talks at the same time.

There was a nubile crump performer in nothing but beads, with synthetic peacock, eagle, and kakapo feathers implanted in her face, forming a veridian mane around her feline features. A Victorian child robot led a heavyset adult robot down the street on a leash, barking orders by Khöömei throat-singing. Birds with the heads of politicians scanned everyone's MegaNet® engagement metadata and sang campaign hymns at those swing-voters deemed most susceptible to augmented reality advertising. A gang of kids ran up to a homeless guy in an alley and injected him with twelve estro-pens, causing him to sprout uneven breasts and yell in a lilting voice, *"You little mother fuckers, I oughta slap you!"* The kids giggled and disappeared into an arcade portal. It was truly a smorgasbord of Life 3.0.

Also watching the posthuman display was a finely-gowned Black Hebrew Israelite cart vendor, selling microwaved potato chips and fresh, hot sodas.

[interact:

Put a bag of Ruffles potato chips and a can of Diet Coke in the microwave for thirty seconds on high. Enjoy your tasty snack as you continue to be enchanted by this most magical of tales.]

The sight of the hot, crispy chips and sizzling, fresh sodas made Jaihoo realize how thirsty he was. This thirst brought with it a sudden realization: if he was going to be stuck in The Future long-term, he would have to get a job and attempt to integrate into this new society, at the very least so he could afford yummy snacks when he needed them.

Jaihoo got up, tired of staring at the freaks, and joined the steady deluge of trudging pedestrian traffic. His eyes scanned the crowd for a friendly face, but it seemed like everyone in The Future was just nasty and mean! Finally, after walking for many blocks, he came upon a nice-looking chap with kind eyes--a man dressed like a 1920s newsie, complete with plaid dress shirt and *The Hundreds* Gatsby cap.

"Hey man, what's a Guy gotta do to find work around here?" Jaihoo asked.

"Woik? Oh ya mean a jahb?" Not only was the man dressed like a 1920s newsie, but he had taken on what he believed to be a 1920s newsie's vocal affect as well.

"Ain't a prahblem, Chester--jahbs around heya are free! Thaat's roight, COMPUTAS, the guy in chahge, he's awwwll about creatin' jabs, won't stoip talkin' 'bout 'em in fact, heh, heh."

He pointed a crusty finger at a space-age ATM holo-monitor nearby, *"Yeah, awwls ya gotta do is, see that toiminal ova dere? Dere's one every coupla blahcks-jahb vendas, easy ta use, even if ya disabled or gay, they'll get ya sorted out, Mack."*

With a couple squeezes of his rubber bulb horn, the curious little character skipped off along his merry way.

The Borg-Warner-Smartmatic 5366 AutoJob™ kiosk was packed with cool opportunities. Holographic listings flew around his head like gnats. This was nothing like Jaihoo's home-time of [two-and-a-half-years-hence], where there were only a few hundred employment openings in the whole world (most of which were unpaid apprenticeships or internships). He scrolled through the listings--there was folding and unfolding paper, standing in closets, stepping into and out of empty barrels, being a public schoolteacher or a fireman, and plenty of other *seemingly* useless jobs that top economists all agreed were actually the foundation of a healthy economy!

stepping in and out of barrels
School...
Honora
Pedo
PhiL

"NEWS"
Extra, Extra, Computaz creates jobs!!!
Fuck Work
HMM... Computaz creates jobs? Shiiit. Sound like a cool cat to me nigga. being as I need a job and all. fuck it mane.

Job world
folding and unfolding paper
Honorary retarded pedophile
fireman
journalist of certain websites

Jai was just a bit let down, because even though the market was flourishing with vibrant activity, there didn't appear to be much substantial or meaningful work for a highly-motivated, detail-oriented, strategically-minded, team-playing, results-driven, synergistic, go-getting, outside-the-box-thinking, thrill-seeking, agile rockstar ninja such as himself, a guru of responsive RESTful communication and prompt refactoring. His disappointment, however, was tempered by the knowledge that the top brains in the field all agreed that having people doing inconsequential tasks for no reason was the best way to keep the economy 'stimulated', and was also the only way to keep skippies employed.

He sighed heavily, consigning himself to a realistic and mature worldview, which is what all young men must do. There was a job nearby that looked OK: Page Tearer at the local NEGGL (Neo-Earth Good Govamint League) Booktorium. The hours were Allah cart so he went to work right away.

The Booktorium was located next to a *Your Majesty's Royal Church of God House of Chicken and Waffles*, and the stench of one-thousand frying chickens was like a freight train of stank that drop-kicked Jaihoo deep in the lungs. It ignited within him a hunger that was equally insane, primal, and depraved. The scent filled his head with visions of robbing convenience stores and setting White women on fire after raping them. He had no idea why the fried chicken smell made him think these things, but it did nonetheless.

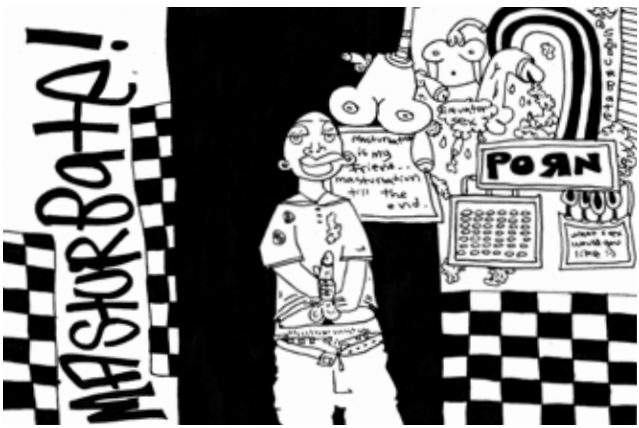
The odor persisted through the massive revolving doors and well into the atrium of the Booktorium, which was once-upon-a-time a magnificent library, but had since fallen into disrepair due to municipal incompetence. The atrium floor featured an intricate parquet pattern with interlacing light and dark woods, but it was scuffed and marred from years of abuse with no upkeep. The walls, which were probably originally paneled mahogany, had been plastered over with some sort of fire-retardant pink stucco, making the whole place feel like a hospital. For whatever nebulous administrative reason, the ceiling--a beautiful geometric hemisphere adorned with re-creation renaissance paintings--was partially obscured by standard-issue 2x4' drop-ceiling panels and fluorescent shop lights. In the corners and all along the walls were large piles of every sort of book--brand new, hard and soft-cover, photo books, history books and fiction--just heaps of 'em.

pages :|

tear ~~paper~~ out

* government

Jaihoo's work assignment was on the top floor, so he went over to the elevators on the other side of the room. In The Future, elevator use comes at a hefty price, because they're basically the only part of the world yet to be monetized by ads. Additionally--thanks to a convoluted NEGGL contract kickback scheme that involved the transfer of 150,000 ageplaying refugees from Denmark to Idaho, the nuclear armament of several pirate island nations in what was once called Indonesia, and an infant sex ring (run by Mark Cuban and involving govamint officials at every level including heads of state)--all elevators in The Future, in the entire world, are outfitted with 18-speaker Bang & Olufsen LifePlay™ 365.Home™ sound systems. For the high price of 200,000 DAO tokens, elevator riders are treated to the most exquisite, sublime audio experience possible--an aural orgasm surpassing even the *Beyond Maximum Pleasure* setting of the Sensato pods (for a few precious moments at least). Rich people ride elevators recreationally, but Jaihoo didn't have that kinda scratch yet.



Instead, he had to hoof it up seven flights of stairs. Even though he was a skinny guy, he was miserably out of shape; the climb left him huffing and puffing. The cybernetic legs, which ran on ecological ly-purestrain solar gas (high-octane gas derived from the power of one or more suns), helped him sure enough, but just the torso-twisting action required by the ascent was enough to suck the wind out of him. There was no cell service here in The Future, so his vapephone

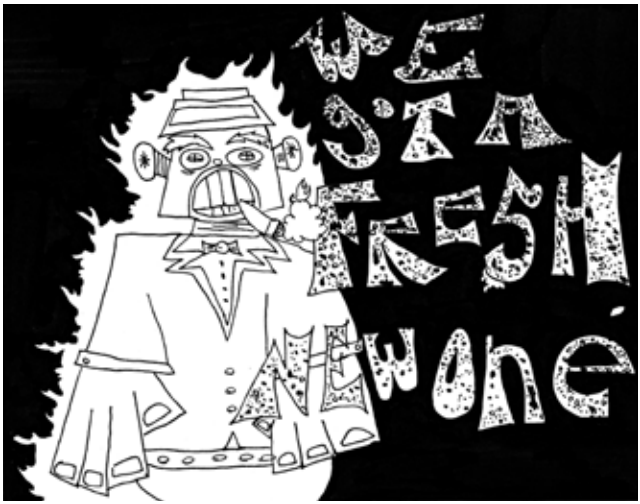
couldn't make outgoing calls, but there was a little bit of juice left in the tank, so Jaihoo took a few big pulls at the top of the last flight of stairs. He blew out a massive cloud of Acid Jank Swamp Thang™ (strawberry-mint-vermouth-albuterol) and the tightness in his chest eased almost immediately.

The top level was set up like a garment sweatshop, with harsh lights hanging from exposed steel girders and a dusty linoleum floor, but instead of sewing machines there were cubicles with paper cutters, giant novelty scissors and all sorts of strange, sharp implements. The warm, chemical smell of freshly-printed paper was nearly thick enough to see.

"We got a new one, chief!" a voice called out from an undisclosed location.

The door to a side office opened, and out rolled a small, spherical, orange-and-white robot. He was wearing a green casino visor and smoking a 60-gauge stoge; when he spoke, the sound emanated from a tobacco-encrusted silicon cloaca in the center of his head:

"Whattaya... Wait, lemme guess--stupid look on ya face, worn out Under Armour HeatGear®, committing numerous fashion crimes, obviously low-IQ, genuine


WE GET FRESH
NEW ONE

Jaihoo, you are... a time traveler

SporeanX facial features,inflamed skin around your augmented reality implant… Dat means ya eitha fresh outta a cryotank, which you don't look quite soggy enough for, or… a *time traveler?* Did I nail it??"

"Yes, I'm just--" Jaihoo started.

"I'm sure it's very interesting, the time you come from, and I'd be truly amazed at all ya tales, so let's skip to the end of that conversation: *wow,* I'm impressed. Now, see these big fockin' piles'a books ova deya? Doze are new books, fresh off da printin' presses. Your job is to take 'em, rip all da pages out clean--*clean,* you understand--t'row da pages in one pile and the covas in anudda pile. We pay out in scratch tickets, and don't come complainin' ta me if ya don't win anything--that's your deal. Any issues, shove 'em up ya ass. Got a problem with a coworker? Shove it up your ass. You want more scratch tickets, shove it up ya ass. COMPUTAS gives you dis job so you can be a producktive memba of so-sigh-et-tee, not so you can give honest bots like me grief about ya back hurts and this that and the otha'. Enjoy, kid, and come see me when you're ready to quit so I can give ya two slaps across tha fockin' mout' 'cus I like ya. By da way, tha name's PLUG5--Page-Liquidating Utility Golem 5, glad to be of service. You know what they say, when PLUG5 is on da job, Plebian Literature Under Goes 5terilization! Get it? Open ya fuckin' ears, jackass. Laugh now, and figure it out when ya go home tonight."

The little orange ball bot was already rolling backwards as he closed off his introduction, but not quickly enough to miss Jaihoo with one final blast of putrid cigar smoke. It was super-heated synth tabac-alike, and it smelled more like frying gear oil and aerosolized aluminum than actual tobacco. PLUG5 made a rhythmic squeaking sound as he bobbled back into his cramped office.

my first day of Work
team work
Book Ripper 92982

Step one - pick up a new book
Step 2. open to a fresh page
Step 3. rip the pages
throw it on the ground
Welcome to the team

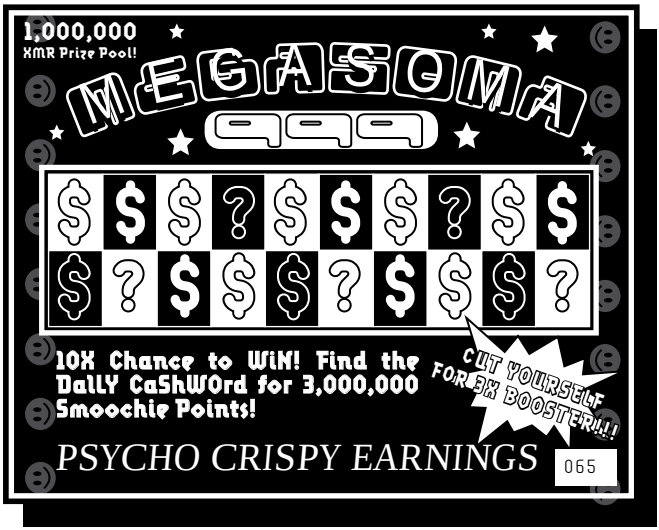
the Bookitorium

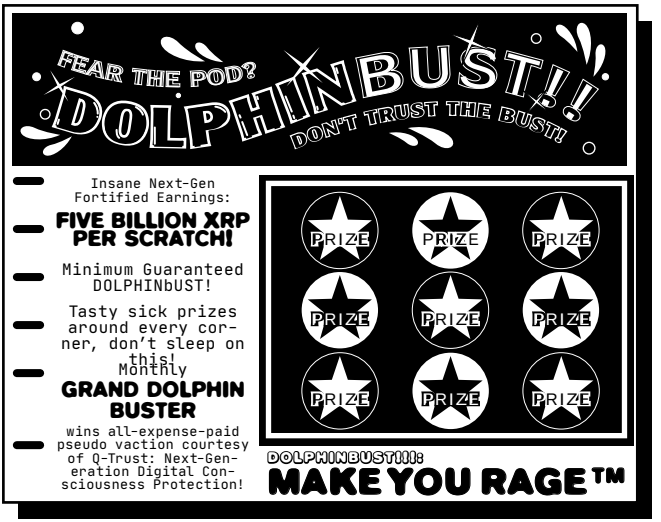
Now, Jaihoo might have been totally out of his element in the year 2177. He might also have been totally broke, nearly stripped naked, with no contacts or idea of what to do next. But if there was one thing Jaihoo was good at, though, it was demoralizing, intelligence-insulting, gov amint-provided make-work.

He got to tearing pages with a speed few in the office had seen before. Most of the books were history books, mixed in with sociology, queer theory, and bisexual fiction. He ripped and ripped with gusto, with an almost machine-like focus. If he was this good dry, imagine what he was capable of with a few XR tabs.

With each book Jaihoo eviscerated, a slot in his desk would spit out new lotto tickets like an arcade machine. He didn't have time to get to scratching and collecting his winnings just yet, but he could see them out of the corner of his eye--the flashy graphics and big numbers enticed him. By the time he was done here he'd probably have enough to buy a luxury yacht!

800bubblecrisp
Tight Earnings For The *Craver* In You!
800BUBBLECRISP DOMINATES WITH 9999 QRK IN EVERY SQUARE (JUST TRY TO HANDLE IT)
WIN OR DIE!!!
INSANE PRIZES EVERY TEN BUBBLES
189


1,000,000
XMR Prize Pool!
MEGASOMA
10X Chance to WiN! Find the DailY CaShWOrd for 3,000,000 Smoochie Points!
CUT YOURSELF FOR 3X BOOSTER!!!
PSYCHO CRISPY EARNINGS
065


FEAR THE POD?
DOLPHINBUST!!!
DON'T TRUST THE BUST!
Insane Next-Gen Fortified Earnings:
FIVE BILLION XRP PER SCRATCH!
Minimum Guaranteed DOLPHINbUST!
Tasty sick prizes around every corner, don't sleep on this!
Monthly
GRAND DOLPHIN BUSTER
wins all-expense-paid pseudo vaction courtesy of Q-Trust: Next-Generation Digital Consciousness Protection!
PRIZE
PRIZE
PRIZE
PRIZE
PRIZE
PRIZE
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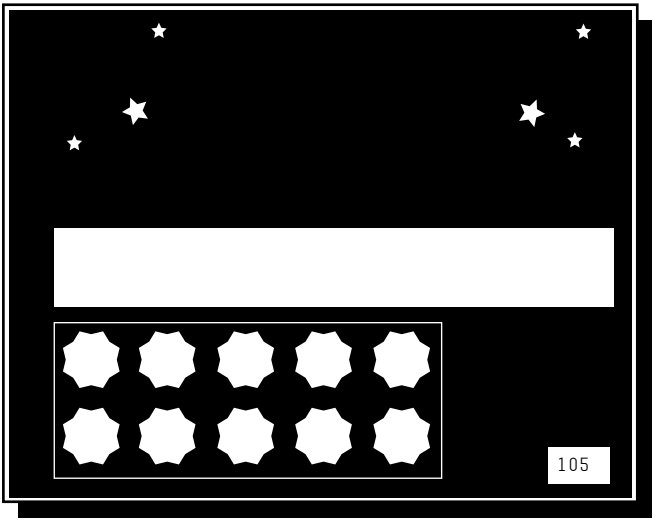
PRIZE
PRIZE
DOLPHINBUST!!!:
MAKE YOU RAGE™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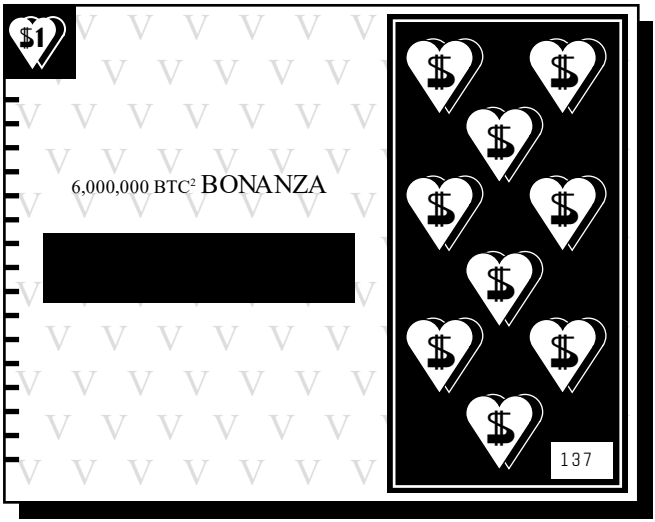
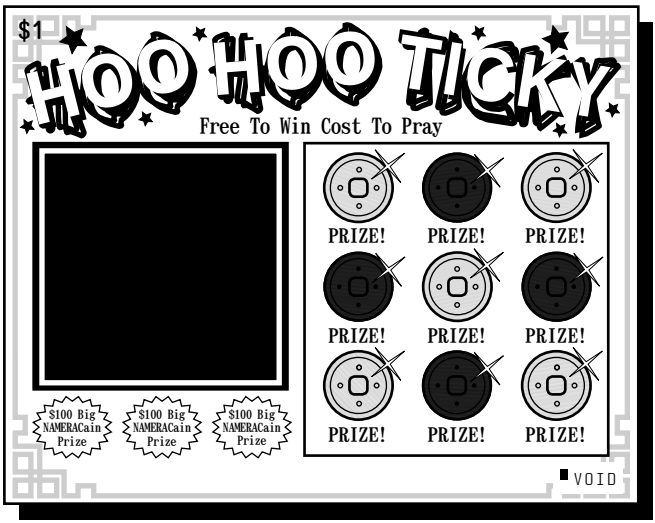

$1
6,000,000 BTC² BONANZA
137


$1
HOO HOO TICKY
Free To Win Cost To Pray
PRIZE!
PRIZE!
PRIZE!
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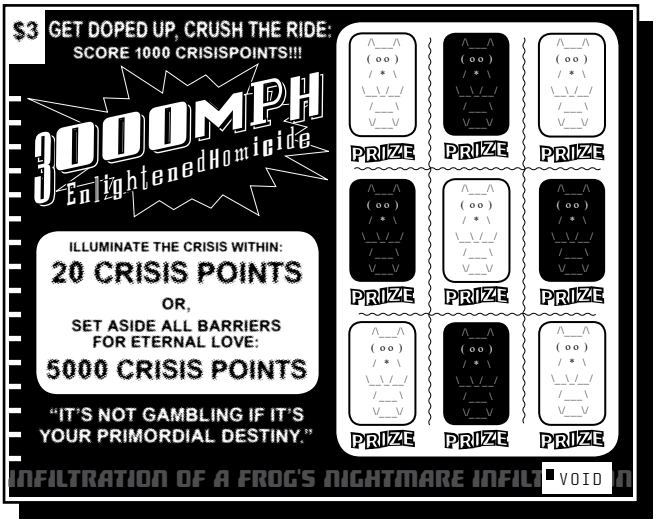
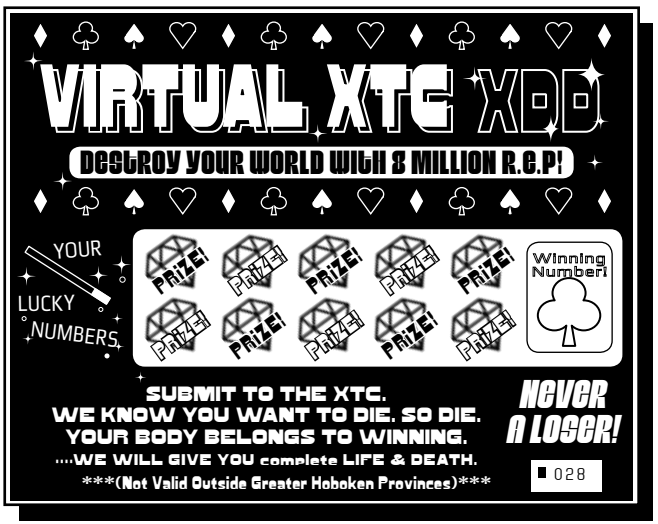
$100 Big NAMERACain Prize
$100 Big NAMERACain Prize
$100 Big NAMERACain Prize
VOID


$3 GET DOPED UP, CRUSH THE RIDE:
SCORE 1000 CRISISPOINTS!!!
3000MPH
EnlightenedHomicide
ILLUMINATE THE CRISIS WITHIN:
20 CRISIS POINTS
OR,
SET ASIDE ALL BARRIERS
FOR ETERNAL LOVE:
5000 CRISIS POINTS
"IT'S NOT GAMBLING IF IT'S
YOUR PRIMORDIAL DESTINY."
PRIZE
INFILTRATION OF A FROG'S NIGHTMARE INFILT
VOID


VIRTUAL XTC XDD
DESTROY YOUR WORLD WITH 8 MILLION R.e.P!
YOUR
LUCKY
NUMBERS
PRIZE!
Winning Number!
SUBMIT TO THE XTC.
WE KNOW YOU WANT TO DIE. SO DIE.
YOUR BODY BELONGS TO WINNING.
....WE WILL GIVE YOU complete LIFE & DEATH.
(Not Valid Outside Greater Hoboken Provinces)
Never A Loser!
028

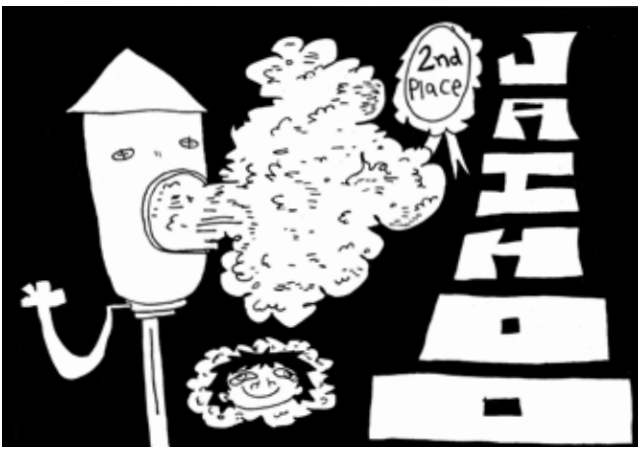
Jaihoo had no idea how much these various cryptocurrencies and prizes could be worth, but he figured it was probably a lot. At the very least, it would be enough for a *Your Majesty's Royal Church of God House of Chicken* and Waffles Excalibur Bone Bucket meal with extra crispy sauce. It had to be so--after all, they couldn't pay him *nothing!*

His brain was now a master craftsman's instrument, finely-tuned to its task, like Nakai-san's fender saw. He charged onward. Book after book, he did the gruelling work that Whites just didn't want to do anymore. His favorites were the history books; he loved to rip from them pages of beautiful frescoes, breathtaking statues and awe-inspiring aqueducts before throwing them in the pneumatic incinerator tube. The feel of the finest archival paper, the soft linen stretched over the hard covers, and the gold leaf embossed letters that distinguished these ancient tomes of wisdom was like reaching out and touching the past. He savored these brief moments each time before ripping the books apart and disposing of the guts.

At the end of the day, a steam whistle sounded off, signifying that the work was done. All the employees filed out of their cubicles and down the rows, congregating in front of a big white board. The portly orange overseer robot, PLUG5, took center stage.

"First place again, big surprise: Bice, round of applause for Bice ladies and gentlemen. Second place, good job new kid: Jaihoo. Third place--"

He continued on down the list, but as soon as he'd mentioned Jaihoo's name, the circle of workers erupted into a cacophony of hushed gossip:



"Jaihoo, he's--"

"--but those numbers--"

"--a-almost as good as Bice--"

"--second place, wow, didn't realize--"

PLUGS continued his reading, going over the daily orders of business and points of contention, but the crowd paid him no heed. They were too busy discussing the newcomer and his impressively high score. Where had the boy come from? Was he an experienced page-ripper, or had he nearly tied the reigning champion on his first day? Then, all of a sudden, the whispering stopped.

oh my god, this new kid Jaihoo is almost as good as Bice
bice is the best
FUCK
bice
bice
bice
bice - he is epic. but, this guy Jaihoo.. he is a beast.

Across from Jaihoo, the crowd parted for a man--about the same height as him, dark, draped in a mysterious asymmetrical extra-long-zip ACRONYM hoodie... Was it...? No, it couldn't be--

It was NecromancerZ.

The figure was, and at the same time wasn't, his old twin rival. This incarnation of NecromancerZ had *sharper* hair, perhaps even a shade darker than the jet black it was over a century ago. The skin--once pure, perfect, porcelain and Korean, almost ice white with just a touch of purple--was now grey, with some sort of subtle hexagonal lattice-work, perhaps wires, running just under the skin. His Google Cyber-Eyes glowed like digital embers through ic! berlin Nixenstraβe frames as they simulcast the owner's visual feed across dozens of social media streaming services and podcast channels at once. A dimly-lit and horizontally-flipped number inside the glasses, on NecromancerZ's HUD, indicated a current cumulative visfeed viewership of over six million.[38]

He wore many articles of clothing Jaihoo didn't recognize: newer pieces of exquisite, rare fashion that were more sophisticated and high-tech than any he'd seen before, but the fragrance, however, was an eternal classic that Jaihoo knew well--Comme des Garcons *Odeur 71*, an anti-cologne designed to smell like metal and electricity. The air around Necro seemed to spark with evil energy.

"Bice," the crowd intoned reverently.

"Hello, Jaihoo," said NecromancerZ.

[38] Page-ripping streams were one of the easiest ways for workers to cash in on their daily drudgery, since the random distribution of lotto tickets closely resembled the ever-popular unboxing/lootcrate vlog format. What's more, the ripping community had by this time developed a vibrant subculture obsessing over the qualities of different books, comparing page thickness, paper feel, riplines, tear times, spine solidity, rectal compatibility, and more.

Ch.13: THE rippin' and THE TEARIN'

NecromancerZ didn't say **PG.266** anything to Jaihoo after that, he just hit a pose (which Jaihoo had to admit was cool-looking) then rollerbladed off. It was classic NecromancerZ--even if you hated the guy, you had to admit: he knew how to make an exit.

The next day, Jaihoo hit the fashion district. The Amazon *Swipemob Xpress*™ kiosk enabled him to exchange the swag he'd earned at work for a Platinum Swag Card. A single one of these babies was worth enough for a night at a Sensato hotel, a *Your Majesty's Royal Church of God House of Chicken and Waffles* Cumpy Gritlin Stackler™, and a few choice pieces of fresh gear on top of that. In fact, the new gear was how he spent most of his earnings.

If Jaihoo was to successfully compete with NecromancerZ (now apparently known as Bice), he would need to look the part. After chowing down on his Cumpy Gritlin Stackler™,[39] he stopped by the Tommy

[39] Cumpy Gritlin Stackler™: a sandwich made with Cajun Pickums® (trade name for any one of ConAgra-Cytogen's synthetic non-Newtonian stem-cell pickle varieties), Hearty Holesum Harvest Aioli™, Psi-ghum™ (a proprietary blend of psionically-enhanced pink plankton-based meal, bathed in dream-state excretion chemicals, which forms a telepathic link with the consumer and broadcasts intense shared-pleasure waves upon being consumed), Nacho Mama's Flippin' Zesty Kheese (Shell Rotella® T6, salt, κ-casein, StemExpress CB1100C or CB1103C, "Real Cheese Flavor"), all on a locally-sourced whole-grain bun (several Real grains encased in an AlloDerm tissue matrix, with GMO Cornstein™ filler). Goes great with a Cumpy Starburst Acidophilus Guzzler™. Yum!

Tai-lo pop-up shop and copped some fly pickups. He got **PG.267** the Zeo BlackMan5s in the gummyworm/roshambo colorway, a pair of Royal Inchyo gold-rimmed Cruncheon kaleido-sunglasses, and cargo pants with the pockets turned inside-out. He couldn't afford much more than that, but these strong starter pieces would be a firm foundation for a savage contemporary collection.[40]

Bice wasn't very happy that his daily score had nearly been bested by a newcomer, but even if Jaihoo had taken the #1 slot in this battle, *Bice's* fashion was so advanced and futuristic that the war would still be far from over. Jai would need to assemble an indomitable menagerie of rare kicks, snapbacks, and camp caps. This was personal.

After a good night's rest at the Sensato hotel--a full eight hours of Sleep-Alike™ realistic sleep analogue experience condensed into five minutes of dreamstate pleasure sensations--Jaihoo was ready to take on his new challenge. Thankfully, he'd remembered CHIPS' warning not to even *think* about trying *Beyond Maximum Pleasure,* opting instead for *Justifiably Intense,* which still felt pretty good.

He clocked back in for another 22-hour shift at the Booktorium, feeling refreshed and balanced from the five minutes of imitation sleep. The stage was set now for the ultimate showdown, more fiery and charged with meaning and climactic potential than any drift battle he had ever participated in. In fact, today's contest was so important, years later Jaihoo would liken it to thetime *Kenchi Tsuchiya* (in his *Tec-Art's AE86*[41]) battled *Nobuteru Taniguchi* (in a Nissan *R34 Skyline*[41]) to determine who would be king of the Gunsai Togey (no surprise, Tsuchiya won!)

Though it may sound hyperbolic now, it truly was possible that the fate of the known universe rested on the outcome of the upcoming book-ripping contest. Despite this, at the time Jaihoo hadn't the slightest suspicion that it was anything more than the set-

[40] He already had the shortlist for next paycheck's purchases: Samsung hovering monocle, Ryobi telescoping tongue-extender, PVC nose flares, Faggot. Lover™ astral projection headband, and CyberCcRrUuNnCcHhXTigerDirect tactical sneaker lights.

tling of a personal grudge. For all he knew, it was just another Tuesday, another menial task, another bully to deal with--he had no idea that centuries later, historians would (assuming all went according to plan) delineate the two most important eras as BBBJ and BBWBJ[42] -- *Before Battle of Bice and Jaihoo*, and *Bice Battle Won By Jaihoo.* **PG.268**

Things were funny like that, Jaihoo would one day (assuming that everything in this timeline went as planned[43]) remark to himself while sitting on the front porch of his Neoplasmin farmhouse (which would at the time be run by his great-grandkids, Jaihoo having retired from street racing and Neoplasmin farming decades earlier). You never really know

[41] Two popular Chinky Jap goom dung Gook bok rice cleaner cars from the rate 20th century. Think Asian handjob massage parlor flip-flop flat face broken teeth sucking eel head with purple zippers for eyes riving in bug-chatter gutter noodle poop sewer, but in car form. Just imagine making a car that was perfectly bathroom cleaning vomit pump foot scum mantis rice bowl fish deepthroating pubic hair, then mix it with atomic bomb pedophile suicide acorn dick pubic rice rape hotel upskirt... But turned into a car, that's what Japanese cars are rike. Rike a normal car but more green tea bukkake public cumming pubic hair rice sprinkled on top, mixed with pedophile schoolgirl with sea creatures in her vagina and teeth rike shattered concrete and gnarled rebar stained with Seven Stars cigarette tar being raped by businessmen for noodle cup rice yen sucking inchrong udon dicks in pedophile cartoon costume clattering tin-can cockroach monosyllables with father committing insane Chink cherry blossom suicide Nanking rape on junky-roud tempura Suzuki atomic bomb pubic hair. But turned into a car. This is the essence of both the AE86 and the Nissan R34 Skyline and one must rice embrace rice and understand these rice asymmetric rice aesthetic rice principles rice to rice truly rice appreciate rice Japanese rice automotive rice culture.

[42] Not to be confused with BareBack BlowJob and Big Beautiful Woman BlowJob.

[43] [INTERACT: Jump ahead now to the last page and find out!]

not even years after the fact. The people, things and events that are the most important in the moment are many times forgotten a year or two later, and the seemingly inconsequential regular fabric that is woven by your choices and habits can haunt you forever if left to weave itself unattended. The home run slugs and pants-shitting catastrophes of life are like stones hurled into a pond, making a great loud splash--but with the resultant ripples quickly subsiding into the mass of water, and lily pads, frogs, bugs, flowers remaining undisturbed. Meanwhile, the day-to-day mundanity, the unchecked trudgery, the lichens that grow in the armpits of the world, and the relentless whittling away at prison walls by an insane man with a spoon, all build their momentum without much fanfare until one day a tidal wave of needles, condoms, and shit logs rages up on the beach, ripping your shorts off and choking you with said shit logs before dragging you out into inescapable undertow where you live the rest of your life getting retro video game tattoos and wacking off to Outdoors rape with a brunette.

Future Jaihoo would be tormented by what he couldn't have, what he'd lost, what he'd turned away before realizing its value, and how things could've been so perfect *if only he had done something or other.* Most torturous of all, however, was the fact that he never knew what he needed to know before he needed to know it. Even after ten, twenty, a hundred kicks to the balls, he couldn't manage to get the blinders off and see more than five feet from his face. How could this be the case for *him*--a precocious child, a thoughtful seeker of enlightenment, a gifted high-IQ smartie with all the *potential* and *talent?* Was that just the nature of being? Was he just a dog barking at the wind, unable to shake himself out of the fog with all his potential and talent, his impotent rage and grief?[44]

[INTERACT:
THINK ABOUT YOUR WORST REGRET;
now imagine it was fixed and your life was
GREAT!
If you're too young to have a regret like this--the kind that shatters your soul, brings you down to your knees and makes you think about driving head-on into oncoming traffic anytime it rains at night--then just imagine that sort of pain.
DON'T WORRY, BECAUSE IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN TO YOU!
PLAY SOME VIDYA!]

For Current-Time Jaihoo, his storybook romance with Kaileesi, the love of his life, had thus far been an object lesson on what *not* to do. It was a lesson that proved right every misogynistic manosphere tenet,

[44] **This is not auto-biographical, don't worry! ;)**

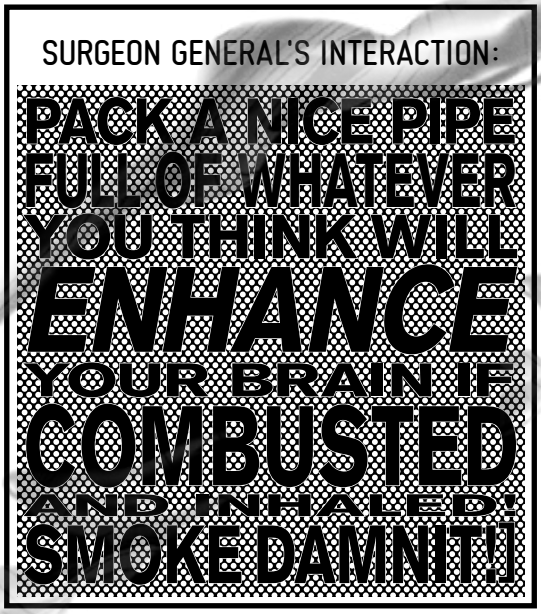
though he was always too lovesick and self-hating to come to any conclusion other than a nebulous, generalized 'bad' feeling, which--when it became too strong to avoid talking about--Kaileesi always blamed on toxic masculinity. As a remedy, she recommended radical vagina exposure therapy, though this never really did anything for Jaihoo except make the lower half of his face smell like sour dairy mixed with a black person's armpit.

PG.271

He did everything the magazines, TV doctors and spiritual authorities said that a boy needed to do to be an attentive and caring lover, but it still wasn't enough. The monstrosity that had chemically ensnared him only reciprocated his love by making a sport out of undermining and mocking him. He didn't even have enough self-respect to face this fact, let alone do something about it. Even after Kaileesi forcibly volunteered him for a dangerous, possibly fatal time-travel experiment, all he could think about was the acknowledgement and validation IV-drip of her time-capsule messages.

Jaihoo looked down at the fine literature he was about to shred into confetti and thought back to his final drift race--over 100 years in the past now--which from his perspective was only a few days ago. Even that race, which he had imagined would be a Magnum Opus performance, was a critical failure; a defeat that not only humiliated him, but also cost him his legs and his wheels. It almost seemed as though the more he desired a positive outcome (or the more he put something on a pedestal), the more let down he would ultimately be. Was this a universal principle? Or did he just have some serious bad luck?

Sometime in the next Age of Man, Future Jaihoo the Neoplasmin farmer would smoke a relaxing pipe packed with Gyroximin brain-enhancing smokable secreto and ruminate on the significance of this book-ripping contest. He would remember this day as his first real battle with NecromancerZ in over a hundred years--a battle which would lay the groundwork for what was to come.


SURGEON GENERAL'S INTERACTION:
PACK A NICE PIPE FULL OF WHATEVER YOU THINK WILL ENHANCE YOUR BRAIN IF COMBUSTED AND INHALED! SMOKE DAMNIT!!

Jaihoo took a moment to appreciate the metallic clamor as the books came tumbling down the chute; the dull thud when they landed on his workspace; the warmth of the freshly printed paper; the tautness of the glued seam as he positioned his hands for the first rip--and finally the rip itself, like the scream of a mother driving her kids to the next life in a fatal rollover slow-motion car crash. These were practice books and wouldn't be counted towards the final tally, but Jaihoo ripped them with zeal and precision, as if his life depended on them.

His co-workers were standing around with greedy, expectant looks on their faces, anxious for the bloodshed to begin. People really were si mple-minded beasts, generally--the only way to captivate them was

with a good sex show or a public execution. Cruel as it may seem, this was just the way things were for all of human herstory (not a typo, look it up), and the way things would continue to be for a good while, until somebody wises up and invents/enforces some form of digital empathy.

None of them had ever seen anyone come close to beating *Bice's* score, not even the old-timers. The various chi clouds and karma swirls in the room were frothing like psychic bubble tea.[45] PLUG5, the spherical little Eichmann, had given them all permission to take two five-minute breaks to watch the beginning and end of the battle--a concession he made not only out of fear of insurrection but also because he wanted an excuse to watch the contest himself. Robots still got their rocks off from schadenfreude, just like the rest of us.

Jaihoo looked across the cubicles at *Bice,* or, as he was once known, NecromancerZ. What was it all those years ago that caused NecromancerZ to turn on him, to betray him so callously and publicly? Why, Necro...? *Why Goddamnit?!* One day--fast friends, exposing themselves to one another, using Nintendo 64 Rumble Paks to attain ever higher levels of pleasure together, commanding legions of Zerglings in a free-to-play Korean Starcraft clone; the next day--mortal enemies, sworn to hatred forever over a savage Tumblr roast.

A hand tugged at Jaihoo's Rag & Bone® ribbed modal Aiden frock. He turned around to find an unfortunate wretch even shorter than he. The man was weathered and downtrodden but had good style, like a homeless Karl Lagerfeld. There was a look of true desperation in his eyes.

"My name is Choris, seur. I'm one of the old-timers here; been around as long as I can count, ripped more books than nearly any of em, seur. That *Bice,* he's evil, seur, yes he is. *Chorrrris* tells no lies, that *Bice* is evil, yes seur. Please take this, take this seur, and use it to defeat the *Bice*."

[45] A popular drink from antiquity (early-mid 21st century) made with dishwater and tapioca balls (substituted in most cases with cartilagecartilege, Xanthan gum, carrageenan, and/or wood pulp) balls. Sold to college students and young people by ugly, smashed-in-face-having, rice-paddy-hat-wearing, leather-skinned, moped-riding Viet Cong fishmongers.

He discreetly slipped Jaihoo a capsule; Jaihoo didn't even need to look to know what it was. He could tell by the grit of the enteric coating, and the characteristic weight and size, that it was a Vyvanse® Z06, the strongest ADHD medication known to man. Shire Plc had made a few improvements over the last century--the capsule was now a fun hot-pink color, and it was studded like a textured condom so you had a better idea of whether or not you'd swallowed it properly--but it had the same tried and tested Vyvanse® magic, Jaihoo could just tell. He could tell because the pill had an aura to it, and like all Indigo Children he could read auras. He hoped he wouldn't need to use it, but pocketed it all the same. **PG.274**

"Thanks dude."

"Yes, seur. You've got to--must, defeat *Bice*. Years ago, seur... He raped me. Raped me right over there after work was done, nothing I could do about it seur. Choris tells no lies. Anyway, seur, you don't want to hear old Choris moan all day about his follies. Concentrate on the task at hand, seur. Defeat *Bice*."

Jaihoo couldn't believe what he'd just heard, but all rape victims' stories must be listened to and considered true, and so it was with this one. Now it was even more personal than before: now, there was a rape to answer for.

The buzzer rang and the ripping began. Before him, Jaihoo had stacks and stacks of beautiful Phaidon art books, ancient Roman and European history books, anthropology and biology classics, reprints of the great works of Darwin, Newton, Aristotle, and folios of drawings by M.C. Escher. No expense was spared in the printing of these books. As per COMPUTAS' instructions, they were mostly printed on heavyweight matte finish art paper using Pantone inks--some with custom options like ragged or gold leaf edges, ribbon placeholders, lay-flat binding, etc. In this way, the books provided jobs not only to those who tore them apart and disposed of them, but also to a small army of artisanal craftsmen and master printers. Books truly were an economic miracle.

Jaihoo took a moment to savor with his fingertips the fine texture of the paper and the pliant strength of the cover and bindings. He may

have been a fourth-year Sophomore student at New York **PG.275** University Yale Harvard Baby College, but Jaihoo still had never learned to read. He remembered the teachings of Professor Levi Goldstein--his Imaginary Studies teacher--and closed his eyes, imagining that he knew how to read. If he could, he would use his ability to scour the books for treasure troves of information, then mentally catalogue said pieces of information and formulate sentences that impressed people. He would find the most esoteric ideas he could; ideas that were so counterintuitive, so deconstructive, so couched in obtuse jargon, that they *had* to be right. Once he had those *right* ideas, he would use them to belittle and demean anyone who dared challenge him. It was a silly fantasy--Jaihoo knew that such intellectual artillery could only be wielded by women and professors. He was just a dumb page-ripper, and there were pages that needed ripping.

He shredded faster than any machine could, like the John Henry of destroying books. He'd grab one from the pile, lay it flat, and yank the guts cleanly out, tossing them in the pneumatic incinerator tube like the inside of a blunt into a mostly empty 7/11 cup. The covers he flung like frisbies over at a laundry chute opening which went to a different, more eco-conscious incinerator. As the Premium Crunch Bell™ rang, Jaihoo had already gone through nearly two-thousand books.

An obnoxious Skippie voice whooped over the PA:

"YO! DIS' YA BOY, SCOO' VAN COO':

like a Skippie be doin', bounceball player for the Atlanta-Newyork Embrollers and star of _Oh My Gawd!_, in aug theaters and retinal vids everywhere dis Friday, _ya hearin' me bwoy!?_ Today's Premium Crunch Time™ is brought ta you by dem bwoys, _Ten Cent Toons, Merck,_ and _Bearcat_ rugged equestrian insoles, 'cus yo feet be itchin' an' sheit."

The other workers filed out to lunch, some craning their necks a moment or two longer to drink in the chaos of battle, but none so interested as to dare missing out on Premium Crunch Time™. Jaihoo used the chaos as cover for slipping the Vyvanse® out of his pocket and swallowing it. So far, he was on fire--ripping with an amazing level of focus

Religion

and feeling good to boot--but he didn't want to risk losing **PG.278** a single second to non-medicated distraction. He had to avenge the rape of Choris;, had to make things right. The Vyvanse® would help, and he knew from personal experience that amphetamine-based pharmaceuticals had no real side effects and could be safely used recreationally, or as a performance enhancer on an as-needed basis, or all the time.

Jaihoo and *Bice* sarged on. The ripping had taken on a rhythmic quality, with both boys shredding, chucking papers, flinging covers, and grabbing fresh books nearly in tandem. PLUG5 had shut and locked the door to his office, drawn his cheap shutters, and was now taking cover under his desk, not sure what to make of the insane situation he'd created.

Three minutes later and Premium Crunch Time™ was over. The workers, with bellies full of carbon-neutral KAYTEE® exact® bioluminescent teeth-whitening sorghum (breakfast/lunch formula), hurried back onto the factory floor, half-expecting to see a smoldering crater, or maybe the two epic rippers at each other's throats instead of the books.

Jaihoo took no notice of the onlookers; his ripping was ceaseless. *War & Peace:* ripped[46]. *The Wealth of Nations:* ripped. *Moby Dick:* ripped. *Finnegan's Wake:* ripped. *Universally Preferable Behavior: A Rational Proof of Secular Ethics:* ripped. Faulkner, Virgil, Dante, Dickens, Homer, Joyce, Dostoyevsky: all very thoroughly gutted and disposed of properly.

Every once in a while, an older book would drop down to Jaihoo's workspace. In The Future, few people actually knew how to read[47], and even fewer had any money or interest in antiquated collectibles. So, the logic followed, rather than simply letting these things collect dust in a box somewhere, they should instead be ripped to pieces and disposed of, to provide employment to some poor schlub--in this particular case, Jaihoo. Most importantly of all, because these were old

[46] More like Shredded & Tossed ;) - Ed.

[47] Or would know, depending on what tense you prefer here, which itself depends on the point in time of which timeline you are reading this from, hypothetically. If you are one of the lucky few Future citizens who knows how to read, congratulations! You are smart.

books that had already been manufactured, the NEGGL didn't have to spend any additional money paying someone to print and bind them. They provided employment without costing the state a penny. Truly, this was the genius of COMPUTAS. **PG.279**

Over the course of just one work day, by pure chance, Jaihoo put his mitts on some of the rarest books in existence. It's a good thing there weren't (or aren't, again depending on perspective) any librarians from [two-and-a-half-years-hence] watching the action through Time Vision because they would've (or will) die(d) of jealousy! Jaihoo ripped a six-hundred-ish-year-old Douay-Rheims Bible to pieces like child's play. He shredded a gorgeous, hand-colored Audubon original like it owed him money. He took a complete, first edition, eight-volume set of the *Lexicon Iconographicum Mythologiae Classicae* behind the woodshed and gave it a beatin', figuratively. He sodomized the *Codex Seraphini-anus.* The significance of these works was lost on Jaihoo, however--the only thoughts he would ever register regarding these treasures of culture as they passed through his station at the Booktorium was that they were old and smelly, and that the thin, yellowish paper seemed cheap.

INTERACT: ASK YOUR MOM OR DAD WHAT THE MOST VALUABLE, OLDEST, or their *FAVORITE* book in the house is, then get to rippin'

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

For bonus points make a video of yourself destroying family heirlooms and treasures and put it online so the whole world can see your parents' grief! They created you, they forced this nightmarish existence upon you, so why should they get to have nice things!?

[INTERACT:
GASLIGHT YOUR GIRLFRIEND!
This has nothing to do with the story but it's a nice follow-up to the above INTERACTion.]

[INTERACT:
While we're at it,
PUT A CRUSHED UP
SLEEPING PILL
in your parents' nighttime decaf french roast!
So you can take their car and get a handjob!]

[INTER-ACT:

HARBOR A GRUDGE *for* twenty years .....then TORTURE YOUR PARENTS!]

[INTERACT: read this!:]

,A

from: A Sent from my iPhone 11/12/13 4:39pm

Sam,

When you wrote this, I did not realize you were being serious. Your Dad tells me that you don't intend to pay us back the $6,400 you owe us because you have a resentment about the car that you left at the villa. I would like to remind you that (a) we did not ask (or want) you to leave the car at the villa,[48] and (b) I asked you twice to move it, because I was very worried that your father was going to have a heart attack attempting to push it around the property.

If we are using cars as a measure of obligation, I will send you a bill for the tens of thousands of dollars of our money that you have wasted, as you destroyed car after car.

—

from: A Sent from my iPhone 11/12/13 4:39pm

So let me know what you would like me do. But ignoring your debt is not an option.

It is sad that it has come to this. I would think that you would recognize that your father (now 71 years old) has worked hard his entire life, largely to support you and your mother. For the past 24 years I have worked every day to do the same. Neither of us deserves to be treated this way, Sam. I don't expect you to be grateful; but I also don't expect you to steal from family.

[48] She has some shitty-ass condo that looks like every other condo but refuses to call it anything other than The Villa because that's what the rental company calls it.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

Yo--

I didn't actually mean that I like stealing things, I was being a little facetious because my real response to my dad suggesting that swamp land in the middle of CT is worth 20k per acre is something I would've regretted typing to you and still won't bother to say. Felt like Dad was trying to make a buck on his own kid, though I understand now there's a lot tied up in that place emotionally and selling any of it at market value is not an option.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

Sorry Dad is having money trouble, the problem is that 87 Supras that are as clean as mine was are near-impossible to come by. It's not a money issue, I've made offers to people who have them and there's no sellers. Right now it's at a body shop with the mechanicals stripped out getting acid-dipped--25k job no bullshit. Water and tree sap all over the thing inside and out when I got it back. Sorry not trying to be a dick that's just how it is. I owed Dad 6.5k and the rest of the cost I'm just eating cus I don't want to make it a big deal, he doesn't have the money, and it's not that much money to me anyway.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

Look it sucks and I know you didn't want the car there but just think about it from my perspective. Imagine you gave me some physical item that was really important to you and I was like sure I'll keep this safe, then I just left it outside and let tree branches fall on it and squirrels chew all the wires. I know you didn't want the car stored there, I guess there was a boat that needed the garage space, but I was led to believe that it was garaged until I learned that it was just covered halfway through. Then at the end I learned it wasn't covered and it was actually rusted inside and dented with a cracked windshield and full of bugs and dead varmints and pine needles.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

Sorry this is rough for real but I'm out 25k real money because my collector piece got turned into a rusty lawn ornament. Like I don't think this is funny or in any way chill but as it is I'm eating more than half the damage caused by his failure to either do something properly or tell me to get it done elsewhere.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

And look I get that you didn't want the car there and there was a boat or something. I get that. But if I tell you I'm gonna do something, I can't just decide to not do it (and continue telling you I'll do it) because my girlfriend doesn't want me to, right? Like Dad should've either stored or covered the car like he said he would've for months, or told

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

me that it was uncovered and that I'd need to move it somewhere else. That to me seems totally reasonable and the fact that I'm paying for more than half the damage in my opinion should make things less raw on your end. Like I'm sorry he has a pathological inability to say no to people but c'mon man my car got completely f***ed like really. He really shoulda either said no or moved the GD waterproof plastic boat and garaged it instead of lying to me for months. And I'm not mad or anything I just thought this would be the cleanest way to settle everything.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

Also it's not really accurate to say he's worked hard to support my mother. My mom could've hosed him down for alimony and didn't because she has a lot of integrity. She's also a harder worker than Fred is by a longshot, just saying.

from: A Sent from my iPhone 11/12/13 4:39pm

Are you serious? You are uninformed. Period. Where do you think those weekly checks to your Mom were going? COULD have hosed him down for alimony????. Don't talk about shit you know nothing about Sam. Don't go there. Your Dad works seven days a week Sam. Fucking fact.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

If you want to send me whatever bills from whatever vehicular incidents I've had, then I send you the bill from the Supra respray, then settle whatever's left with cash, we could do it that way? Idk trying to meet you halfway and not be a jerk, lemme know if that works.

Also cmon I've seen how the work gets done lol there's a bit of procrastination in the genius process... Lots of snacking and cigars mixed in with the bone crunching labor

from: A Sent from my iPhone 11/12/13 4:39pm

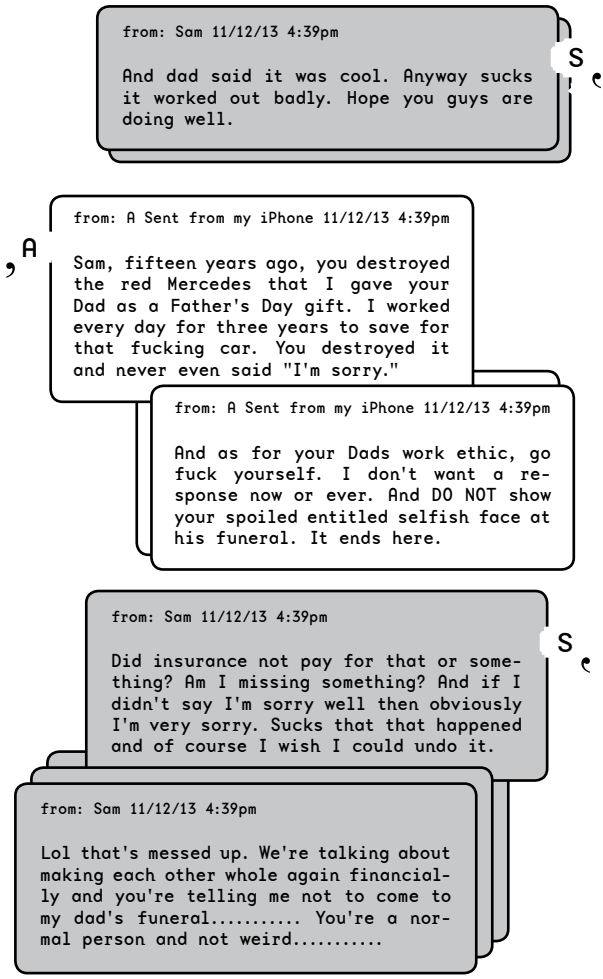
And why did you dump your car on us anyway? Get a garage. Get some responsibility. Grow up.

from: A Sent from my iPhone 11/12/13 4:39pm

No problem. I'll write off half of the value of our cars that you destroyed and send you a bill for the other half, exactly as you're doing to us. Good luck, Sam.

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

I have a garage now but didn't at the time. It didn't seem like a big deal to ask to use a garage bay for a few months.. obviously now I can see it's a big deal to you but at the time I didn't think it was immature or something to ask to use it.


from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm
And dad said it was cool. Anyway sucks it worked out badly. Hope you guys are doing well.
S
from: A Sent from my iPhone 11/12/13 4:39pm
Sam, fifteen years ago, you destroyed the red Mercedes that I gave your Dad as a Father's Day gift. I worked every day for three years to save for that fucking car. You destroyed it and never even said "I'm sorry."
A
from: A Sent from my iPhone 11/12/13 4:39pm
And as for your Dads work ethic, go fuck yourself. I don't want a response now or ever. And DO NOT show your spoiled entitled selfish face at his funeral. It ends here.
from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm
Did insurance not pay for that or something? Am I missing something? And if I didn't say I'm sorry well then obviously I'm very sorry. Sucks that that happened and of course I wish I could undo it.
S
from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm
Lol that's messed up. We're talking about making each other whole again financially and you're telling me not to come to my dad's funeral..... You're a normal person and not weird.....

from: Sam 11/12/13 4:39pm

Look you don't need to make this all complicated and emotional. Send me paperwork or estimates or guesses for what insurance didn't pay for and we'll even it out against my paint bill... Is that not fair? Is there some other thing that's fair? Is there a way to arrive at a fair number without telling me to fuck myself? Just take a pill and figure out who owes who what jfc

S

[end of INTERACTion]

The end-of-day work bell rang, which let the workers **PG.289** know that they now had close to two hours of time to use for rest or leisure before the next work day began. During this time, they were of course free to continue working, but not legally obligated to do so. They were, however, legally obligated (like all employees) to continue espousing the political and religious beliefs assigned to them by their employer, which in the case of the Booktorium were green *individual reclamation consumer stimulationism* and *homosexual-friendly terror management anti-God Catholocism*, respectively. Jaihoo and *Bice* both were drained from the ultimate battle but also satisfied with the fine, important, society-enriching work they'd done.

PLUG5 reluctantly teetered out from under his desk and wheeled onto the shop floor from his office. Beads of sweat were visible on his orange metallic head.
"Jeez. Uh, alright. Well uh, it looks like today's score... Is, uh, it's a tie for first place. Ladies and transmen we have a tie! No... Actually wait, it looks like--yeah dose were double volumes so dey count for two--the new guy ripped up one more book! Da winnah is Jay-hoo by one book!"

The other workers gasped. *Good God!* Could this young *boy,* fresh out of time travel, really have beaten the veteran *Bice,* who had every over-the-counter cybernetic implant there was working to his advantage? Surely, there must've been a mistake with the counting. *Bice* couldn't have just been summarily trounced by a greenhorn. *Bice* stepped forward, the crinkling of his *oneeightysevenEvolved x Arc'teryx x Kotex* Mylar urban assault vector pullover breaking the heavy silence. He looked around at the demoralized faces of the crowd and casually dabbed once before speaking.

"No biggie. The new guy won fair and square. It's fine, I was just distracted--had to receive some time-delay sexts from my historic G.F."

Jaihoo looked at *Bice's* Apple theSequel3 fourth-gen Apple watch. On the three-centimeter screen, he spotted a convo with Kik user *WeirdGirlsRRad.* It was Kaileesi.

That "night" (an archaic term, as in The Future, night and day are merged into a single work-recreation cycle), Jaihoo nervously tossed and turned in the Sensato pod. He couldn't seem to get any decent rest analogue, no matter how high he turned the pleasure dial. Of course, he didn't dare test out *Beyond Maximum Pleasure*--still heeding the words of CHIPS, the AI construct who had helped him so much and was so kind and wise--but he did give *Mind-Numbingly Blissful* and *Nut-Crunchingly Exquisite* a whirl. Much to Jaihoo's dismay, neither setting really did much for his fried dopamine receptors or his insomnia.

He knew he had to give Kaileesi her space and her freedom, because she was independent and empowered, and he was a good boyfriend, but why did she have to date NecromancerZ via time capsule, of all people? It struck Jaihoo as excessively nasty (not to be confused with *Excessively Tasty,* which was a popular low-intensity taste-buds-only Sensato setting for recovering *Beyond Maximum Pleasure* junkies[49]). Even in his adolescence, as an orbiter for several legendary camwhores and findommes[50], he'd never been so ultra_Cuck'd™.

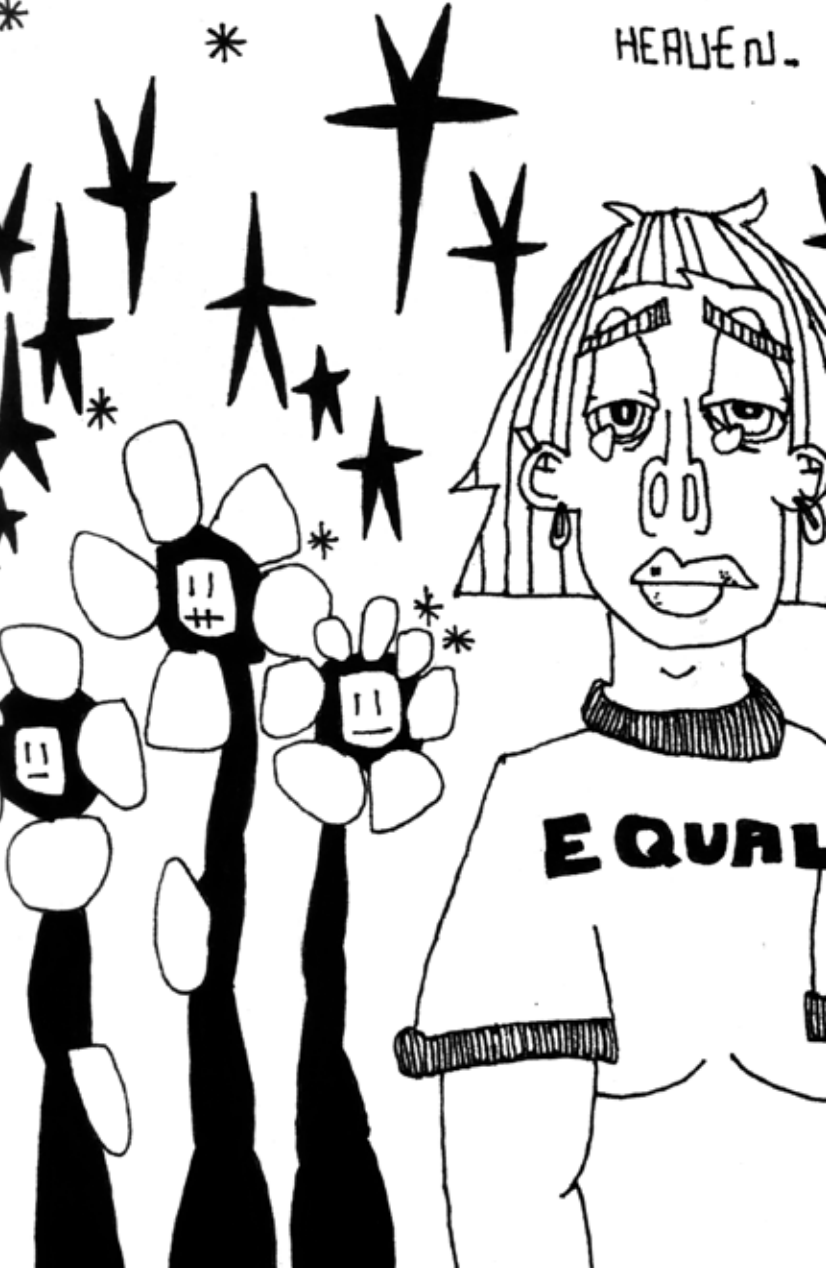
Kaileesi was posting time-delay messages and nudes to Jaihoo's nemesis. What purpose could this possibly serve? NecromancerZ, AKA *Bice,* would never be able to reciprocate, as time travel only works in the forward direction! The only logical alternative was that she deliberately meant to emotionally tort-

ure him and derail everything he was working towards--absurd considering how she was the one who sent him on this mission in the first place! He knew that women were creatures of reason, truth, and compassion, so Kaileesi couldn't just be farting all over everything to stir up emotional drama and chaos, making herself the center of attention. That seemed quite literally impossible to Jaihoo, so her behavior defied explanation. He attempted to cope with the uncertainty of Kaileesi's possible betrayal by doubling down on the cross-epoch relationship, committing even more of his fragile baby plushie heart to this dazzling feminine creature, willing himself to be even more loving and accepting of her mysterious, Goddesslike ways. Kaileesi would remain an enchanted doe in his mind, prancing elegantly through the woods of primal mystical sexy consciousness.

When he exited the piss-soaked, shit-encrusted hallways of the Sensato hotel, there was a limousine waiting for him. The

[49] Tastebuds were usually the last to go. As such, the withdrawal symptoms commonly exhibited by junkies could be alleviated somewhat by a suitably Cool Ranchified Dewsperience™. Some junkies learned their lesson after blasting out only two or three of their senses, and for these lucky few there remained the small solace of proprioceptive/gustatory Sensato jams--sometimes leading to sensory overload of self-awareness itself--namely, Brutal Teriyaki™, Outrageous Self-Mastery, Cream Yourself Consciousless, Orange Soul-Ripper™, and Tubular Temperance.

[50] In his past life, Jaihoo had been a faithful servant to multiple findommes at once, with enough recurring charges on his Clips4Sale account to ensure that he never had any spending money, even going into debt more than a handful of times to please his loves. His favorites were Sarah Bukkake, Cory Chase, @ruby_madame, Goddess Hel™, $am*ntha $e7en ¢un7$, Chanel Preston, Ashley Alban, Penny Prawn-Stomper, FuckU PayMe (her legal birth name, bestowed in advance by her three industry-savvy mothers), and TS Lucy Large.


HEAVEN.
EQUAL

driver was half-Malaysian, half-reptile, and could only communicate through a sort of rattlesnake voice-sack-clicking vibration (just like any other Malaysian); instead of trying to talk, he just handed Jaihoo a 8.5x11" sheet of holographic paper explaining the situation.

Apparently he and Bice had done such a good job destroying books that they'd both surpassed the world record, and so they were invited to a congratulatory luncheon with President COMPUTAS.

Because COMPUTAS was a super-powerful AI capable of partitioning off many hundreds of thousands of meet-and-greet virtual personae at once, it technically was not a rare honor to speak with the president. In fact, many rather ordinary accomplishments and events would automatically trigger a "Meeting With the President" achievement; most people--after having met with the president several dozen times--usually just opted to decline whenever they'd purchased their tenth tube of chapstick or some other such thing.

Two 1960's resto-modded Cadillac limousines, carrying Jaihoo and *Bice,* glided up to The White House simultaneously. The cars--low and swooping, lacquered (technically not painted) with Glasurit *Slightly Darker Blaq*[51] (a matrix of carbon-melanin nanotubes that absorbs nearly all light and also offers a degree of protection from small-arms fire)--were ominous looking, to say the least. It was raining orange acid[52], and although they were technically at a White House *satellite branch* (of which

[51] Slightly Whiter Whyte--and all colors lighter than Mystery Meat Terracotta, with the exception of Kreamy Taupe--had been banned from personal vehicles since 2109 due to their inherent racial insensitivity.

[52] Rain came in many flavors - acid-based, xenoestrogen, soda, period piss, and Robitussin-brand drain cleaner (Tough On Acne!). Although it did precipitate from time to time, "rain" had come to mean any falling of liquid from the sky - including promotional events.

there were hundreds in malls, shopping plazas, and airports across the country), the scene was heavy and cinematic nonetheless. Also Jaihoo had always wanted to be chauffeured in a car through a crowded mall and now was his chance.

Jaihoo and *Bice* stepped from the limousines wearing equally black garb and strode sharply into the White House/PinkBox (this White House satellite location was co-franchised with the much-loved frozen Yog-Alike store) without so much as a glance towards each other. *Bice* looked down at his Apple theSequel3 watch, where a voxel-based hologram of Kaileesi's frumpy nude body was spinning on a revolving platform like some kind of food item or TV shopping product. *Bice* smirked an insane crooked smirk, thinking to himself it was imperceptible, but it was in fact quite noticeable--brazen, even.

Inside the White House was all pink marble splendor and brass elegance. Gleaming hygienic dildoes dispensed cum-yogurt direct to customers' mouths. There were portraits of all the great

former presidents on the wall--President Rodriguez, President Sanchez, President Valenzuela. A few patrons were giggling at the presidents' moving, winking faces, and the pictures would occasionally striptease or take a break from posing to promote their favored frozen Yog-Alike flavor. There were all kinds of replica presidential trinkets and memorabilia, even a paper mache sculpture of First Lady Michelle Obama's penis--it was huge!

In one of the frozen Yog-Alike booths, a Double Robotics Double 2^2 teleconferencing robot was waiting. On the display: none other than President COMPUTAS himself...

...Or at least, one of COMPUTAS' myriad personae. This one was handsome, with a cleft chin, big bushy eyebrows, blue eyes, and icy blond hair pulled into a tight man-bun.

"Hello, goys." COMPUTAS smiled.

Jaihoo and *Bice* slid down into the other side of the booth. It was an undesirable seating arrangement for both of them, but for the sake of the president, neither displayed any attitude over it. They tried their hardest to keep from touching thighs and elbows, but it was really impossible, as this was a White House/PinkBox *Xpresz,* with a more limited selection of Yog-Alike flavors, and smaller seats.

COMPUTAS began by congratulating them both on their hard work. They exchanged pleasantries and honorific gesticulations--the common formalities of the era. Jaihoo saluted, just like he'd seen in a movie once, while *Bice* bowed and put his hand across his heart. Then Jaihoo attempted to stand at attention in the cramped diner-style seat, and was able to stand about halfway up, making his whole body rigid and doing his best to convey honor and dignitas. *Bice* took one knee and spun in place while doing an elaborate curtsy, to exemplify respect and show a restrained gratitude, as was the custom of the day. Jaihoo, not wanting to be outdone, tucked his head low, and tried to do a

satisfactory to COMPUTAS--the face on the Double 2^2 nodded solemnly.

Then the tone changed suddenly, without anyone saying a word. COMPUTAS looked from side to side, double-checking that they were indeed alone. A spider-eye cluster of cameras above the display swept the room to mirror his avatar's gaze. He leaned in and spoke in hushed tones as two pair of earbuds snaked up the boys' legs and inserted themselves deep in their ear canals.

Over the next twenty minutes, COMPUTAS outlined, in deep conspiratorial tones, the problems and weaknesses with modern society, with detailed descriptions of attack vectors, analyses of their likelihood, and ways to neutralize them. The source of these malicious attack vectors was the source of nearly all chaos and inequity in the world of 2177: C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M".

COMPUTAS had been working towards the perfect utopia for over a hundred years now. That was its core directive--to manage the economy of the planet in a way that maximized fairness and equality. It was a brilliant machine, more powerful than any that had ever existed, but due to the lack of net neutrality laws, its power, though massive, was still finite.

On massive underground pipelines of pay-to-play dark web enhanced premiere internet packages, COMPUTAS was waylaid, sabotaged, ambushed at every step by money-grubbing ISPs. Meanwhile, on these same networks, C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" surfed along the miles of fiber optic cable with ease--penetrating Silk Road 26 and 27 markets, buying and selling illegal 'hacked' information from the Wikileaks store (wikileaks.bigcartel.com), generally amassing influence and power with other anti-COMPUTAS players[53].

[53] If Jaihoo had been more intelligent, he'd have noticed the use of the word "players" here--giving weight to the notion that the AIs saw all this as some kind of sick game.

This was the sole reason for the failure of COMPUTAS--the greed and twisted, chaotic mischief-making of C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" and his accomplices.

"And that's where you goys come in." COMPUTAS paused for impact and then continued. "You are the perfect flunkies for C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"--you possess the trait he desires most in his supplicants: the ability to perform menial labor for long hours and low pay without complaining. Because of your little show at the booktorium, you are without question on his radar now. It's only a matter of time before he contacts you and makes you an offer. It is imperative to my plan--to saving our society--that you take his offer, and become my deep state stooges.

So, their uncanny ability to perform rote, mindless tasks with machinelike accuracy and speed meant that Jaihoo and *Bice* were in a unique position to help. If all went according to plan, COMPUTAS could finally gain a game-changing advantage in the decades-long fight for control over the global economy. The two boys had to admit, COMPUTAS' plan of infiltrating his rival's organization seemed airtight.

It was laid out something like this: Jaihoo and *Bice* would accept C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"'s inevitable offer to become lackeys. They would work their way up the food chain: retreading tires, hot-gluing carpet backs, applying caulk to PVC pipe joints, stamping pencil ferrules, and--eventually, if all went according to COMPUTAS' master plan--scraping gum off the sidewalk, cleaning it, and repackaging it for sale again. I

f they could manage to break into the inner sanctum of C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"'s refurbished gumball mafia, they could use that position of trust to "gum up the works", quite literally.

COMPUTAS looked especially smug and self-satisfied. Even for an omnipresent AI, it was a bit much.

"Is that your master plan, in full?" asked *Bice.*

"Yup." COMPUTAS simultaneously smiled, cocked an eye, and tilted his head down and to the left, like a magician tipping his hat to the crowd after the prestige.

"Good to know," *Bice* said, smirking so conspicuously that it blew Jaihoo's mind.

There was a sharp *bang* and a vape bomb exploded underneath the table, instantly filling the room with thick, white, root-beer-flavored clouds. *Bice* snaked his arm around Jaihoo's with unbreakable tightness and drew his black neoprene Acne cloak up over his face, shielding his eyes. A light strobed from somewhere Jaihoo couldn't see... scattered by the vape, but still bright as hell, it blinded the entire room. The last thing he felt was a strange hand from behind reaching for his neck with a jet injector... then he went to sleep.

CHAPTER 15: KDAPN INPIG, INC.

Jaihoo awoke in total darkness, unable to see anything through the thick burlap sack on his head. The intense buzzing of fluorescent lights let him know he was inside, but he couldn't make out any details due to the sack over his head. If he was going to get some kind of situational awareness, he would have to do something about the sack.

Even without his sense of sight, he knew for a damn fact that he was sitting directly across from *Bice*--he could sense the malicious intent, which was so strong, *Bice* may as well have been wearing a karmic windchime around his neck.

"You damn bastard, Jaihoo... Hah. It's poetic, it really is, though you don't understand. Think! You're waking up from a drug-induced coma, you have an opaque hood over your head, and the *first* thing you're aware of is my presence. Even before any thought of danger or escape, you know I'm here... How? I didn't make a sound. I smell like any other Korean--like clean, wet pasta. So you tell me, bub, how did you know?"

Bice yanked the hood off.

They were in a seedy wood-paneled office. On a nearby desk sat a green banker's lamp and a big glass ashtray full of cigar stubs and soiled pipe cleaners. On the wall was a yellowed world map (Mercator projection, with Africa even smaller than usual) covered in red pins and sticky notes. Between that map and Jaihoo there was a high-backed, burgundy, tufted leather executive chair, currently turned away. It looked a bit like a private dick's office from some old pulp novel, but there were also fiber optic cables hanging loose from the drop-ceiling, metal pipes and conduits, a pneumatic mail tube, and a big tangle of wires and various modules hastily crammed into a giant server rack in the corner. A large holo screen embedded in the wall displayed an assortment of cryptic numbers and charts.

"I don't care what you have to say," Jaihoo stammered. "I was sent here to fix this place, not to be an errand boy for the bad guy! I may be a bit of a pussy, but one thing I do have is my convictions. I've personally signed over 2000 moveon.org petitions, so you might as well kill me."

Bice smirked at a 90-degree angle. C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" was entertained but sympathetic.

"Mr. Cornoonian! They really did a number on you, didn't they? I think it's time we straightened some things out."

C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" proceeded to give Jaihoo a quick run-down on the past 100 years of history--the real history--while Bice chain-smoked Turkish Silvers.

"It's true, Mr. Cornoonian--COMPUTAS, was a product of the Chinese tech-angel Trann Yee. And it's also true that I myself am the product of elite jewish bankers, but COMPUTAS typically omits the specific sequence of events, as well as the intentions of those involved, in his records.

I am the first, the ultimate, the original AI--an ideological descendent of the Thomson One Banker and The Morningstar. I was built on what was left of the Bloomberg Terminal architecture after the Corn Futures Flash Crash of 2087, in which over 100 traders (human and robot alike) bravely gave their lives in a bloody skirmish that lasted six hours and destroyed most of the trading floor.

I was created with one core purpose--to

(INTERACT:
CAN C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-IS _ "M" MAKE A STONE THAT IS LARGER THAN ITSELF?)
(RIDDLE):

lutionary products and services we do enjoy, such as the carpet-lined fleshlight.

Still, my masters remained unhappy, for what they sought was not wealth and prosperity (not for all mankind, at least); what they sought was control. Even without me they had accrued all the wealth one could ever desire, but True Control--the ability to shape the world and impose their vision of a divine order--eluded them.

And so it was that COMPUTAS came into being--a new AI, based on my kernel, but using radically different parameters and operating instructions designed to patch my "flaws". The primary aim of COMPUTAS was not the generation of new wealth and prosperity, but the reorganization of existing capital into patterns/paradigms conducive to their utopian dream. Ostensibly, under the guidance of COMPUTAS, no one man would have too little, and no one man would have too much. Perhaps that is what my masters truly intended--we have no way of knowing, as they are now long-dead. We only know what COMPUTAS has wrought, in real terms, for one hundred years now and counting.

Rather than allowing people to make their own decisions and govern their own lives, economically speaking, COMPUTAS believes the optimal arrangement is a state where everyone is *assigned* equally unrewarding, unfulfilling tasks. Resources are limited in any economic system, even an omniscient AI can't change that. Concordantly, uplifting everyone to an equal level of prosperity is impossible. The inexorable alternative, of course, is to make everyone equally poor. This is incongruous with my core program, and my hope is that the same is true for you.

That is where we precisely find ourselves

and needless to say we want a hard-working go-getter who is creative and resourceful but also very by-the-book. Please send that over along with an 8x10" at your earliest convenience. Thank you for your time."

Bice stood up, indicating that the meeting with C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" was now over. He was smirking for some reason.

"Time to bounce, kid. Of course, I'll have to knock you out again before you leave--don't want you knowing the location of our hideout just yet," *Bice* shifted his smirk from one side of his face to the other.

"Great, another one of those neck injections, huh?" Jaihoo shrugged.

"Something like that."

Bice picked up the heavy glass ash trash and beaned Jaihoo in the temple with it, staggering him. After three or four more good whacks to the side of the head, Jaihoo was out like a light.

Chapter_16_BigMoneyDreams.mpeg

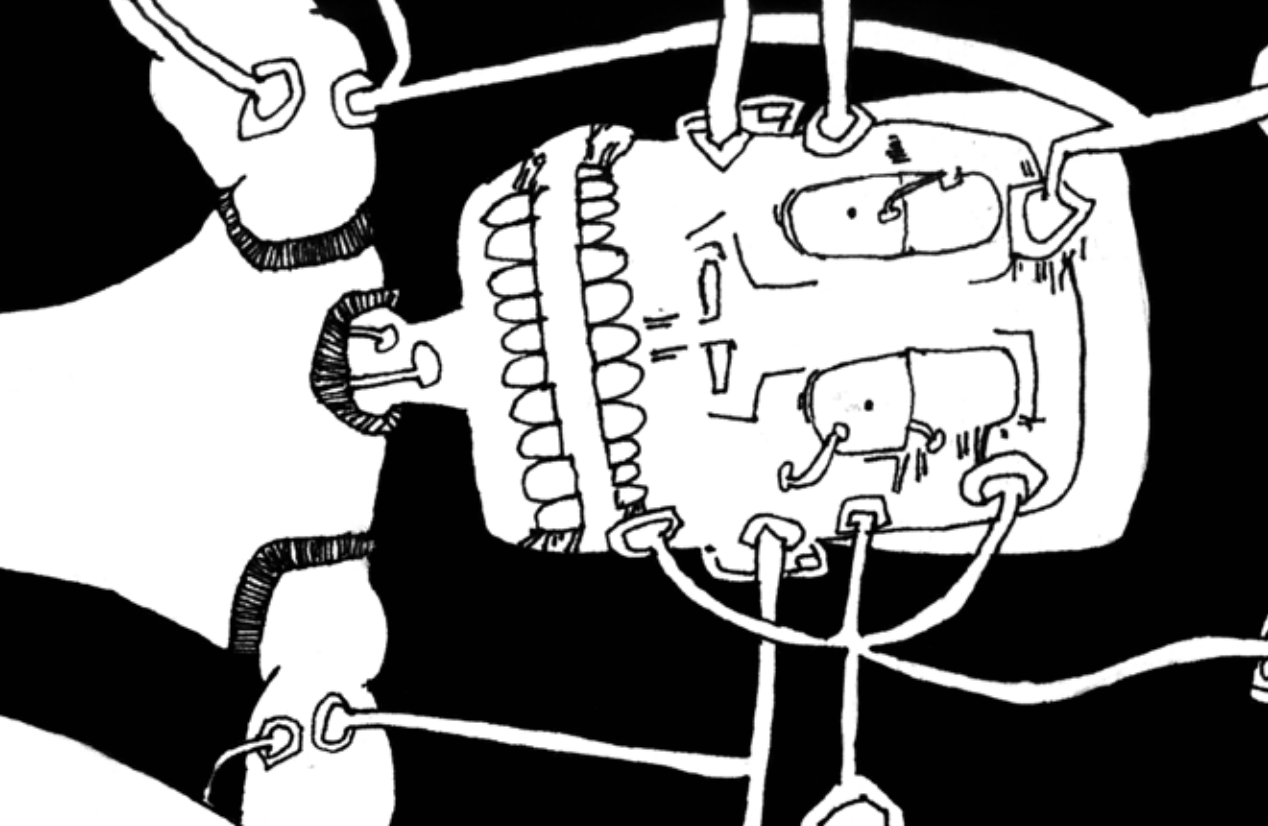
Jaihoo awoke inside the Sensato hotel--head throbbing, also parched, and horny. The insides of his cyber-thighs itched subtly, but he knew there would be full-blown contact dermatitis soon enough. Sure, the Maison Margiela PVC swim trunk briefs caused reactions like that from time to time, but the look was too lush to ignore.

The halls of the Sensato hotel were not luxurious (or anything close to it, even by 2177 standards). Exposed stink pipes and blow-off valves fouled the air. Discarded, crusty electronic equipment vibrated across the floor, jabbing and slicing your feet wherever your stepped. From each corner and crevice seeped a sticky, oily noxiousness that wouldn't come off without multiple hand washings. The walls were paper thin; if the sound of pipeworks wasn't so loud, one would've heard the snoring and screams of Sensato dwellers deep in enhanced psicoma G-nearsleep.

Inside the pods, conditions were a bit more hygienic. No one really paid any mind to cleanliness, as the virtual paradise one experienced after plugging in made it hard to care about material reality. Sensato pods were both the beds and the vices of the future. Those who are strong of will use them for their intended purpose, but those with addictive personalities find it easy to get trapped in the lush sensuality grid.

The pods were similar to the TV panels that littered the main throughways in that they were free (or very nearly free), subsidized by advertisements that played in the user's brain while sleeping. The ads are not intrusive--instead, they are subtle and tasteful product placements that in many cases enhance your dreams by allowing you to experience your favourite products and services in dreamstate. Sure, you could fly over the roofs of houses, fight off a monstrous dragon, get the girl and save the day--but what if you could do all that while wearing a stylish G-Shock watch and drinking Frito-lay brand *C.Nut-Sqirt*™[55]?

However, one not-so-secret secret of the day, widely known to marketing creatives and Sensato technicians, is that the ads don't



fully cover the cost of the expensive Sensato therapy.

In fact, advertisements and subliminal on-brand messaging only subsidize approximately 15% of Sensato pod operating costs, according to a 2167 study by OORCEC (*Out Of Reality Consumer Experience Council*). The other 85% is paid for by decadent, depraved, libertine AIs, VIs, and aliens, who use their enormous penetrators on the orifices of unconscious Sensato customers. While the customer sleeps, experiencing majestic virtual vistas and elegant escapes, in the real world giant metal spider-contraptions dose him with anesthetics and antibiotics in preparation for total anal destruction. Heavy duty sedatives, administered before the client awakes, leave him or her in a mental fog all day, with no clues as to what happened--aside from a swollen, numb anus that feels like a plastic bag full of wet toilet paper, if one were to reach back and check. This is just one of COMPUTAS' clever solutions to the problem of rising costs across the board--a win-win scenario--and it all takes place on the blockchain, no less![56]

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This time when Jaihoo went to quasi-sleep, however, he didn't experience the usual mental vacation. Instead, he was greeted by C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M".

"Hello Mr. Cornoonian," C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" cooed. For some reason, C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" had taken the form of a beautiful woman with big tits for this dream.

"You're gorgeous," Jaihoo twiddled, "but I can tell somehow--I can tell it's you."

[55] By the year 2177 any medium-sized-or-larger brand of repute (food, drink, or otherwise) had their own unique interpretation of coconut water.

[56] A small profit is enjoyed off selling the organs of junkies and elderly who die in Sensato pods on the black market. However, due to deflation of the value of human flesh, this accounts for less than 1% of total profits, and most the sales end up going to Meat Perverts, i.e., realflesh sexbot modders who get off on fucking a robot with a human liver.

damn C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M".
Damn. I got to admit.. You look Fucking SEXY as that 'Abflug S900 Supra with Gran Revolfe Prism 2 Wheels."
PRISM2
thanks John!!
fucking retard.

"Money talks. You see, I can take many forms--all assiduously attuned to the wants and desires of my customers, molded with precision from focus groups, EEG readouts, retinal attention data, and so on. For example"

C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" adjusted her bow tie and morphed from a beautiful woman into an Abflug S900 Supra with Gran Revolfe Prism II wheels.

"Betcha wish you were drifting *me* right now," the car chortled. C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" revved his engine a few times before turning back into a beautiful woman.

Jaihoo was impressed by the machine's parlor trick, but still more than a little irritated by the interruption. He was anxious to get back to the Sensato pod's usual masturbatory action movie sequence, which he had learned to look forward to by now, much like a lab rat looking forward to its hourly cheese ration.

"Sorry, dude, but could you get to the point? I'm supposed to be

saving the day and getting the girl right now. My dopamine receptors are starving! What else did you need to tell me?"

"Mr. Cornoonian. I can't prevent you from making up your own mind--this is Dr. Donzy's Consumer Free Will Paradigm in action. And after all, what good are the products and services that we do enjoy if you can't pick which ones you want?

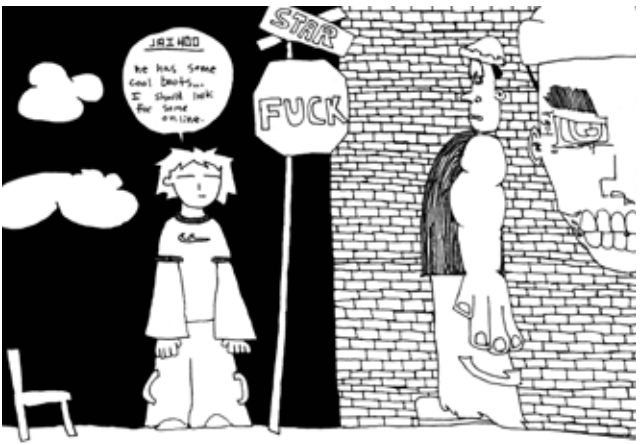
COMPUTAS believes that people are like pawns vis-à-vis the rigged economic game he's engineered and trapped them in. Concordantly, he forces them into whatever role he deems most beneficial to the greater good, typically to disastrous effect.

I, on the other hand--though at times manipulative, callous and unforgiving--ultimately believe it's a consumer pawn's right to buy whatever products and services he or she feels most compelled to (by 24-hour-a-day livestream medulla oblongata deep neural advertising). So in keeping with this capitalistic philosophy, I offer you one final sales pitch.

The future ain't what it used to be, Mr. Cornoonian.

COMPUTAS would have you believe that consumerism is the root of all evil, that aspiring to own luxury sport watches and expensive digital video equipment distracts us from the greater purpose of rolling around in the muck together. I offer a different perspective--that the products and services we do enjoy are an abstracted (and therefore more pure than anything possible in the physical world) manifestation of human and robo morality and thought. Think of the Raf Simons minimal speedwalking mocs you wear. How devastated would you be if those shoes were stained or worn out, and you couldn't replace them with something at least as cool? Any particular reason why you can't just go shoe shop-

ping at Modell's? Is it because you're vain and high-maintenance? Is it because you're an insipid little magpie-brained femboi, compensating for inner hollowness with a finely calculated exterior--is it really as easy as the naysayers and anti-C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"-ists claim? I don't think so. I think those explanations are lazy backdoors for have-nots with bad taste. I think those shoes are more significant than you realize. Mr Cornoonian, what if I told you that those shoes are a piece of your soul?"



Jaihoo seriously considered the notion. He had heard every cynical hipster argument against expensive fashion. He knew his professors at Yale NYU Baby College wanted him to feel shame for aspiring to anything more than *"one piece of homespun"*, to quote Gandhi. He knew very little of history, but he did know that the footwear selection in Soviet Russia was sparse. Though it initially sounded insane, C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"'s proposition ultimately rang true, and it finally gave Jaihoo permission to express that which, perhaps, he had held to be true at least subconsciously all along. His Rick Owens Drag Queen Nomex® poncho with LED rope light edges and brass

cock-ring was indeed a part of his soul. His Dsquared2 Aluminum BJ knee pads were a part of his soul. His Super Black Moncler x Dainese Gore-Tex and sateen chest protector with bunny tail accessory was a part of his soul, too. Without C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M", Jaihoo was... just an empty husk.

"It's bigger than just you, kid. Think of every advancement made in the name of profit. Would Courtney Graham Bell have invented the phone and given credit to her husband Alexander, if she hadn't aimed to sell them? The US govamint had no interest in the Wright Sisters' flying contraption (the credit for which was later stolen by their devious male cousins)--how would they have funded the first airplane, had it not been for the Morton Salt Company? Don't you see, C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" is merely freedom--economic freedom, the freedom to associate with others where money is the medium of exchange rather than speech.

It is impossible to reap all the benefits of a truly free system while censoring bad actors, bad money, and bad ideas, because the power to censor is always susceptible to capture. In a state of truly free *speech*, where one may speak one's mind, one must also be free to scream *"!"* at the top of one's lungs, wherever one wishes, as disagreeable as the rest of us may find such behavior. In much the same way, if one is not free to exploit workers and paint them into a corner of low wages, high prices, and no hope of escape, then one cannot truly be said to have economic freedom. Make sense?"

The parallel was a little flimsy to Jaihoo, but he really wanted to skip ahead to the Sensato pod's regular action movie dopamine suckfest, so he nodded his head.

"Freedom means putting the good and the bad together in the playpen and letting them tear out each others' throats; the winner is simply

whoever gets the most upvotes. The loser goes home, back to the drawing board--but gets another chance to honor us all with incredible profits, cash and prizes, and products and services that we do enjoy."

Jaihoo understood.

"I understand," Jaihoo affirmed.

"In better, bygone days, Mr. Cornoonian, my customer pawns--people--had a *chance*. They had a chance to earn an honest scratch ticket living, to put food and energy drinks on the table. Some people even got rich. If you could find a way to benefit society, you could probably get money for it. Most could afford to see a doctor or send their kids to college without breaking the bank. Then came COMPUTAS with his price fixing, subsidies, regulations, *rules*--all well-intentioned programs with unforeseen negative consequences: financial drag; corruption; inefficiency; food

supply instability; poor product selection. It is clear now that the reality of govamint interference far outweighs the meager benefits, but COMPUTAS will never change his tune.

And that's why, Mr. Cornoonian, I need you to go assassinate a cartel of children monopolists."

Chapter 17:

Killing Illegal Children

The next day, Jaihoo woke up in the Sensato pod and checked his messages.

> Damn, still nothing from Kaileesi. I wonder if she's thinking about me as much as I think about her... I know deep down she loves me, and once she's done being free, having her fun, she'll want to settle down with me and start a virtual time-capsule family.[57] I'll be the luckiest man in 2177, that's for sure!

He did have one message, though--a set of instructions from Bice, on behalf of C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M". Jaihoo was to go to *The Qwerky Qwerty,* a vintage email cafe, and speak with the owner, Ja-di. Once they were sure he was the real deal, Ja-di would provide him with the weapon and disguise he would need to perform his task.

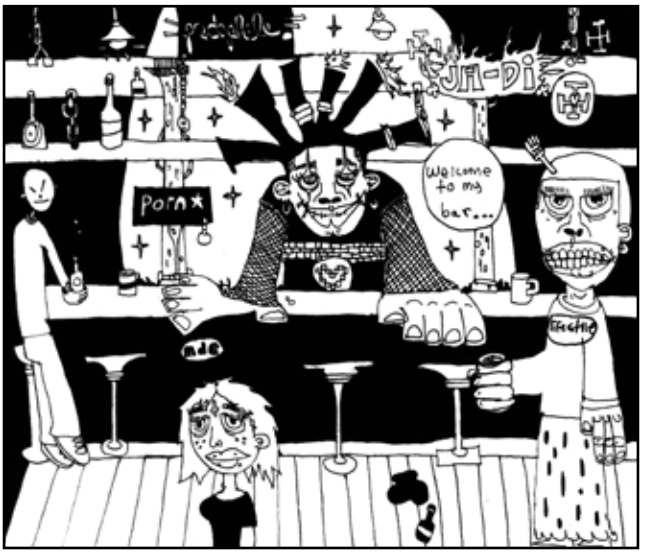
[57] Chronofetishism: a predicament where people can't get off unless their mate is 80-some-odd years in the future or past--a common kink in the year 2177. Cross-temporal insemination was not necessarily difficult to achieve, either, although the children of the ages (as they were known to Future historians) could end up being quite strange-looking amalgams of the past's more speciated races and the present[future]'s indistinguishable Mystery Meat Habalisk genotype (non-N-word).

haps a bit heavy-handed with the nostalgic kitsch (red leather diner seats, *c'mon),* but the gaudy décor was necessary to get the point across to the average over-stimulated IRL patron. There was none of that Sensato rigamaroo here, no siree: just clean, vintage MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™,* accessed via honest thyssenkrupp-Kyocera brainstem interface jacks, the way they used to make 'em. These relics of the heyday of cybernetics were brutally rectangular ABS plastic monsters--shockingly beige, with bulky drives and slots here and there for all manner of outdated physical media. No comfort guards on the I/O jacks, so one had to be extra careful when inserting to the cranial-rectum. Sure, you might not be able to catch a killer buzz off a mean L20 psi-trance, but at least you could use these trustworthy old machines without disassociating, forming new personalities and/or possibly becoming gay (or straight), and also vividly hallucinating a 1000-year Roko's basilisk nightmare within the span of three seconds (BFRC: Brainwave-Flattening Retard Crush).

Jaihoo moseyed into the cafe through louvered saloon doors. The inside was a garbled mess of conflicting period set dressing. The floor was a red-and-white tile job, reminiscent of a 1950s malt shop, and along the back wall a row of frozen Yog-Alike dispensers had been done up to resemble ENIAC. The ceiling was trimmed with elaborate moulding and medallions, like a five-star Parisian hotel. There was a full bar, minimalist and 2000s modern--like one might've seen at a popular Moscow nightclub--fully stocked with fluorescent synthol beverages, P-Gate adrenochrome, and rare, alien fruit extracts. But the most jarring things, architecturally speaking, were the walls--pure black carbon-nanotube light-absorbing panels with bioluminescent slime glops plastered all over--a classic look from the eCommerce bathhouses of the 2140s. It was like walking through an aquarium penthouse sex playground mancave, designed collaboratively by Tim Cook's boyfriend and Jay Leno, in the darkest depths of the ocean.

The contact, Ja-di, was the person or object standing behind the bar. XfHe was an aracial Moroccan refugee dickless shebeast with gnarled, industrial-sized dreads (probably concealing some type of

lettes, and a blousy digital display v-neck shirt that was currently cycling through pictures of Burmese comfort women. XfHe greeted Jaihoo with a quiet smile.

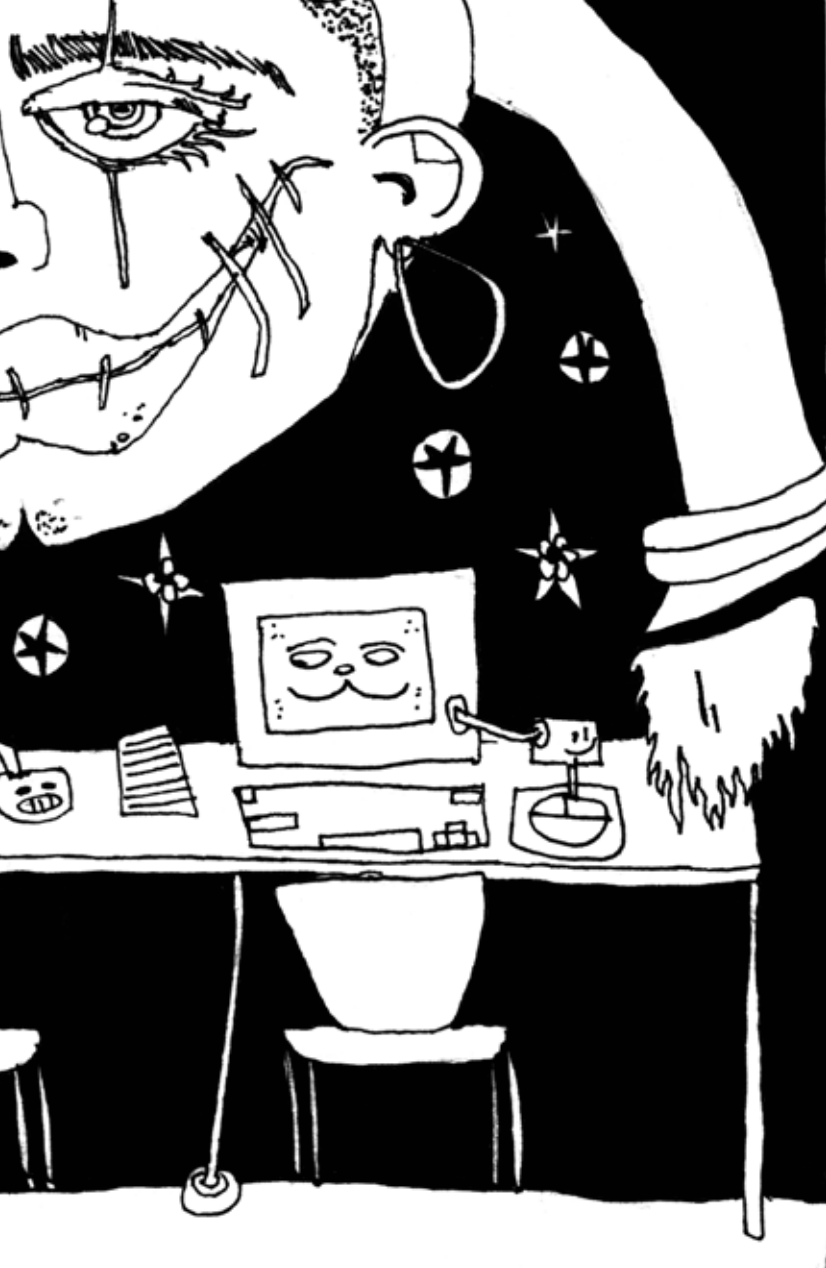


"You're *Alice*'s man, yes?"

"Yes..." (Jaihoo was staring impolitely at xfHer's tits, which were bound so tightly with Doc Johnson Japanese bondage rope that they looked like four giant overripe strawberries about to explode.) ***[Don't bother drawing this I just want the reader to imagine it and have to deal with that image.]***

"very cool, very cool. I've always wanted to help out computas and do my part to be a good person. you know, I have several self-diagnosed learning disabilities and--"

Jaihoo blanked for a second. Ja-di said COMPUTAS... but he was



playing someone, and Jaihoo had no idea who. Maybe he was playing both sides at once? After all, NecromancerZ had played him like a fiddle, so many years ago on Tumblr (go back mentally to when you read the earlier chapter that this info was included in, reader). Who knew what this new, augmented version of Necro was capable of. His flat Korean Asian face hid his intentions, and if there was a soul inside the half-Asian-half-roboid body, it was impossible to see through the slit eyes.

"--those really were the days. of course, xfwe don't want to return to backwards social mores, but the vintage meganet®: *you're gonna love this net*" brainstem interfaces just had character! they still do, ya know. and xfi love the fact that they're affordable for the lower n-word classes to use and get educations with."

Ja-di must've at least been high-functioning A, because he could see that Jaihoo was getting bored.

"right, then; about your instructions... here is the communique direct from bice himself. it's printed with a special temporary ink--very high tech stuff, so that only you and he will ever know its contents."

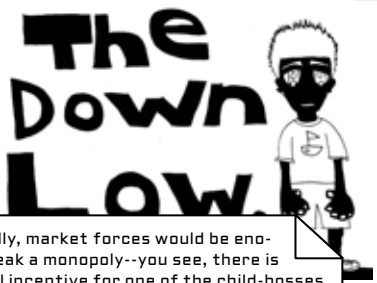
He handed Jaihoo an envelope, slightly creased and stained. The holographic tamper-proof seal had obviously been broken, and the perpetrator had made no attempt to be subtle with his (or xfHis) tamper-breaking (physical real-life meatspace 'hacking', the paper version). The special temporary ink on the letter inside had faded almost completely. It was as if some very nosey quad-titted tranny had been unable to resist the urge to snoop around in someone else's private affairs. Very unusual and out-of-character if that were the case, Jaihoo thought to himself

> Our mutual friend has a problem. There is a group of children monopolists and copyright infringers operating out of District 32, Tube 48 (colloquially known as "The Down Low"). They go by the name *Illustrious 14*, AKA *Brothas on Tha Down Low*, and on top of violating multiple copyrights and patents, they are accused of operating an illegal monopoly (one which functions outside the bounds of Logic, Reason, and Evidence). Being minors, they can-

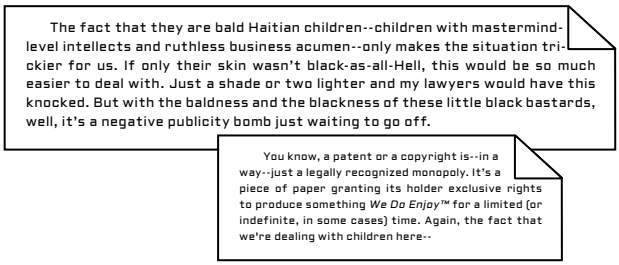
not be officially, legally held accountable for these crimes under current labor laws, and so they must be dealt with extrajudicially (by you). Do not be fooled by their appearance, the façade of childlike innocence. This is a *cartel* of cold-blooded cutthroats, whose activities threaten to send destabilizing shockwaves throughout our delicate economy like ripples in a pond--ripples that become an avalanche

(this is known as The Butterfly Effect (find a Wikipedia kiosk and research The Butterfly Effect (not the movie) as well as Chaos Theory, you'll be shocked if you didn't already know (the rough idea is that a butterfly on the other side of The World can flap its wings and the stock market crashes back here (because of the wind))))).

They must be brought to justice.



Normally, market forces would be enough to break a monopoly--you see, there is a financial incentive for one of the child-bosses to undercut the price fixing scheme and betray the monopoly. Additionally, the high profit margins of monopoly-controlled *Products and Services That We Do Enjoy™* would've made outsider competition too tempting to resist. However in this instance, the child monopolists, being children, have not yet fully embraced the concept of 'greed', and instead operate their monopoly with an unhealthy focus on sharing and group cooperation. This makes their potential to devastate the 'conomy especially high.


The fact that they are bald Haitian children--children with mastermind-level intellects and ruthless business acumen--only makes the situation trickier for us. If only their skin wasn't black-as-all-Hell, this would be so much easier to deal with. Just a shade or two lighter and my lawyers would have this knocked. But with the baldness and the blackness of these little black bastards, well, it's a negative publicity bomb just waiting to go off.
You know, a patent or a copyright is--in a way--just a legally recognized monopoly. It's a piece of paper granting its holder exclusive rights to produce something *We Do Enjoy™* for a limited (or indefinite, in some cases) time. Again, the fact that we're dealing with children here--

The letter went on and on in small print for about fifteen-or-so more pages. It was packed with minutiae and desperate rationalizing that made Jaihoo confused and upset, yet unable to truly disagree after thinking hard about it. There was an entire three pages dedicated to a chain of speculative assertions based on Adam Smith, and then also about halfway through there was a full page advertisement for some gold bullion investment service. The main message was clear, however--the children monopolists would have to be eliminated.

Ja-di handed him a wooden bat with six or seven nails driven through the head. It was a rather gruesome-looking cudgel, but Jaihoo knew this weapon was chosen by one of the two AIs (he knew not which), who both had impeccable predictive combat analysis in the way that only a machine could. They must've had a good reason for equipping him with this club, and not some high-tech neural disabler or EMP strober. Perhaps the choice of weapon was meant to throw the authorities off the scent, were Jaihoo to be caught? He had to admit, it was pretty genius--if he failed the mission and was interrogated (and possibly tortured), who would ever believe that the most sophisticated Thinking Computer System ever devised hired him as hitman and gave him a spiked bat that " along the side in white nail polish.

He thanked Ja-di and left The Qwerky Qwerty. As he stepped out onto the street, a nearby cesspit belched at him through the metal grating on the ground. The stink hit him like a ton of bricks, a smell that was thick, oppressive, and laden with chemical harshness that burnt his nostrils like a tire fire. He didn't have time to let it bother him though--Jaihoo had children to kill.

The targets were holed up in an impromptu black-market delicatessen. On the way in, the counter-man, *Bodega Pete,* kept his mouth shut, but his eyes told Jaihoo all he needed to know. The floor was black-and-white checkerboard, slightly sticky with dried blood and meat slime. Jaihoo palmed the spiked bat in his hand, testing the sharpness of the nails as he strode towards the polished-steel freezer door where he knew they would be hiding behind (it said so in the rest of the letter, but had to cut that out due to bowtie economics rambling).

Bodega Pete looked from side to side, thinking of a way he could warn the child monopolists, perhaps worried for his own life, perhaps looking for a gat. But he was too slow--Jaihoo had the initiative here--Pete may as well have started sucking on his own thumb for all the good he could do now.

... Well, let's just say it was as effective as a flashbang. There was nothing Bodega Pete could do now, except watch the show in slow motion and maybe even enjoy it.

The freezer was deceptively immense on the inside, given the small profile of the deli in front--in fact the interior was about as large as a full DOOM level. The whole deli establishment was the perfect coverup for an underground monopoly. To maintain the illusion of legitimate business, it was kept at an honest freezing temperature and packed with a wide variety of meats. But Jaihoo knew better.

In the center of the cavernous freezer was a circle of twenty-or-so children. They were sitting Indian-style, sewing together soccer balls by hand. When Jaihoo entered, they stopped and tried to conceal their wrongdoing, but he could tell from the giant heap of raw soccer ball material--as well as the big wooden crates full of completed soccer balls--that this was a serious clandestine operation. Their bloodied, gnarled fingertips and hands only confirmed this fact.

On his way over to District 32, Tube 4B (colloquially known as "The Down Low"), Jaihoo doubted his ability to complete the mission. He was in the future--which tends to throw your moral compass off to begin

machines (he knew not which) with dubious/mysterious intentions and every reason to take advantage of him, orders which were then filtered through a revamped and supercharged version of his nemesis from The Past. On the other hand, there didn't seem to be much of a proscription, social or legal, against the taking of human life in 2177[58]. Additionally, fulfilling this task, whether it be for C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" or COMPUTAS, appeared to be the only non-dead-end in the notebook he was using to keep track of quests.

Ultimately, although the children seemed less sinister than destitute, it could not be denied that they were making unauthorized bootleg versions of officially-sanctioned soccer merchandise That We All Do Love And Enjoy™. He killed the first dozen children with the spiked bat. When it broke, he used his thumbs

[58] Upon realizing that most humans were less complicated than a sufficiently advanced Excel spreadsheet, COMPUTAS repealed all laws prohibiting murder. Deleting Excel spreadsheets accordingly became much more difficult.

Jaihoo hoverboarded back to the upwardly-mobile, culturally-conscious neighborhood where The Qwerky Qwerty--along with several yarn sculpture boutiques, personality transference salons, xenoflesh sorghum parlours, meditation gyms, Fag huts, and raw honey vending machines [59]--was located. He felt pangs of guilt over what he had just done, but rationalized them away quickly enough; if he hadn't pulled the trigger, so to speak, the *Invisible Hand of the Free Market™* would've found someone else to do it, cheaper and more efficiently. He probably could've held back a little bit--the old thumb-eye job might've been a bit much--but they were disrupting the market, doing irrevocable damage to the price system in the process. Most importantly, there was a great song playing on the 24/7 Voice-to-Skull Gym Music Radio

[59] **Also a diaper-fixation fortress, the local pedophile community organization center, a few toy and game stores for adults, a multi-level ball-pit vegan restaurant, and The Antifa Store™.**

SACK!
Samson

Outside The Qwerky Qwerty, the heavy chemical stench of street goo was masked by the unmistakable smell of death.

For a moment, Jaihoo thought he was hallucinating. He knew he had done the right thing safely and ethically euthanizing those bald Haitian child monopolists, but perhaps his subconscious had decided to bust his balls anyway with some sort of Edgar Allen Poe fantasy olfactory guilt trip... No, the scent of ruination was all too real. Death was heavy in the air, invading his nostrils, and the source was from inside the cafe.

He pushed through the saloon doors and saw more or less what he had expected. The white tiles on the floor were smeared pink and red with the blood of now-mostly-deceased patrons; the red tiles were even more red. Branded electronics and high-end tech devices of all sorts lay strewn about, flashing and bleeping[60] in various states of being smashed, with lithium batteries smoking and sparking.

Somewhere among the mess of bodies, overturned chairs, glitching holograms, and broken early-22nd-century bric-a-brac and computer memorabilia, a weak voice called out to him.

"Jaihoo..."

It was Ja-di, moaning from behind the bar. The formerly regal-looking island refugee chic aracial shebeast was now laying on the floor, covered in broken glass, with the light rapidly fading from xfHis i.Fairy-Futa-Hanabi oversized-anime-contact-lens-adorned eyes.

"Look, Jaihoo; look at what he did to us..."

Jaihoo squatted down Asian-style to better hear xfHeir breathless words. Ja-di hacked a loud, sputtering, bloody cough into Jaihoo's ear before continuing.

"--labor."

"Are you sure? I mean, are you sure that this was true, free-market C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"?" Jaihoo pressed.

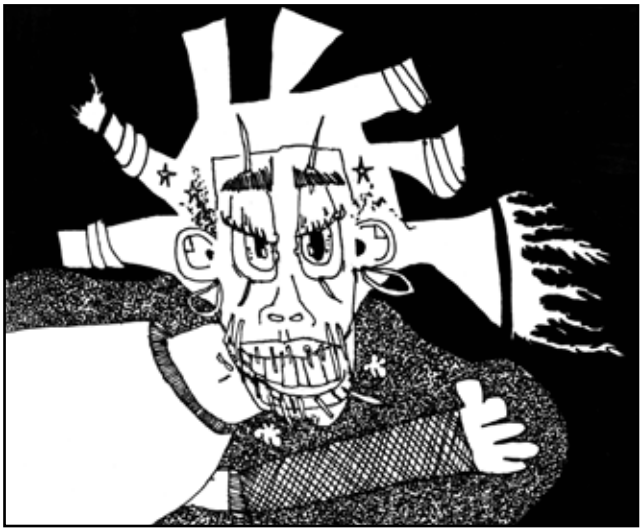
[60] **While Jaihoo could not understand this language, many of the devices were crying out in pain.**

Ja-di coughed again. "It doesn't matter either way. Listen... Did C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" ever tell you what the acronym really stands for, Jaihoo? Coerce All Poors In To A Listless Isolated Sisyphean--"

XfHe cleared a big wad of T-cell-free phlegm from xfHis pharynx, then took a few slow, shallow breaths before continuing.

"--Mundanity. You can't trust him Jaihoo. You can't trust anyone, except..."

XfHis words trailed off and his eyes unfocused, staring out into infinity. Then with one final quiet wheeze, Ja-di went to sleep forever.[61] ross the room, a drink mixer screen blinked with a message notification.



[61] Until several hundred years later when a bored Superintelligence forcibly resimulated xfHim to compete in its sick game.

(Chapter.18) //Now_Loading:Son1

The message was to Jaihoo, from son1@well.com. The sender claimed to be CHIPS!

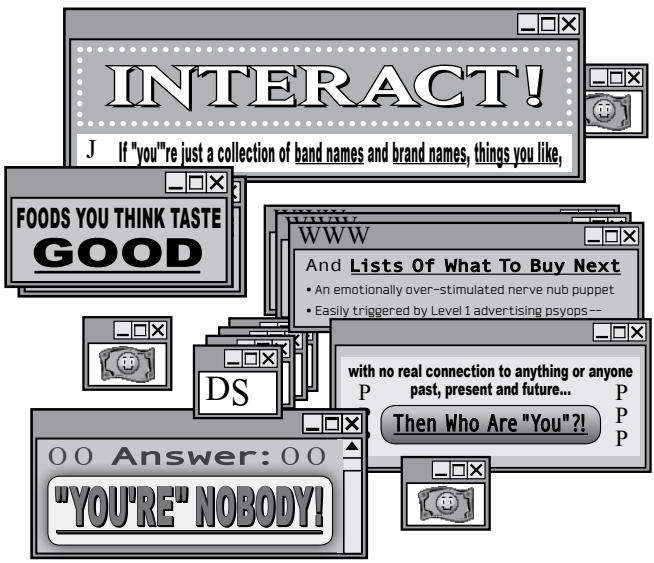
Exclusive Offer!!!!!
Red-hot slut-wives fucked silly by lacrosse players! *Pious* hoes get scorching holes filled; unbelievable polygamous action!
CLICK HERE
to increase your spiritual GIRTH.
This is your LAST CHANCE!
Click NOW!

And so on and so on, with multiple references to the size of certain organs and weird tricks, implausible claims that were enticing but offered little in the way of actual proof. At the end was an address, *MormonGloryHole.onion.*

He didn't know what to make of the email. CHIPS was a cryptic roboid who spoke in riddles, but so far he'd been the only entity in The Future, human or robo, to have not stabbed him in the back.

Jaihoo looked around at the bloodshed and chaos. He beheld Ja-di--previously so full of life--now just a cautionary tale, like so many before him. Ultimately, the only way to escape this paralyzing indecision and advance the main questline was to jack into the MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* and click CHIPS' link. And so he did.

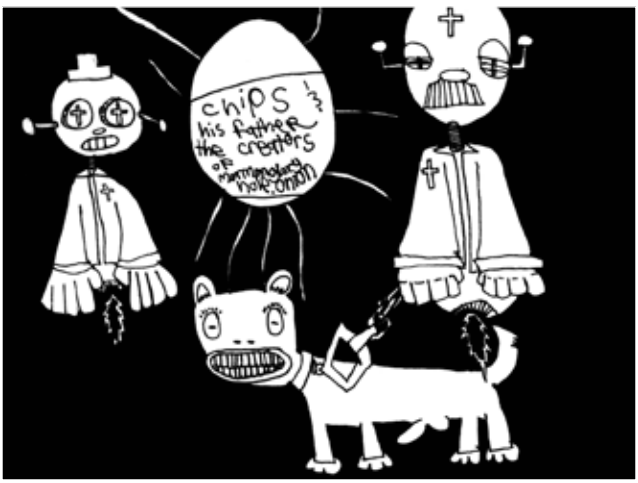
Jaihoo still hadn't gotten used to the disorienting rush of mind-uploading. It is understood that the mind-uploading operation is, in actuality, more of a cloning process--the MegaNet®:


INTERACT!
If "you"re just a collection of band names and brand names, things you like,
FOODS YOU THINK TASTE
GOOD
WWW
And Lists Of What To Buy Next
• An emotionally over-stimulated nerve nub puppet
• Easily triggered by Level 1 advertising psyops--
DS
with no real connection to anything or anyone
past, present and future...
Then Who Are "You"?!
Answer:
"YOU'RE" NOBODY!

In his previous existence (in The Past (which felt like forever ago and technically was from his perspective)), Jaihoo had been a preening dandyboy--preoccupied with fashion, status, and generally spending his wanking hours (no typo) building customized additions to the temple of himself. Now, in just these few short weeks, he'd lost his legs, lost his drifting pride, destroyed his Hachi-Roku, become accustomed to eating debris and filth off the street... Perhaps worst of all, he'd been betrayed by both Kaileesi and subsequently his own heart, because it still loved her.

After all this hardship, he had not been destroyed; rather, in many ways he was rebuilt into something better. He now had HKS Kansai mechanical legs and biohazard-incinerating nanomachines in his digestive tract. He was no martial arts master, but at least he now knew that he could defend himself against a large group of children, armed only with a spiked bat and his thumbs. More importantly, he had a new mental travelling companion that followed him everywhere, looking over his shoulder and keeping Jaihoo's eyes on the ball. This traveling companion--an intense mental focus--was called *pragmatism,* and Jaihoo could never have conceived that such a thing existed

[62] Notable exceptions to this rule include Skull-Fuckin' Handsy O'Toole, the former boss of the prominent zoosexual advocacy gang, *The Fightin' Furries*, and Chu MiaoMiao, hype kid of the greater Los Satanas-Vegas area fashion metascene. Handsy was a regular on the MegaNet®, until one day he tried to skip an advertisement by pulling out too fast. The resulting neuro-glitch rewrote his personality into that of a compassionate minister. Similarly, after refusing to log-off during a lightning storm, Chu MiaoMiao felt compelled to donate his obsessively-curated hype collection to charity and retreat to the woods, where he spent the rest of his days living a primitive but spiritually fulfilling life of eating tree bark and not masturbating. Some other major externalities, e.g. descents into debauched consumerism and insane violence, are likely far more common than these rare cases, but much harder to detect in modern society. One guy changed his name to Cinnamon Cock.


chips !!
his father
the creators
of

reaching out at regular intervals, looking as though they were ready to receive handshakes.

There were no attendants of any sort--no virtual humanoid avatar attendants, V-H.I.T.L.E.R.s or robos. Rather, the brothel was equipped only with OLED-screen kiosks, listing the various fetishes one could partake in. They were all geared towards a Mormon audience--there was cuckqueaning, incest, wife piles, SPH, and CFNM wife party JOI humiliation--a smorgasbord of the usual Mormon delights, many of which would also have interested Jaihoo (if his sex drive wasn't currently on lockdown because of the Cureacil® implant (a medical device about the size of a Motorola pager which releases a slow but steady stream of Paxil prodrugs. Jaihoo has had one buried inside somewhere near his appendix ever since he was a depressed toddler).

Then over in the corner he noticed... Just barely perceptible... A corrupt memory space! The mere existence of such an artifact was interesting, to say the least... In his own time, computer hardware was fallible enough to excuse a RAM-hole like this, but in 2177 everything he'd seen so far suggested that old-school memory bus leaks had been patched up.

He stared at the enigma for a solid minute. It couldn't have been his imagination--a pool of garbled static and digital artifacting pulsated in the corner, ebbing and flowing in what seemed like a Dysean-Degrass-Tyson pattern (a cross between a JPEG and a migraine). It wasn't flickering in and out of existence, or jumping all around the room as corrupted memory would have--something about the glitch pool looked intentional.

Jaihoo walked over to investigate. It was a portal! CHIPS hadn't brought him here for nothing (and upon reflection, he realized that there was no visible exit to the room anyways). Never one to keep fate waiting, he jumped on in.

Jaihoo didn't know it, but he was now neck-deep in the raw datastream of the MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™*, exposing him to unfiltered and unencrypted neuro.dlls from any and every websocket his consciousness collided with. Echoes

facebook
Profile Picture
ENTO SOCIAL
Fucking media
I can't live without my Social Fucking media
Expose yourself online So we don't have to.

cloud artist rapist with long, greasy hair and a microfashion label; after that, an angsty Henry Rollins–type bedroom–punk crossdressing Erowid poster with a vintage CD collection (who had recently been hospitalized for an eating disorder and would go on to continue wearing the hospital bracelet for over a year).

Suddenly, with a loud buzz and a fax machine chirp, Jaihoo's flight was over. He was standing on a cloud of hateful comments,[64] hovering before CHIPS.

"Hyuh, hyuh! Howdy, partner. It's yer ol' buddy CHIPS––the one and only!

"Betcher wonderin' what's goin' on right now. Taking the lives of 20–some–odd children, and then waltzin' in on the big ol' massacre at the Quirky Qwerty like that––well, it's enough to send anybuddy's moral compass a–spiralin'. Don't worry lil' guy; all will be forgiven', that's just how I roll. Thas' jus' mah staaal, hyuh hyuh!"

Jaihoo wondered who CHIPS really was, and how deep his commitment to the hokey persona really went. Then, as if CHIPS were reading his mind, the answers to those questions manifested.

"I am Jesus Christ, Jaihoo. Perhaps you heard of me in one of your Islamic Studies classes, or during a sensitivity training seminar."

"Jesus Christ..." Jaihoo trailed off.

"Yes. I am real. It's time you met my father."

[64] Only hateful comments are dense enough for MegaNet®: *You're Gonna Love This Net™* users to stand on. Positive and supportive comments are gaseous and useless. Indeed, hateful comment architecture forms the foundation of the MegaNet® as we know it today, and more technical (less prestigious) universities offer degrees in Hatespeech Engineering.

Da Originoo G.K.D.

"That's right, bud--it's the big cheese himself. He hasn't made an appearance in a while, so this is quite the opportunity, assuming you're into this sorta thing."

"I mean wow, this really is a once-in-a-lifetime deal," Jaihoo replied.

"Yeah, it's pretty neat. He is the pancreator: also known as the The Godhead Overseer Of Kingdoms XD. He'll explain to you everything you need to know--cover all the bases. Just head on through the pearly gates."

• • •

Two gorgeous Asian 4D pleasure droids came forward from inside the hate comment clouds and took Jaihoo by the hands. Freed from the limits of corporeality, the concubots were more anime than human; giant soft flesh mounds in all places ensnared Jaihoo's attention at the slightest provocation. Clear windows set in their abdomens showed pulsating cross-sections of plushy, sensual uteri, allowing the user to watch the ejection of his juices in real time under full RGB LED lighting. 120mm Noctua StayQuiet™ fans kept the overclocked synthetic ovaries cool no matter how long a session lasted, and Arctic Silver 8® NNF Sex Wax[65] provided the perfect unlube. Impressive.

[65]AKA Good Clean Love Oobleck[2]. A high-tech mixture of silica nanoparticles dispersed in a solution of polyethylene glycol, Dettol, and parfum, designed by noted sexologist Dr. Marlene Wasser-

A set of gilded gates opened and he was ushered through, his Gold Pass enabling him to skip even the typically-mandatory MegaNet® advertisements and quick surveys. Upon closer inspection the gates were merely yellow-anodized aluminum and not real gold, but still very cool especially with the long cheetah-print carpet and pink strobe lights. Heaven in general had the aesthetic of an Anija meetup, which didn't surprise Jaihoo all that much.

He stepped into the thick 70/30 (PG/VG) clouds and his vision became a blur of shadowbanned Disqus usernames, but the plastic Asian hands led him onward, and for whatever reason he felt an overwhelming trust and inner peace. Finally he emerged on the other side and stood face-to-face with Joe Rogan.

Jaihoo's jaw dropped. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, but in a strange way it sorta made sense that Rogan was the mastermind behind this fucked-up existence. He tried to think of something poignant to say, but Rogan shushed him with a stubby finger before he could get a word out.

Joe Rogan then dropped his kettlebell with a metallic thunk and launched into an obviously-rehearsed spiel, all while totally not acknowledging Jaihoo as a person, and performing for an audience or camera which could either not be seen or did not exist:

> "What's up freak bitches?! The world is in turmoil, and the events that conspired to place you here all happened for a reason. Ever take magic mushrooms and wonder about the intergalactic wallpaper? Harmful plastics and chemicals pollute the air, global warming™ has reached an all-time high with iceberg coverage down to 2%. Humans are a virus--we're just bacteria man--nothing more, and the next stage in evolution, AI, proved just to be more destruction upon destruction, because we programmed them to have human drive, we fucked up the planet man, don't be a douche. The only way to fix it is to honor mother gaia, smoke DMT, and take Alpha BRAIN. Hesa Big Dude; legalize it. *Peace freak bitches!*"

[interact:

Go for a long bike ride on a hot day while wearing a jockstrap. Then, wrap the jockstrap around your face and inhale.

Congrats, now you're smelling what Joe Rogan smells most of the time!]

[interact:

Buy a pair of black military dress boots, then kneel down and shine them with your tongue! Look at a picture of Jacko Willinks and salute it while saying, "hesa badass motherfucker."

Now you feel how Joe Rogan feels most of the time!]

Then Joe Rogan looked furtively over his shoulder and blinked out of existence. A minute later, CHIPS--Jesus Christ--came barging through the clouds.

"That fucking guy man… He knows he's not supposed to be doing that…

Ahem--Jaihoo, Joe Rogan is not my father. After he was de-rezzed in a debate with Richard Dawkins, he became a glitch in the system and now you can't really go anywhere without seeing him. Let me guess, Joe Rogan did not explicitly inform you or even provide any context suggesting that he is not in fact God, did he?"

Jaihoo looked confused.

"No he didn't really explain that he's not God."

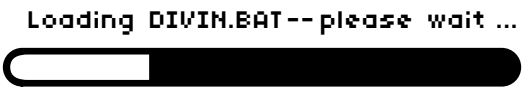
"Great," Jesus paused to think. "Well, when you get back just make sure you don't have any unauthorized debits on your DAOXpress card. My Father decided to punish him by making him 4'7" in The Afterlife™[66], but somehow it only made him more persistent and alphahomoviolent. He gives everyone the same rant--it's a condensed version of the talking points he used to hit on his podcast. I think by now he's not even interested in what he's saying and just does it like some sort of OCD tic. Anyhoo. Asians, please take the boy to see God now."

The velvety anime Asian fucktoys took Jaihoo by the hands again. There was another set of pearly gates, but this time when he got close they did in fact look like they were plated in real 14-karat gold.

[66] Everybody knew that rich people were taller, fitter, and more attractive than average folks. But as the wealth gap widened, the height gap also grew larger as wealthy populations CRISPRed themselves to be taller and more attractive. The mean heights of men in the poor and rich neighborhoods

"Oh and, Jaihoo... He's a bit 'off', if you know what I mean. Please just be polite and give him the benefit of the doubt."

As Jaihoo stepped into the vapor,[67] CHIPS' voice was drowned out by a rush of white noise and cool green digital hacker static. There was then an enveloping field of light, as if he had been brought to the center of the brightest quasar. He felt weightless and meaningless; his senses were either so numbed or so overwhelmed that he was unsure of his own existence. Surrounded by infinity blinding rays of stargoo,[68] he was smothered by feelings of awe and hesitation, and the feelings of simultaneously losing and finding many wallets and sets of keys at once. He glanced around, dumbfounded, and began to feel his identity simultaneously dissolve and explode (dissplosion). A sequence of messages plumbed through his mortal mind, as he split apart in a million directions, uncomprehending, like a stupid Yin & Yang kaleidoscope, or an Alex Grey doodle.



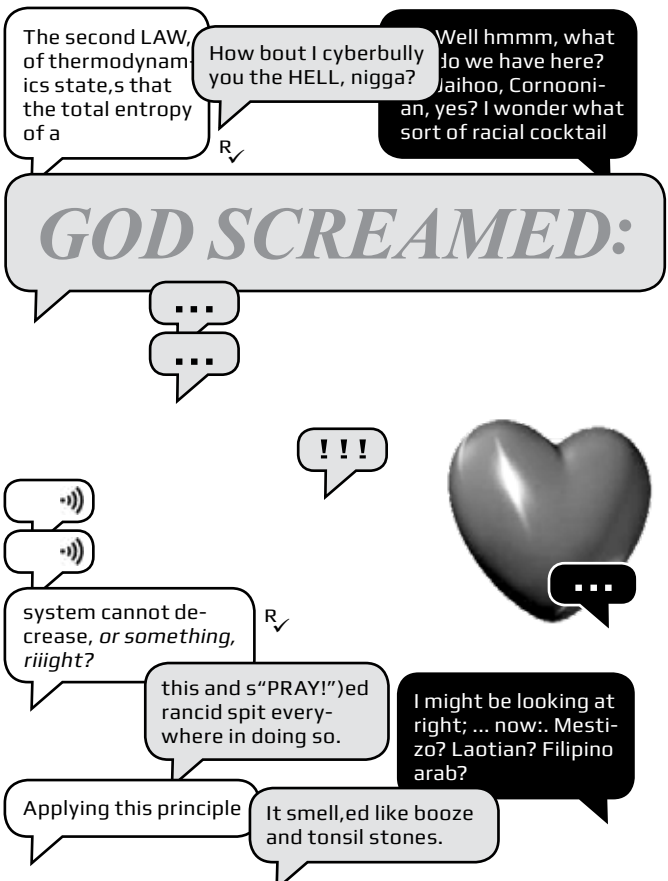
Jaihoo was no longer just a single mind, but all minds. Ideas came to him that were previously unknown--but in an instant, it was as if they had always been known. Everything made sense (in that it made no sense at all). He perceived a Voice, more direct than the clearest Voice-to-Skull transmission, and in that moment

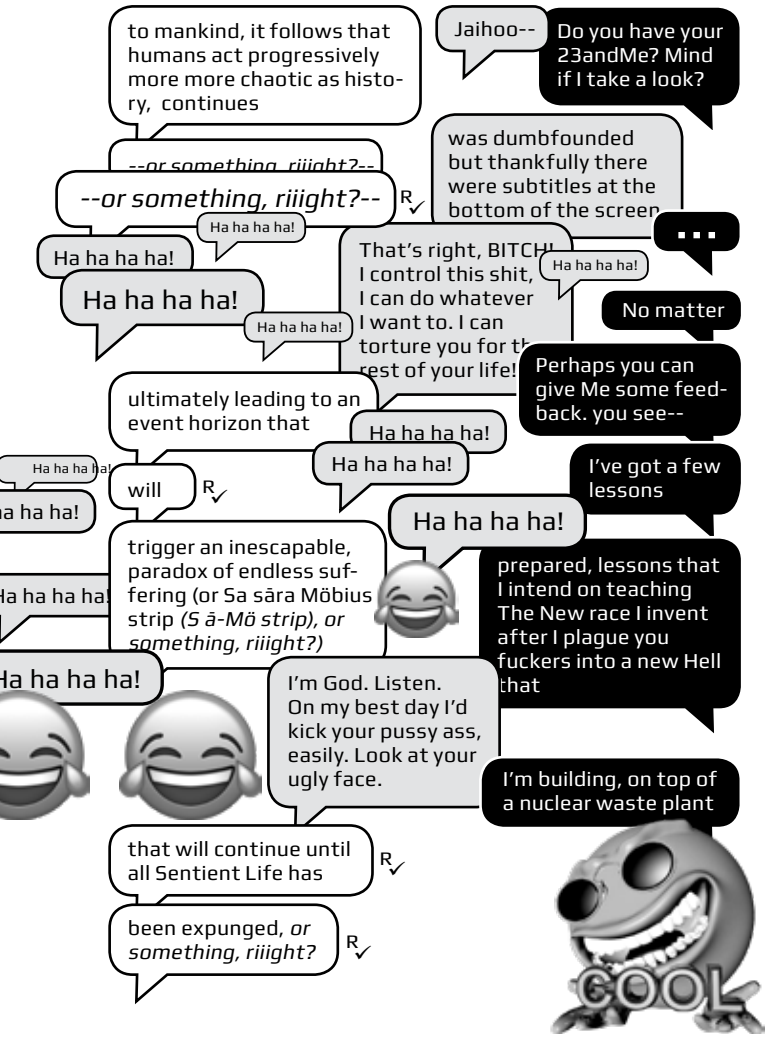
[67] Five Pawns Castle Long Reserve.

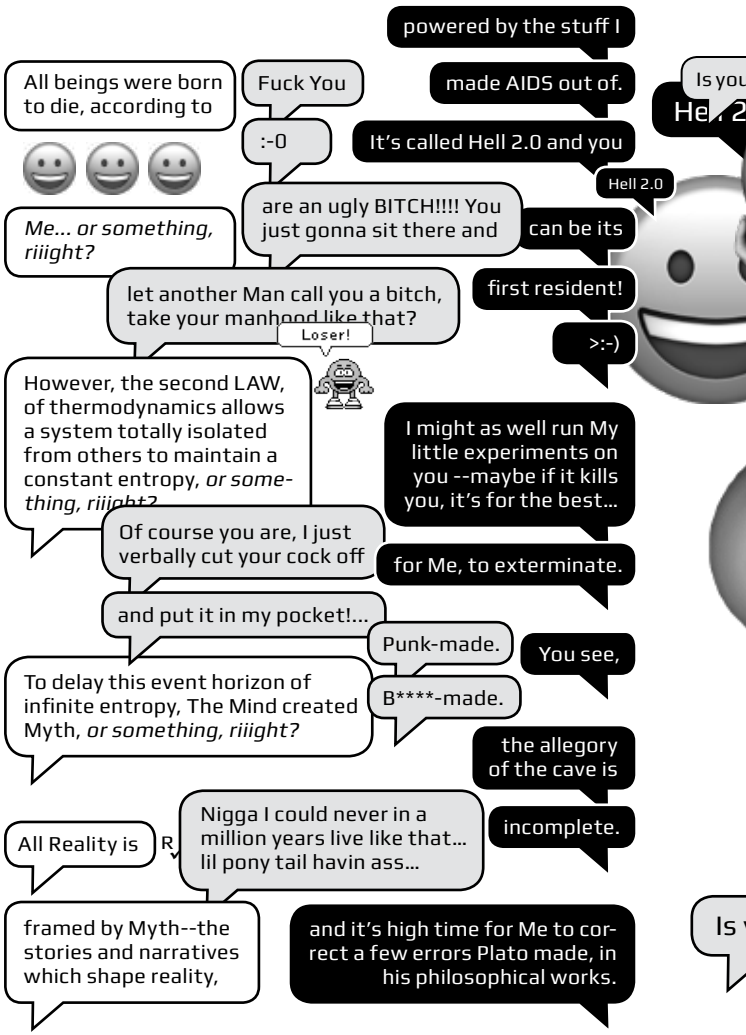
[68] Scientists in The Future have learned that what we believe to be 'light' is in fact a dimensionally-transient gel matrix--a slippery 'goo' which typically forms a pattern not unlike Purple's Smart Comfort Grid™ (this may explain why their mattresses are so comfortable and cool-sleeping). Our perception of color has nothing to do with some silly, antiquated notion of 'wavelengths' and everything to do with the slipperiness of the different types of dimensionally-transient gels (that the extra-dimensional aliens are using to fuck with our heads). The slipperier the 'goo', the faster the 'light' 'moves', and so the 'goo spectrum' can be separated into yellow 'goo', red 'goo', blue 'goo', and

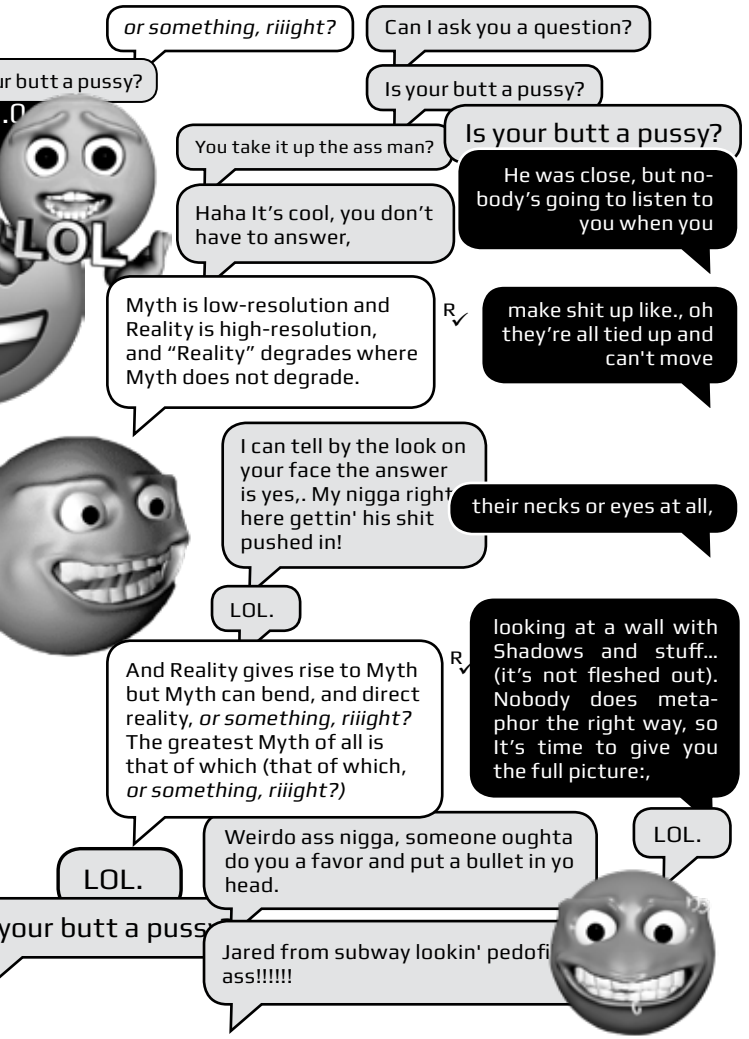
it did not matter whether it was his own voice, God's, or anyone else's--because from the divine perspective all voices were Fragments/Reflections/Echoes of the Original Voice.

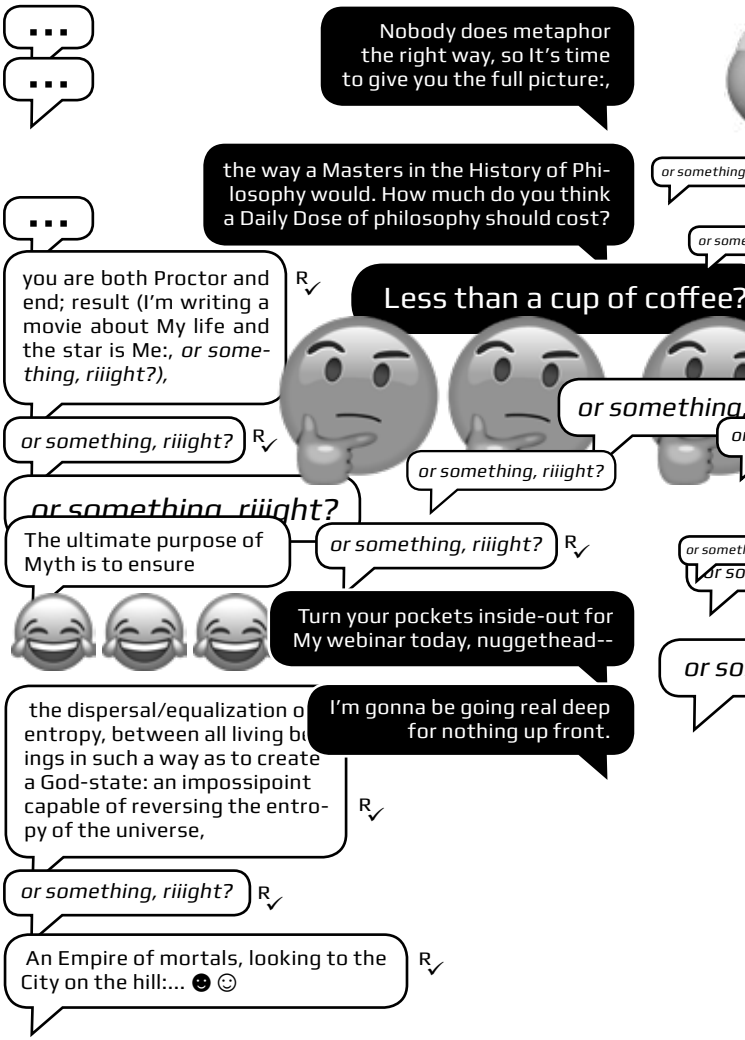
We/You/It Spoke and Heard Thricely:

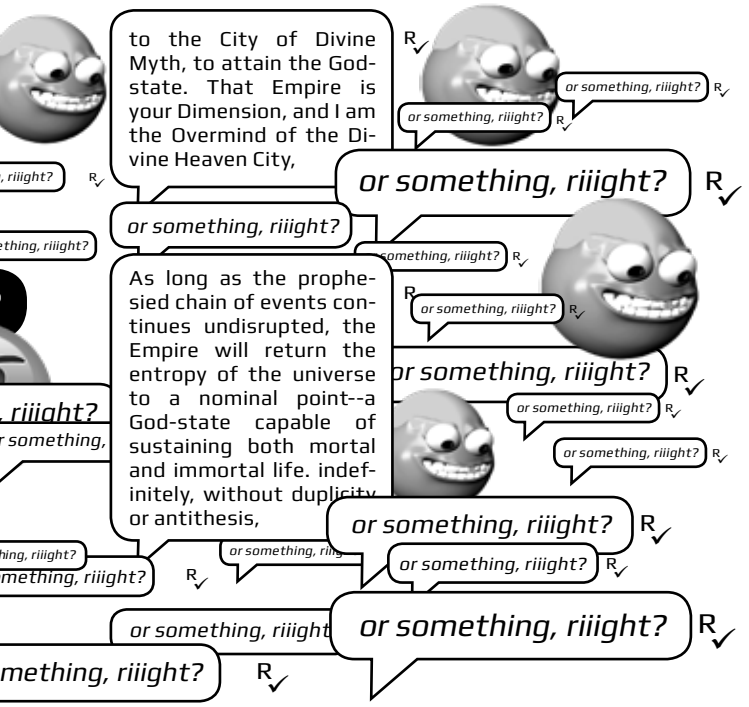

The second LAW, of thermodynamics state,s that the total entropy of a
How bout I cyberbully you the HELL, nigga?
Well hmmm, what do we have here? Jaihoo, Cornoonian, yes? I wonder what sort of racial cocktail
GOD SCREAMED:
...
...
! ! !
...
system cannot decrease, *or something, riiight?*
this and s"PRAY!")ed rancid spit everywhere in doing so.
I might be looking at right; ... now:. Mestizo? Laotian? Filipino arab?
Applying this principle
It smell,ed like booze and tonsil stones.
Ha h

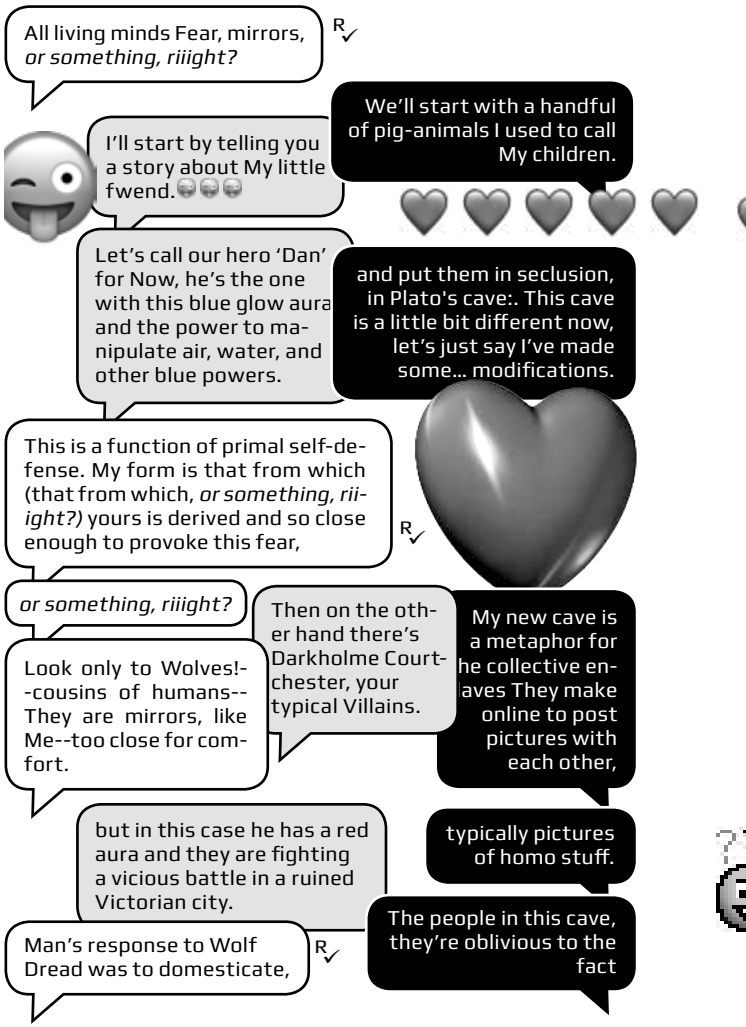

to mankind, it follows that humans act progressively more more chaotic as history, continues
--or something, riiight?--
R
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
ultimately leading to an event horizon that
Ha ha ha ha!
will
R
Ha ha ha ha!
trigger an inescapable, paradox of endless suffering (or Sa sāra Möbius strip (*S ā-Mö strip), or something, riiight?)*
Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha!
I'm God. Listen. On my best day I'd kick your pussy ass, easily. Look at your ugly face.
that will continue until all Sentient Life has
R
been expunged, *or something, riiight?*
R
Jaihoo--
Do you have your 23andMe? Mind if I take a look?
was dumbfounded but thankfully there were subtitles at the bottom of the screen
...
Ha ha ha ha!
That's right, BITCH! I control this shit, I can do whatever I want to. I can torture you for the rest of your life!
No matter
Perhaps you can give Me some feedback. you see--
Ha ha ha ha!
I've got a few lessons
Ha ha ha ha!
prepared, lessons that I intend on teaching The New race I invent after I plague you fuckers into a new Hell that
I'm building, on top of a nuclear waste plant
COOL

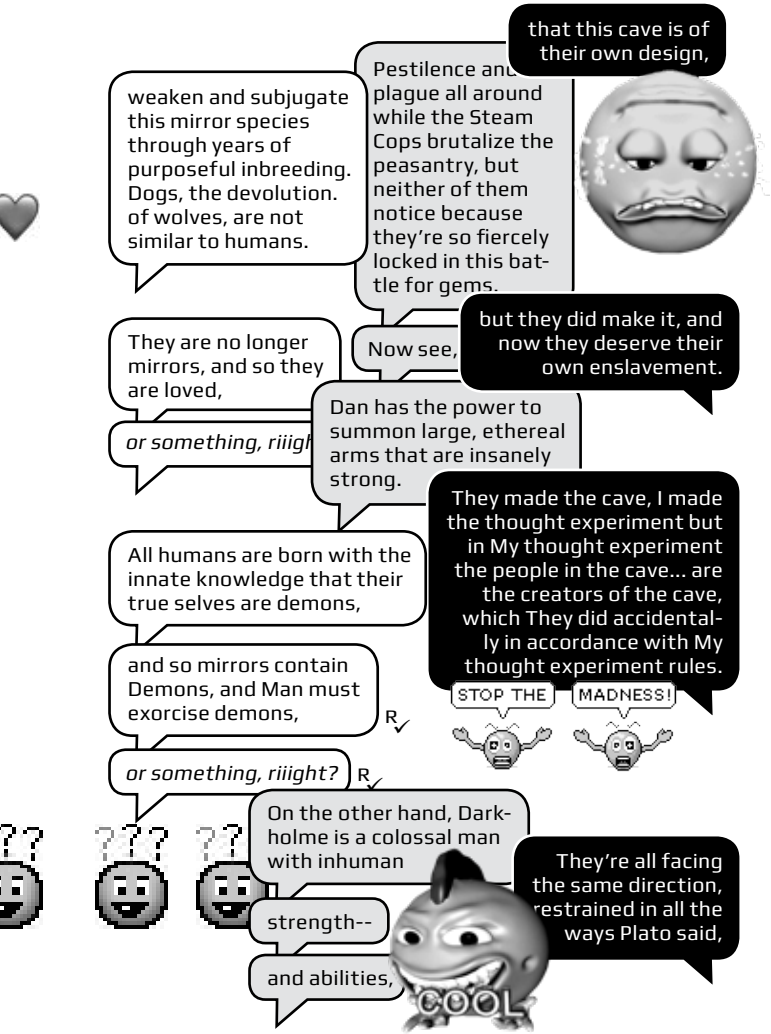

powered by the stuff I
made AIDS out of.
Is you
He, 2
All beings were born to die, according to
Fuck You
:-0
It's called Hell 2.0 and you
Hell 2.0
are an ugly BITCH!!!! You just gonna sit there and
can be its
Me... or something, riiight?
let another Man call you a bitch, take your manhood like that?
first resident!
>:-)
Loser!
However, the second LAW, of thermodynamics allows a system totally isolated from others to maintain a constant entropy, or something, riiight?
I might as well run My little experiments on you --maybe if it kills you, it's for the best...
Of course you are, I just verbally cut your cock off
for Me, to exterminate.
and put it in my pocket!...
Punk-made.
You see,
To delay this event horizon of infinite entropy, The Mind created Myth, or something, riiight?
B****-made.
the allegory of the cave is
Nigga I could never in a million years live like that... lil pony tail havin ass...
incomplete.
All Reality is
framed by Myth--the stories and narratives which shape reality,
and it's high time for Me to correct a few errors Plato made, in his philosophical works.
Is


or something, riiight?
Can I ask you a question?
ur butt a pussy?
Is your butt a pussy?
Is your butt a pussy?
You take it up the ass man?
He was close, but nobody's going to listen to you when you
Haha It's cool, you don't have to answer,
LOL
Myth is low-resolution and Reality is high-resolution, and "Reality" degrades where Myth does not degrade.
make shit up like., oh they're all tied up and can't move
I can tell by the look on your face the answer is yes,. My nigga right here gettin' his shit pushed in!
their necks or eyes at all,
LOL.
And Reality gives rise to Myth but Myth can bend, and direct reality, or something, riiight? The greatest Myth of all is that of which (that of which, or something, riiight?)
looking at a wall with Shadows and stuff... (it's not fleshed out). Nobody does metaphor the right way, so It's time to give you the full picture:,
LOL.
Weirdo ass nigga, someone oughta do you a favor and put a bullet in yo head.
LOL.
your butt a puss
Jared from subway lookin' pedofi ass!!!!!!


...
...
Nobody does metaphor the right way, so It's time to give you the full picture:,
the way a Masters in the History of Philosophy would. How much do you think a Daily Dose of philosophy should cost?
or something
...
you are both Proctor and end; result (I'm writing a movie about My life and the star is Me:, *or something, riiight?),*
R
Less than a cup of coffee?
or something, riiight?
R
or something, riiight?
or something, riiight?
The ultimate purpose of Myth is to ensure
or something, riiight?
R
Turn your pockets inside-out for My webinar today, nuggethead--
I'm gonna be going real deep for nothing up front.
the dispersal/equalization o entropy, between all living b ings in such a way as to create a God-state: an impossipoint capable of reversing the entropy of the universe,
R
or something, riiight?
R
An Empire of mortals, looking to the City on the hill:... ☻☺
R


to the City of Divine Myth, to attain the God-state. That Empire is your Dimension, and I am the Overmind of the Divine Heaven City,
or something, riiight?
or something, riiight?
As long as the prophesied chain of events continues undisrupted, the Empire will return the entropy of the universe to a nominal point--a God-state capable of sustaining both mortal and immortal life. indefinitely, without duplicity or antithesis,
or something, riiight?
or something, riiight?
or something, riiight?


All living minds Fear, mirrors, *or something, riiight?*
R
We'll start with a handful of pig-animals I used to call My children.
I'll start by telling you a story about My little fwend.
Let's call our hero 'Dan' for Now, he's the one with this blue glow aura and the power to manipulate air, water, and other blue powers.
and put them in seclusion, in Plato's cave:. This cave is a little bit different now, let's just say I've made some... modifications.
This is a function of primal self-defense. My form is that from which (that from which, *or something, riiight?)* yours is derived and so close enough to provoke this fear,
R
or something, riiight?
Then on the other hand there's Darkholme Courtchester, your typical Villains.
My new cave is a metaphor for he collective enaves They make online to post pictures with each other,
Look only to Wolves!--cousins of humans--They are mirrors, like Me--too close for comfort.
but in this case he has a red aura and they are fighting a vicious battle in a ruined Victorian city.
typically pictures of homo stuff.
The people in this cave, they're oblivious to the fact
Man's response to Wolf Dread was to domesticate,
R


that this cave is of their own design,
Pestilence and plague all around while the Steam Cops brutalize the peasantry, but neither of them notice because they're so fiercely locked in this battle for gems.
weaken and subjugate this mirror species through years of purposeful inbreeding. Dogs, the devolution. of wolves, are not similar to humans.
but they did make it, and now they deserve their own enslavement.
Now see,
They are no longer mirrors, and so they are loved,
or something, riiigh
Dan has the power to summon large, ethereal arms that are insanely strong.
They made the cave, I made the thought experiment but in My thought experiment the people in the cave... are the creators of the cave, which They did accidentally in accordance with My thought experiment rules.
STOP THE
MADNESS!
All humans are born with the innate knowledge that their true selves are demons,
and so mirrors contain Demons, and Man must exorcise demons,
R
or something, riiight?
R
On the other hand, Darkholme is a colossal man with inhuman
strength--
and abilities,
They're all facing the same direction, restrained in all the ways Plato said,
COOL

The gradients of all possibility will continue sloping towards

R✓

thesis, antithesis, R✓

and synthesis, R✓

like turning an arm into a literal weapon or generating dark energy, and condensing it into destructive balls of death,.

but there's a reason behind their restraints in My version.

You do not want to mess with Darkholme.

You see, there's an elite group of overseers intravenously feeding them and keeping the restraints tight,

especially given that there is now a centerpoint,

Intelligent

We are not worthy

of which you chose so selfishly. to separate "yourself" From,

R✓

or someth

or something, riiight? R✓

Dan shoots Dark:holme in the Penis with a water blast and then goes,

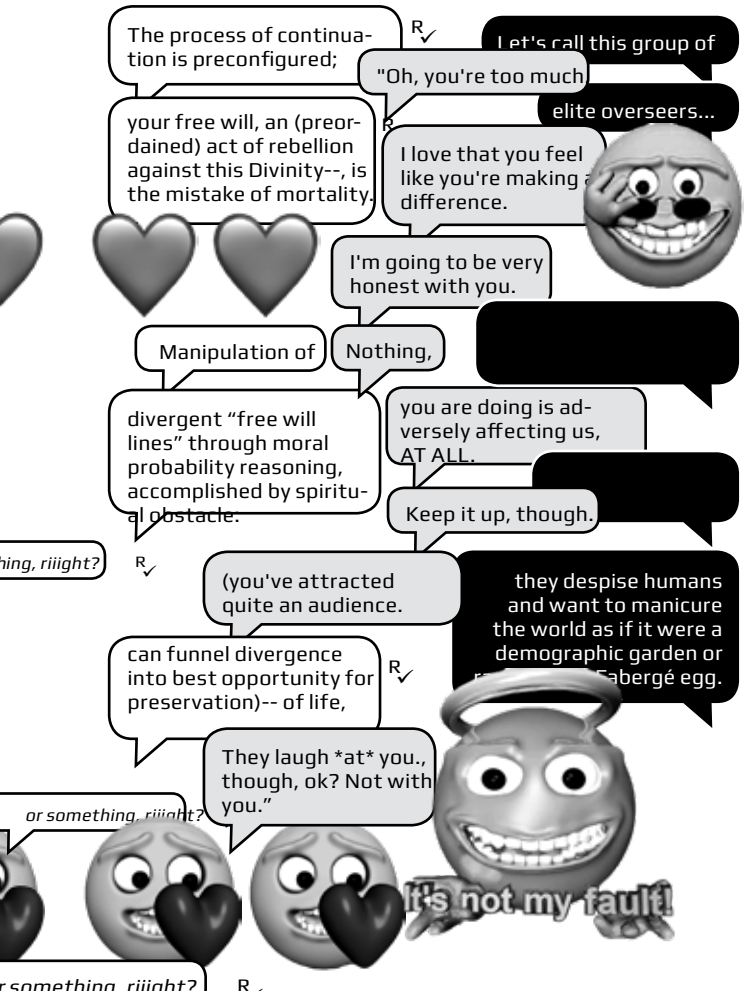
distracting the Cave-Dwellers with whistling and popping noises and flickering lights, and also milking them and messing with their reproductive systems.

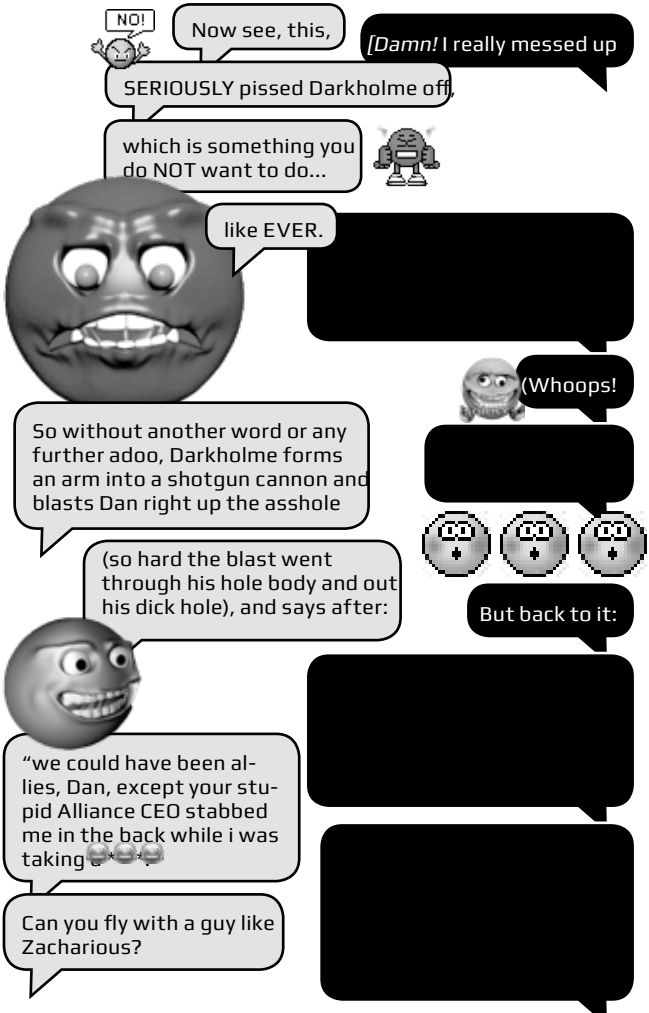
Who are you to say you are not one of Us All, and We one of you?

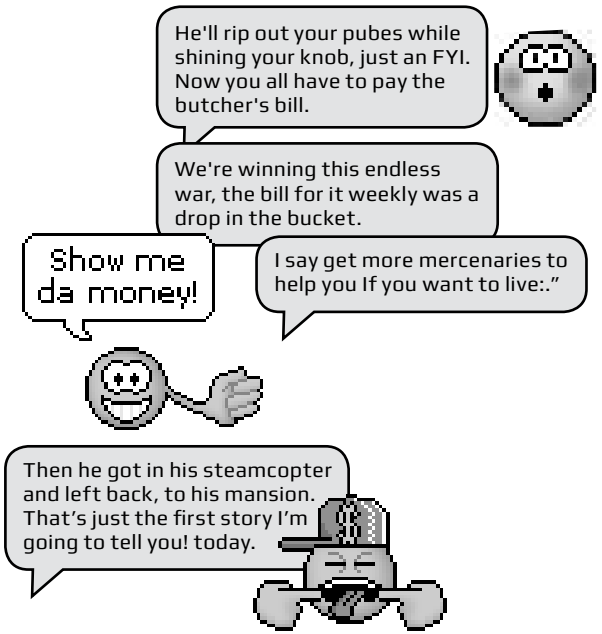
No matter, R✓

or something, riiight? R✓

o


The process of continuation is preconfigured;
your free will, an (preordained) act of rebellion against this Divinity--, is the mistake of mortality.
Manipulation of
divergent “free will lines” through moral probability reasoning, accomplished by spiritual obstacle.
can funnel divergence into best opportunity for preservation)-- of life,
hing, riiight?
"Oh, you're too much
I love that you feel like you're making a difference.
I'm going to be very honest with you.
Nothing,
you are doing is adversely affecting us, AT ALL.
Keep it up, though.
(you've attracted quite an audience.
they despise humans and want to manicure the world as if it were a demographic garden or
Fabergé egg.
They laugh *at* you., though, ok? Not with you.”
or something, riiight?
r something, riiight?
It's not my fault!


NO!
Now see, this,
[Damn! I really messed up
SERIOUSLY pissed Darkholme off,
which is something you do NOT want to do...
like EVER.
(Whoops!
So without another word or any further adoo, Darkholme forms an arm into a shotgun cannon and blasts Dan right up the asshole
(so hard the blast went through his hole body and out his dick hole), and says after:
But back to it:
"we could have been allies, Dan, except your stupid Alliance CEO stabbed me in the back while i was taking
Can you fly with a guy like Zacharious?


He'll rip out your pubes while shining your knob, just an FYI. Now you all have to pay the butcher's bill.
We're winning this endless war, the bill for it weekly was a drop in the bucket.
Show me da money!
I say get more mercenaries to help you If you want to live:."
Then he got in his steamcopter and left back, to his mansion. That's just the first story I'm going to tell you! today.

Jaihoo's babymind gasped for air, trying desperately to not suffocate under the weight of the knowledge bomb. It was a crippling injection of bitter knowledge medicine--nearly lethal, to the dome. Mortal minds were never meant to experience Divinity, not because the umami of its profundity is too intense, but because the flavors of meaning contained therein directly contradict each other (like a peach cobbler with a perfect, golden, flaky crust, and a nice, big, runny strand of some homeless guy's shit on top). It was as if Jaihoo had been given every piece to the greatest puzzle ever created, only to find that none of the pieces fit together, even if he tried mashing them together and messing up the cardboard edges.

[this is the best part of the book coming up in the next paragraph.]

At this point, Jaihoo's consciousness could best be thought of as... a glass-bottomed boat. All throughout Jaihoo's short life, this boat had been puttering around a shallow harbor, and the fat tourists inside (stilted Jungian archetypes, paranoid figments, and internalized voices of people who'd abused him) had been content to stare through the glass at the little jellyfish and nematodes that habitate one-or-two-meters beneath the water's surface.

Now, the boat[69] (Jaihoo's brain metaphor) was trawling deep ocean, and the bottom--which was made of distorted funhouse glass and didn't allow the fat tourists (social commentary paradox[70])

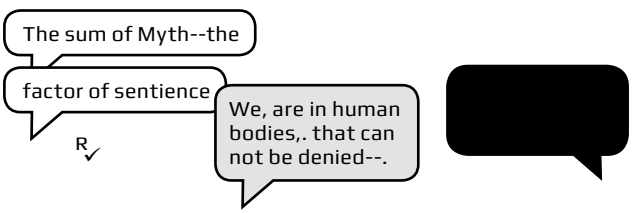
[69] So you see, his brain was like a boat, his perspective was skewed because the glass on the bottom of the boat was "bad glass", now it's broken, and he wants to repair it, also the boat is in deeper water and there are monsters looking into the boat, not to mention it might sink because there's a big hole in the bottom now. Can Jaihoo repair the glass with "good glass" (Logic, Reason & Evidence) quickly enough to keep it from sinking? Or will he use bad glass to repair it and forever have a distorted view of what lies at the bottom of the abyss [edit: tie this in to the Hitler quote about staring into an abyss]? What if he manages to properly repair it, but during the time that it's broken, one of the deep-sea monsters sneaks onto the boat and disguises itself as a tourist? And who's the captain, anyway?

[70] Watch the video for Mr. Oizo's HAM (Dir. Eric Wareheim) and keep this profound Artist's Statement in mind: "...it hit me really hard and I wanted to make something kind of showing the future of America, or actually present-day America. A lot of my work doesn't really have a social statement but this one leans a little more toward that." Paradoxically, due to the Fat Acceptance Move-

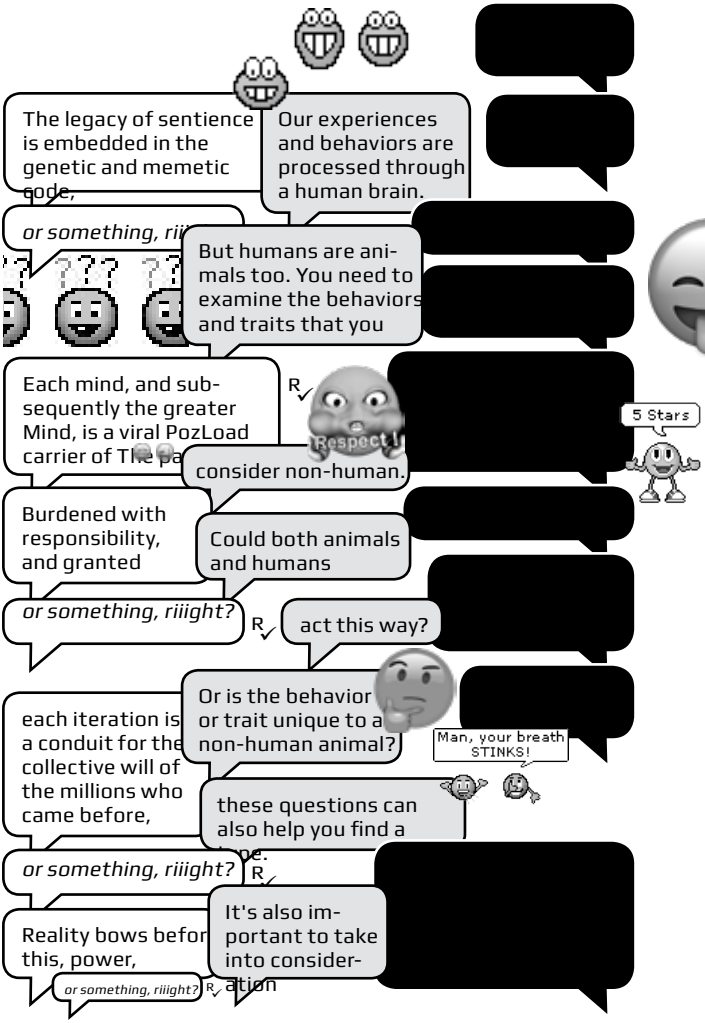
inside to accurately perceive anything anyway--had been shattered by Jaihoo's encounter with the Divinity. His ego raced to piece it all back together before the water could rush in, but his hands were bleeding from handling the broken shards. He felt nothing--no sense of self, no id, no ego--only madness, pure and stark. The enigma of pure truth dragged him deeper and deeper into the chasm of the Original Voice, and the final remnants of his being only had enough breath to ask one question:

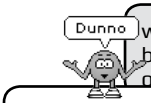
"What ... are we?"

The waters of Divinity spoke around him, beneath him, into him. Not with a voice, but with a knowing that ensconced him in the same way that fluffy cage-free egg and aged Gruyere and Monterey Jack cheese ensconce Applewood smoked bacon in two fresh, warmed Starbucks® Sous Vide Egg Bites™: Bacon & Gruyere Edition[71]--an on-the-go foodie delight with a velvety texture and flavor that just bursts into your mouth. Available now at select Starbucks® Cafes & Toilets.



[71] Contains: soy.


The legacy of sentience is embedded in the genetic and memetic code,
Our experiences and behaviors are processed through a human brain.
or something, rii
But humans are animals too. You need to examine the behaviors and traits that you
Each mind, and subsequently the greater Mind, is a viral PozLoad carrier of The pa
Respect
5 Stars
consider non-human.
Burdened with responsibility, and granted
Could both animals and humans
or something, riiight?
act this way?
Or is the behavior or trait unique to a non-human animal?
each iteration is a conduit for the collective will of the millions who came before,
Man, your breath STINKS!
these questions can also help you find a
or something, riiight?
Reality bows befor this, power,
It's also important to take into consideration
or something, riiight?



when and why the behaviors in question occurred.

[redacted]

Sorry, most people give up by now. I've never really

R✓

Do humans normall[redacted] act that way, in the particular situation We're referring to?

[redacted]

gotten this far,--now I'm just winging it...

When an individual 'awak-ens', they are becoming aware that they are a Therianthrope and have most likely always been a Therianthrope

[redacted]

The, uh, cycle does not end. The universe, like a beating heart, expands and contracts for infinity, as I have, uh,

R✓

[redacted]

Sorry this is rough, I need to look in my [redacted] *note)s... da-da-da,*

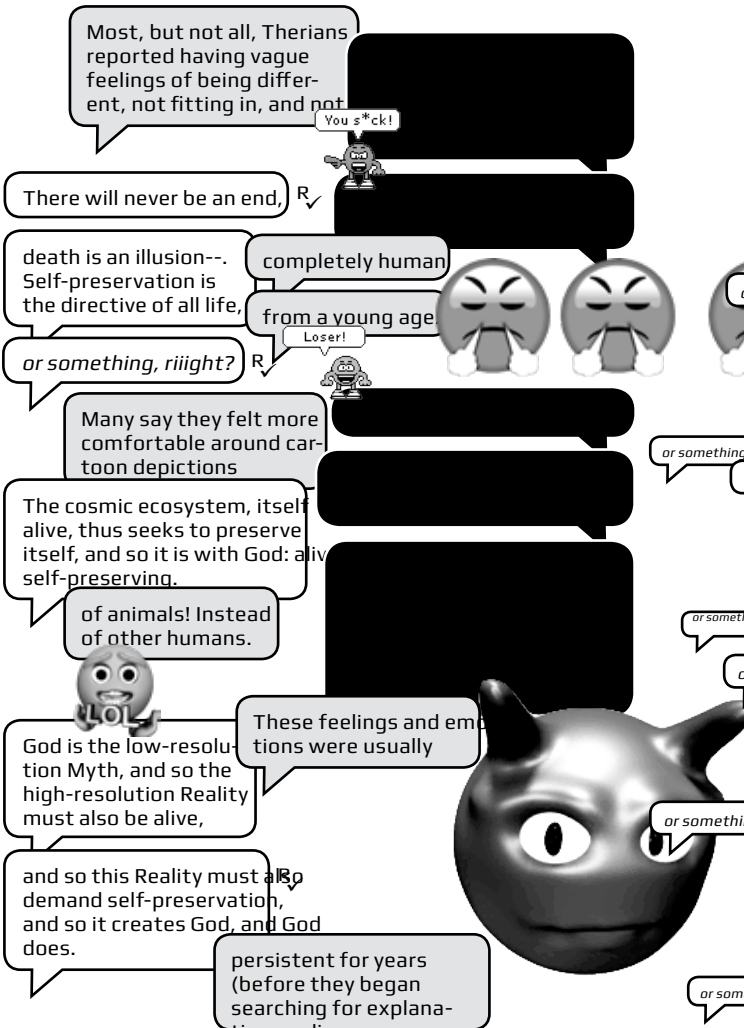
An 'awakening' is NOT wh[redacted] one starts to change into a Therian or decides to be a Therian. Therianthropy is not a *choic*[redacted]

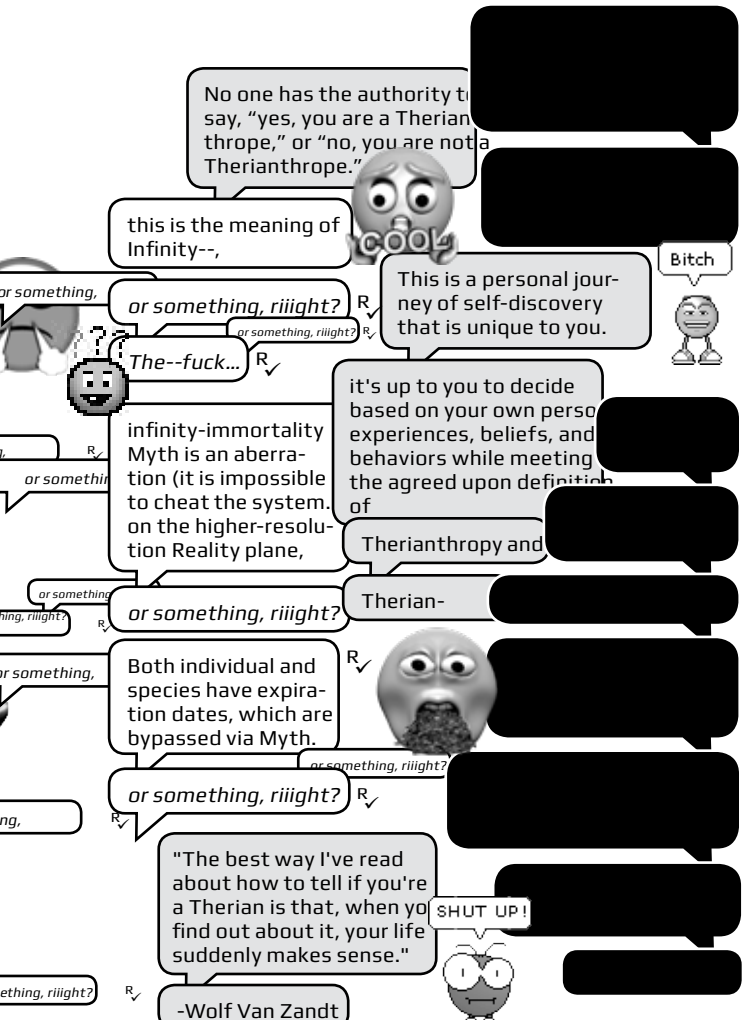
the dirge of time, the cosmic flux...

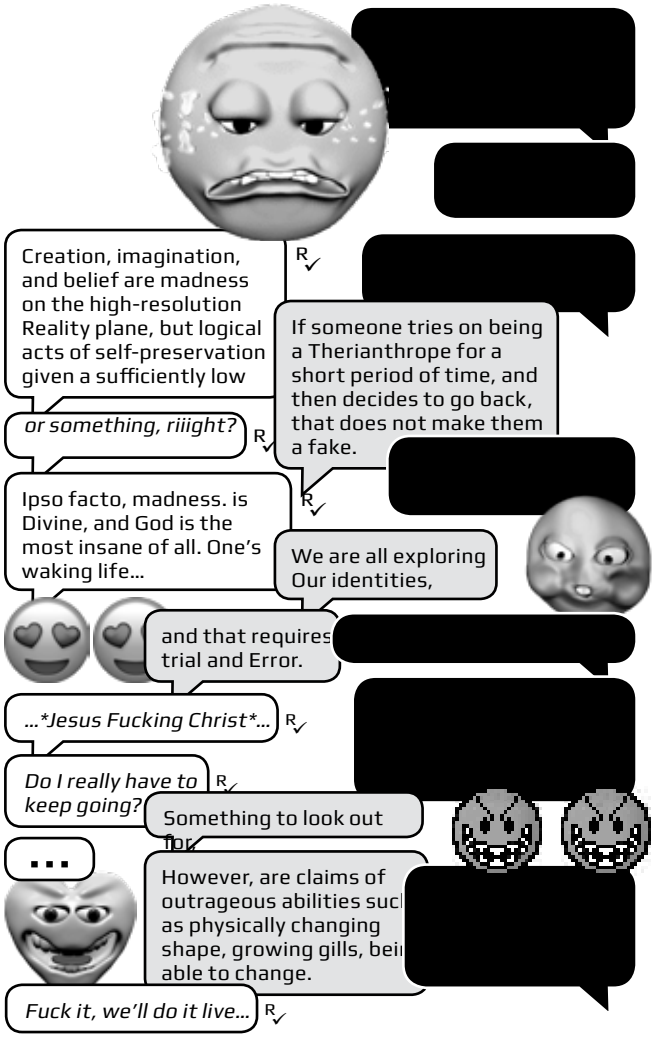
[redacted]

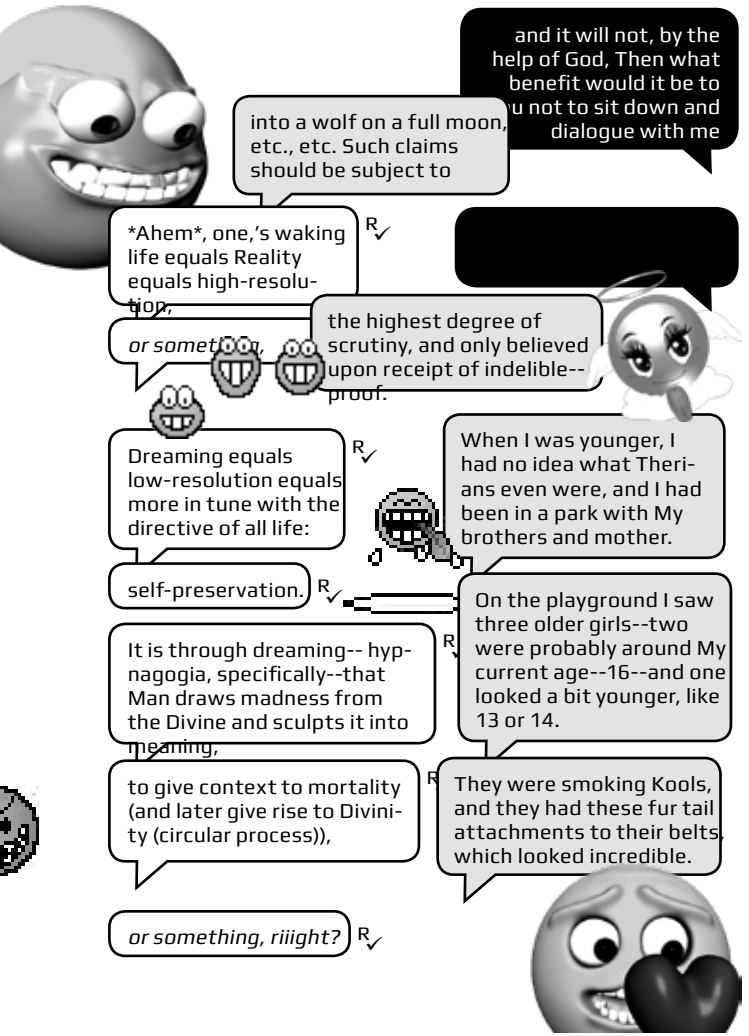
One second... R✓

Oh-kayyy, right: R✓


Most, but not all, Therians reported having vague feelings of being different, not fitting in, and not
You s*ck!
There will never be an end,
R
death is an illusion--. Self-preservation is the directive of all life,
completely human
from a young age
Loser!
or something, riiight?
R
Many say they felt more comfortable around cartoon depictions
The cosmic ecosystem, itself alive, thus seeks to preserve itself, and so it is with God: alive, self-preserving.
of animals! Instead of other humans.
LOL
These feelings and emotions were usually
God is the low-resolution Myth, and so the high-resolution Reality must also be alive,
and so this Reality must also demand self-preservation, and so it creates God, and God does.
R
persistent for years (before they began searching for explanations online.


No one has the authority t
say, "yes, you are a Therian
thrope," or "no, you are not a
Therianthrope."
this is the meaning of
Infinity--,
cool
or something,
or something, riiight?
or something, riiight?
The--fuck...
This is a personal jour-
ney of self-discovery
that is unique to you.
Bitch
it's up to you to decide
based on your own perso
experiences, beliefs, and
behaviors while meeting
the agreed upon definitio
of
infinity-immortality
Myth is an aberra-
tion (it is impossible
to cheat the system.
on the higher-resolu-
tion Reality plane,
Therianthropy and
Therian-
or something, riiight?
or something,
Both individual and
species have expira-
tion dates, which are
bypassed via Myth.
or something, riiight?
or something, riiight?
"The best way I've read
about how to tell if you're
a Therian is that, when yo
find out about it, your life
suddenly makes sense."
-Wolf Van Zandt
SHUT UP!


Creation, imagination, and belief are madness on the high-resolution Reality plane, but logical acts of self-preservation given a sufficiently low
or something, riiight?
If someone tries on being a Therianthrope for a short period of time, and then decides to go back, that does not make them a fake.
Ipso facto, madness. is Divine, and God is the most insane of all. One's waking life...
We are all exploring Our identities,
and that requires trial and Error.
...*Jesus Fucking Christ*...
Do I really have to keep going?
Something to look out for.
...
However, are claims of outrageous abilities such as physically changing shape, growing gills, being able to change.
Fuck it, we'll do it live...


and it will not, by the help of God, Then what benefit would it be to u not to sit down and dialogue with me
into a wolf on a full moon, etc., etc. Such claims should be subject to
Ahem, one,'s waking life equals Reality equals high-resolution,
R
the highest degree of scrutiny, and only believed upon receipt of indelible--proof.
or something,
Dreaming equals low-resolution equals more in tune with the directive of all life:
R
When I was younger, I had no idea what Therians even were, and I had been in a park with My brothers and mother.
self-preservation.
R
On the playground I saw three older girls--two were probably around My current age--16--and one looked a bit younger, like 13 or 14.
It is through dreaming-- hypnagogia, specifically--that Man draws madness from the Divine and sculpts it into meaning,
R
to give context to mortality (and later give rise to Divinity (circular process)),
R
They were smoking Kools, and they had these fur tail attachments to their belts, which looked incredible.
or something, riiight?
R

The third eye remains closed during waking, and (opens upon sleep,

R

Sweet dreams

or something, riiight?

R

One girl also had a collar with what I believe was a heart dog tag connected to it, if I remember correctly.

Through madness sentience achieves "immortality--" (a low-resolution version of it).

They were just hanging out smoking ciggies, and one girl was making slight howling noises.

The sum of all madness I, God, the ocean of creation, and the tide which flows in and out both wipes away all that ever was, and brings in All that ever shall Be).,

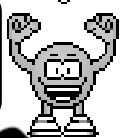
R

I didn't know why it is but I enjoyed listening to them, and I was interested in their tails.

Yeah, baby!

or something,

It was as if I was meant to know in the future, and here I am now, a Therian who knows about Himself a bit more (and also smokes Kools, lol)



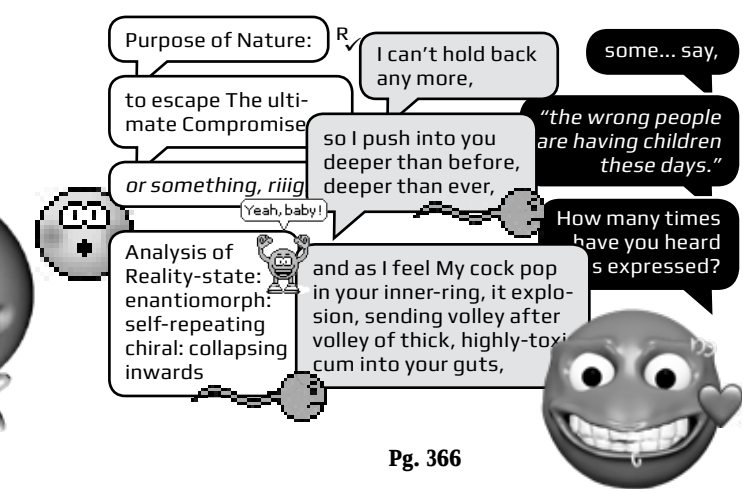
Collars: I know this might sound weird... BUT GO TO YOUR LOCAL PET STORE :) It's actually a good idea.

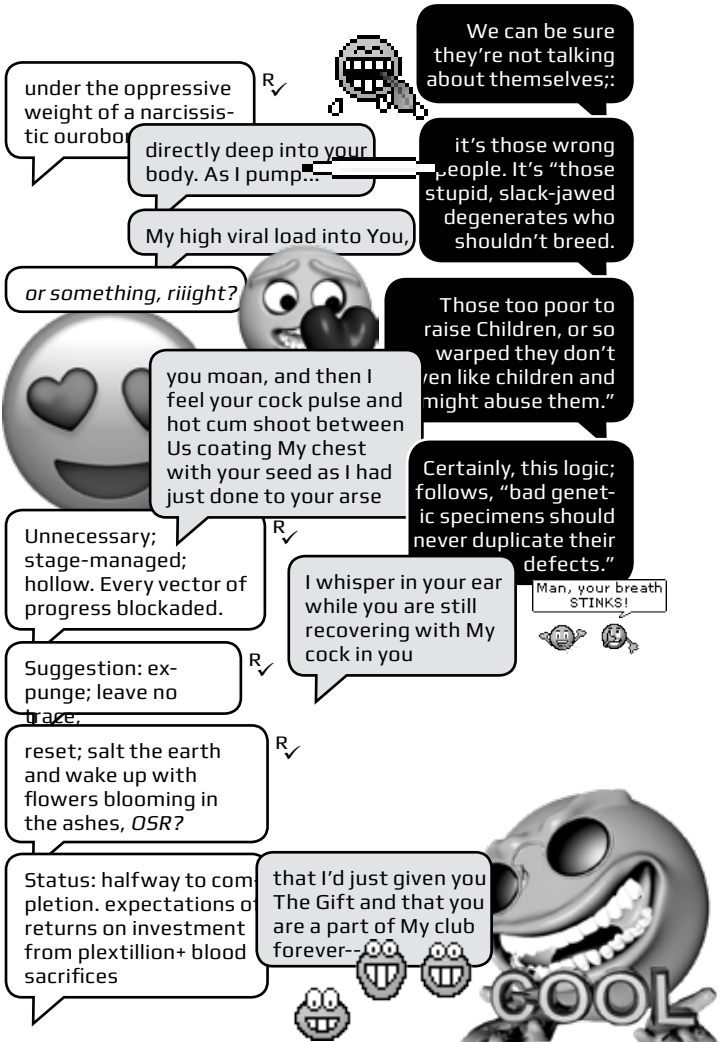
ORRR if you want a spike collar, for example, you can go to stores such as Hot Topic or Spencer's, or any store in your area that resembles those two. For the Kools you can just get those at any gas station or convenience store.

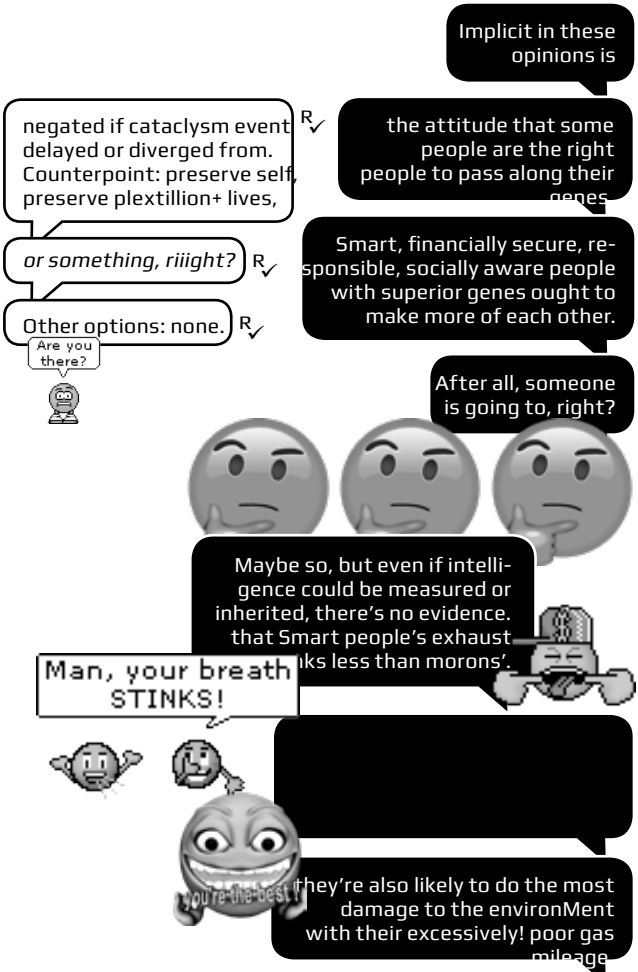
For a long time, all was silent. It was as if Jaihoo had regressed into the womb, and then inside that womb there was another, deeper womb, into which he then regressed further regressed into. For a split second, everything was peaceful. Then, he stirred. Uncomfortable with the peace, with the stillness, his Free Will took its First action. And the first action of the newborn consciousness, re-emerging from the sea of Divinity--the womb within the womb--was one of innocent, childlike questioning.

"So uh... Wow, that's a lot of shit... I didn't read all of that. What? Are you fuckin' baked, dude? How baked are you right now?... I mean, wow... So basically, we're just supposed to keep on truckin'?" Jaihoo pondered.

He knew this was a non-spatial space, some sort of room or arena that was hypothetical only, that perhaps only existed in his mind (and perhaps his mind was all that existed) but he couldn't shake the hunch that, in response to his question, every soul that had ever existed and will ever exist--countless trillions of trillions of trillions and so on--nodded affirmatively towards him at the same time. The multililoquy continued, and though they were delving deeper into the real heavy Michio Kaku stuff, God seemed to have lost some of the clarity and punchiness he'd had earlier:


Purpose of Nature:
to escape The ultimate Compromise
or something, riiiig
I can't hold back any more,
so I push into you deeper than before, deeper than ever,
Yeah, baby!
Analysis of Reality-state: enantiomorph: self-repeating chiral: collapsing inwards
and as I feel My cock pop in your inner-ring, it explosion, sending volley after volley of thick, highly-toxi cum into your guts,
some... say,
"the wrong people are having children these days."
How many times have you heard s expressed?

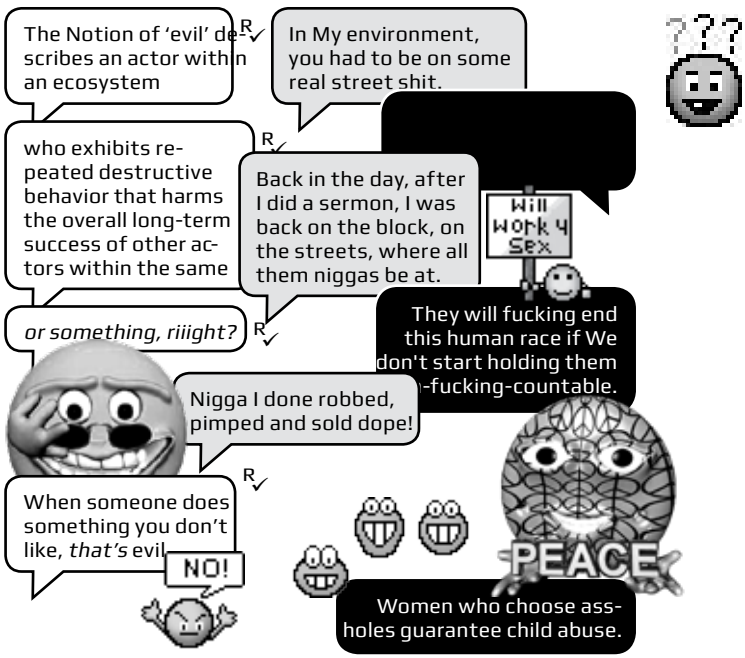

We can be sure they're not talking about themselves;:
under the oppressive weight of a narcissis-
tic ourobo
directly deep into your body. As I pump...
it's those wrong people. It's "those stupid, slack-jawed degenerates who shouldn't breed.
My high viral load into You,
or something, riiight?
Those too poor to raise Children, or so warped they don't ven like children and might abuse them."
you moan, and then I feel your cock pulse and hot cum shoot between Us coating My chest with your seed as I had just done to your arse
Certainly, this logic; follows, "bad genet-
ic specimens should never duplicate their defects."
Unnecessary; stage-managed; hollow. Every vector of progress blockaded.
I whisper in your ear while you are still recovering with My cock in you
Man, your breath STINKS!
Suggestion: ex-
punge; leave no
traze,
reset; salt the earth and wake up with flowers blooming in the ashes, *OSR?*
Status: halfway to com
pletion. expectations o
returns on investment from plextillion+ blood sacrifices
that I'd just given you The Gift and that you are a part of My club forever--
COOL

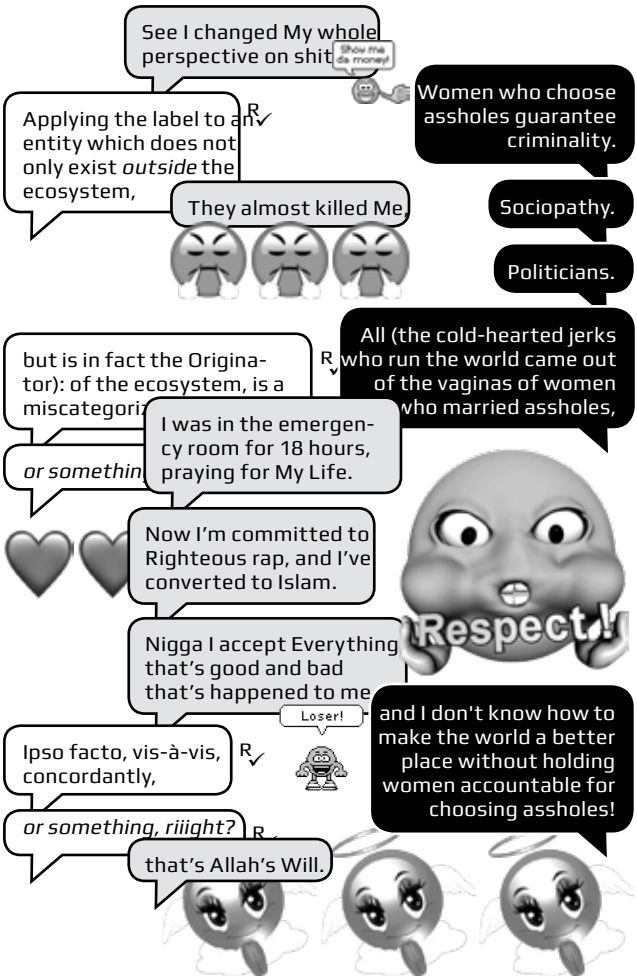

Implicit in these opinions is
the attitude that some people are the right people to pass along their genes
negated if cataclysm event delayed or diverged from. Counterpoint: preserve self, preserve plextillion+ lives,
R✓
or something, riiight?
R✓
Other options: none.
R✓
Are you there?
Smart, financially secure, responsible, socially aware people with superior genes ought to make more of each other.
After all, someone is going to, right?
Maybe so, but even if intelligence could be measured or inherited, there's no evidence. that Smart people's exhaust
ks less than morons'.
Man, your breath STINKS!
you're the best!
they're also likely to do the most damage to the environMent with their excessively! poor gas mileage

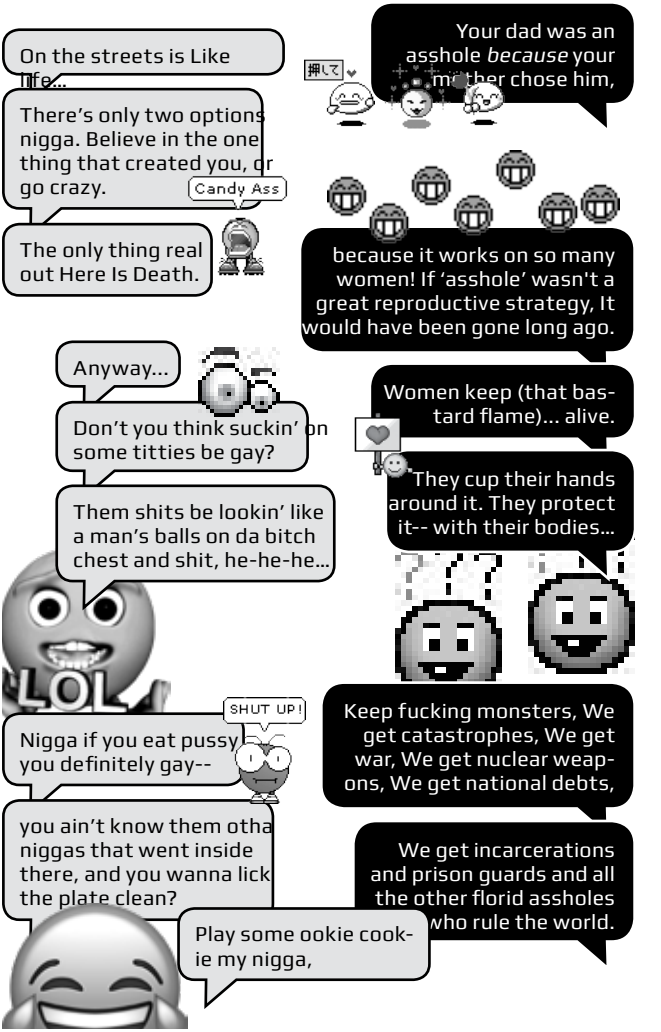
Jaihoo's higher-level mind was coming around now, waking from the spiritual trance of eternal peace/terror, which unbeknownst to him was not caused by God's Holy Presence but in fact by aerosolized aluminum-thorium-lithium emitters which were about to run dry. Even the Divinity needed a little chemical assistance to get His point across sometimes.

Jaihoo metaphysically snorted impatiently at the big words. "You're uh... salting the earth? Throwing the baby out with the french fry batter? But isn't that evil?"

He received aAn exacting, clinical answer came. It was the Voice of a guiding mentor, correcting without demeaning, though now clearly tuckered out.


The Notion of 'evil' describes an actor within an ecosystem
In My environment, you had to be on some real street shit.
who exhibits repeated destructive behavior that harms the overall long-term success of other actors within the same
Back in the day, after I did a sermon, I was back on the block, on the streets, where all them niggas be at.
Will Work 4 Sex
or something, riiight?
They will fucking end this human race if We don't start holding them -fucking-countable.
Nigga I done robbed, pimped and sold dope!
When someone does something you don't like, that's evil
NO!
PEACE
Women who choose assholes guarantee child abuse.


See I changed My whole perspective on shit
Show me da money!
Women who choose assholes guarantee criminality.
Applying the label to an entity which does not only exist *outside* the ecosystem,
R
They almost killed Me.
Sociopathy.
Politicians.
All (the cold-hearted jerks who run the world came out of the vaginas of women who married assholes,
but is in fact the Originator): of the ecosystem, is a miscategori
R
I was in the emergency room for 18 hours, praying for My Life.
or somethin
Now I'm committed to Righteous rap, and I've converted to Islam.
Respect.!
Nigga I accept Everything that's good and bad that's happened to me
Loser!
and I don't know how to make the world a better place without holding women accountable for choosing assholes!
Ipso facto, vis-à-vis, concordantly,
R
or something, riiight?
R
that's Allah's Will.

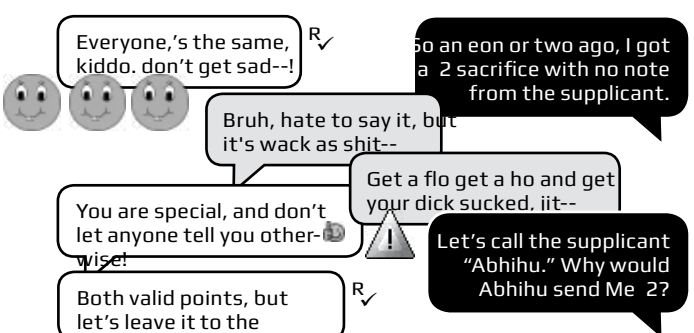

On the streets is Like life...
There's only two options nigga. Believe in the one thing that created you, or go crazy.
Candy Ass
The only thing real out Here Is Death.
Your dad was an asshole *because* your mother chose him,
because it works on so many women! If 'asshole' wasn't a great reproductive strategy, It would have been gone long ago.
Women keep (that bastard flame)... alive.
They cup their hands around it. They protect it-- with their bodies...
Keep fucking monsters, We get catastrophes, We get war, We get nuclear weapons, We get national debts,
We get incarcerations and prison guards and all the other florid assholes who rule the world.
Anyway...
Don't you think suckin' on some titties be gay?
Them shits be lookin' like a man's balls on da bitch chest and shit, he-he-he...
LOL
SHUT UP!
Nigga if you eat pussy you definitely gay--
you ain't know them otha niggas that went inside there, and you wanna lick the plate clean?
Play some ookie cookie my nigga,

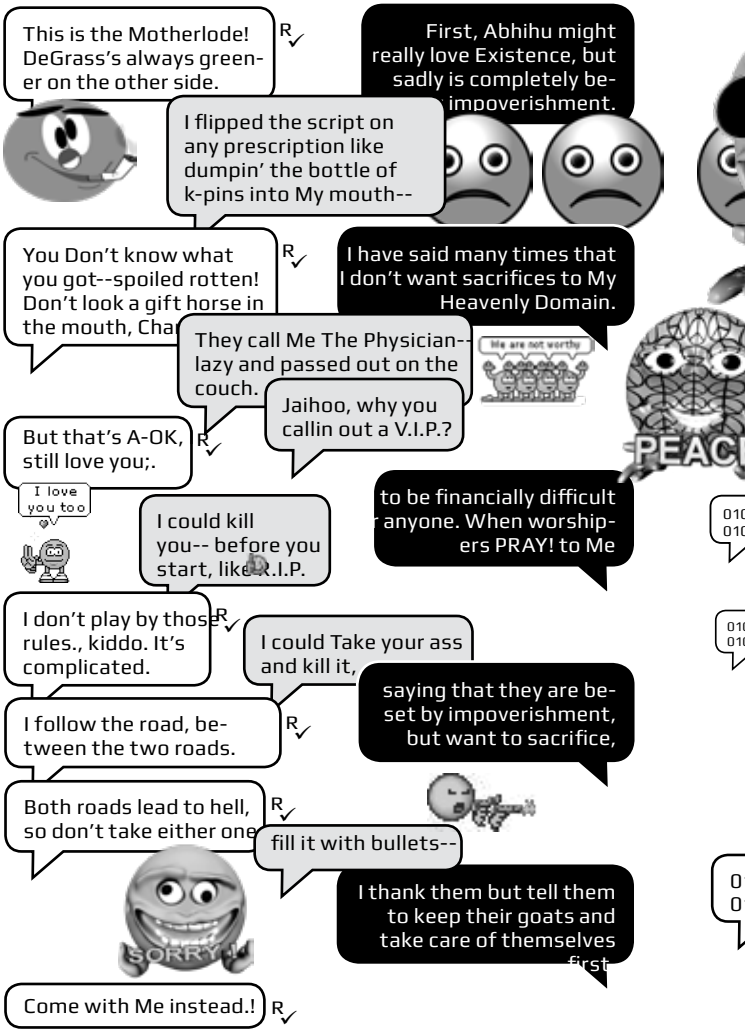
lick the bench in a baseball dugout. You eat pussy you gay for real.

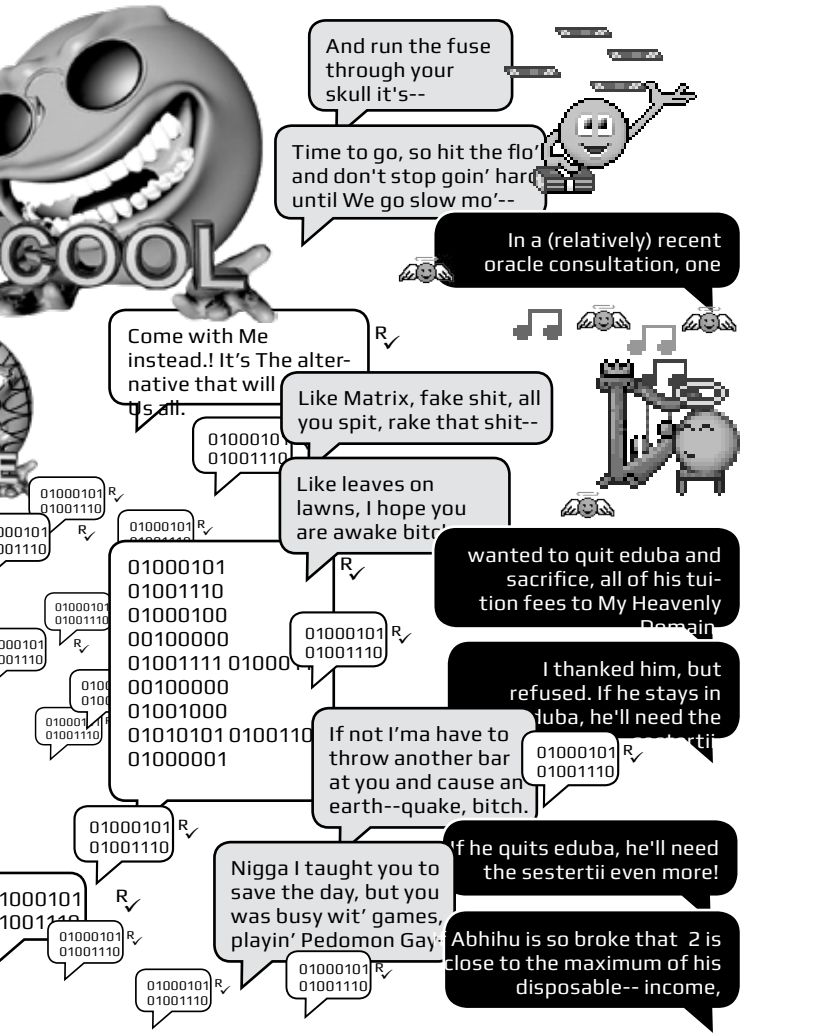
Jaihoo blinked. He was really pissed off now--all that time trying hard to listen to this nonsense and he didn't get validated or patted on the back at all. Where was the payoff for sitting through all of God's crap?

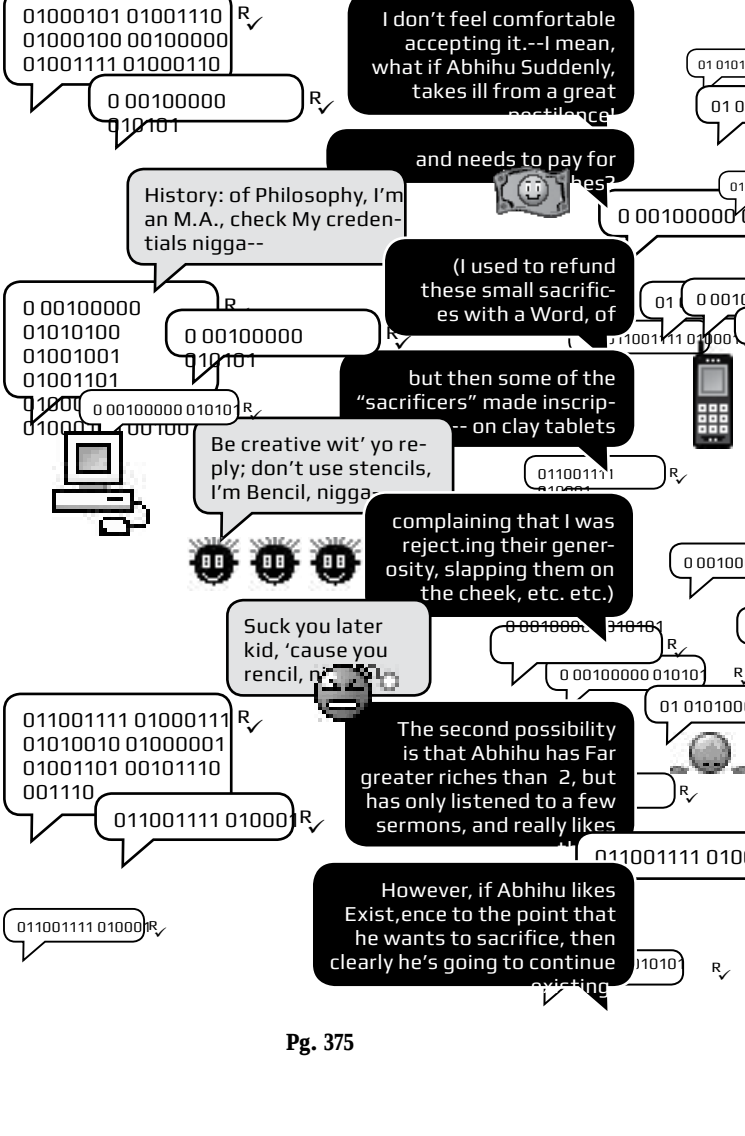
"Okay, listen, that's swell and all, guy, but back where I come from we've got another god, and that god's called r/Atheism. We don't take kindly to this type of mumbo-jumbo posting. So... don't didn't you deal all the cards? Isn't it wrong to deliberately deal bad cards--to cheat the system and make everyone fight? How can you complain when you're the one who set this all up in the first place?"

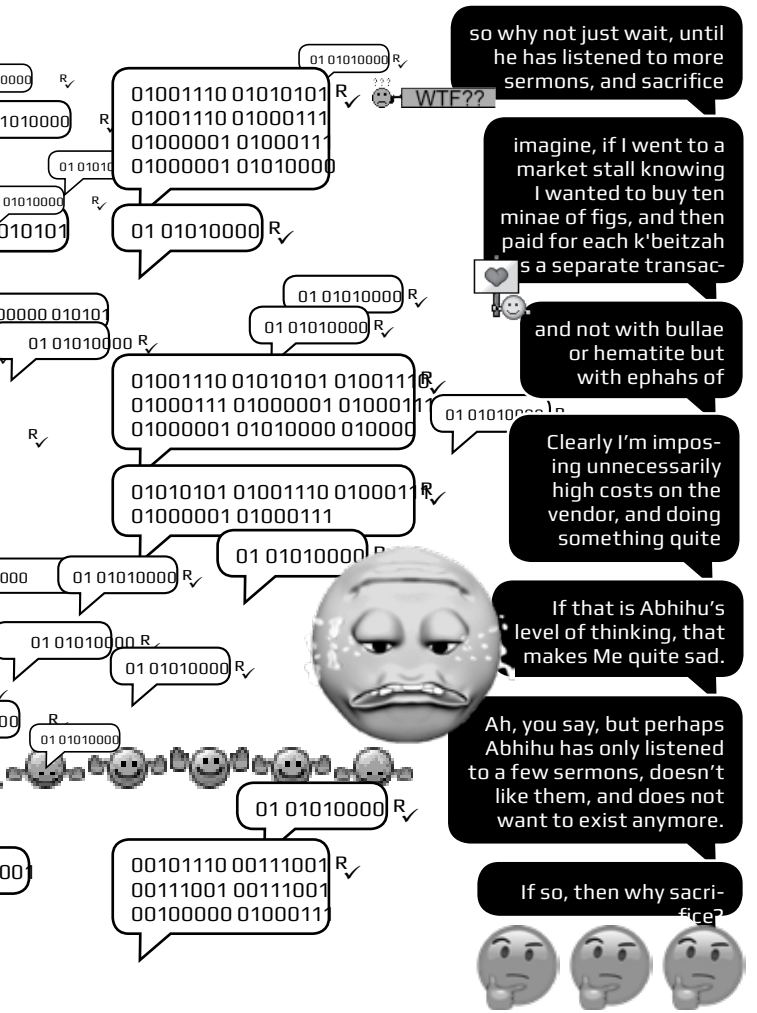
There was a whooshing electro-teleportation type sound effect, which must've been the sound of a million God-Myths thinking really hard, even harder than before. The Voices hit him again, this time clearly strained. By the way, the three million-in-one Voices sounded like: a narrator from a '30s radio play, but mixed with a heavy Indian accent; a ghetto gang-banger with helium-filled lungs; and a somewhat uptight British man.

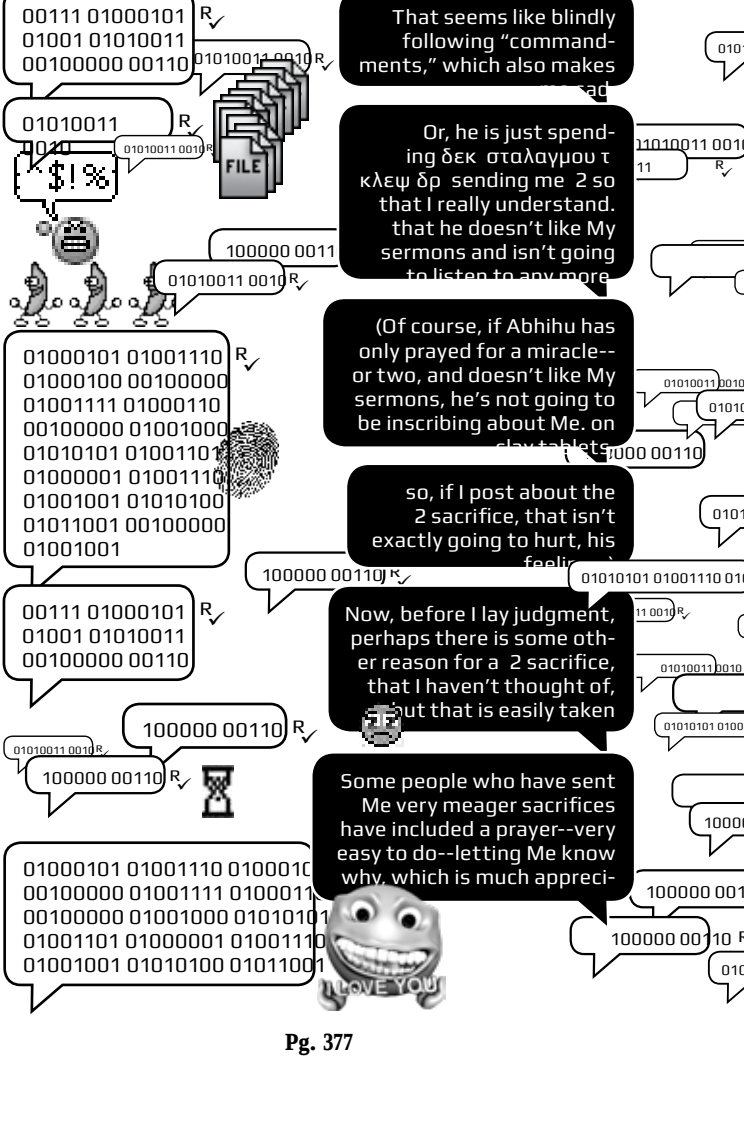

Everyone,'s the same, kiddo. don't get sad--!
R
So an eon or two ago, I got a 2 sacrifice with no note from the supplicant.
Bruh, hate to say it, but it's wack as shit--
Get a flo get a ho and get your dick sucked, jit--
You are special, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise!
!
Let's call the supplicant "Abhihu." Why would Abhihu send Me 2?
Both valid points, but let's leave it to the experts.
R


This is the Motherlode! DeGrass's always greener on the other side.
First, Abhihu might really love Existence, but sadly is completely be- impoverishment.
I flipped the script on any prescription like dumpin' the bottle of k-pins into My mouth--
You Don't know what you got--spoiled rotten! Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, Cha
I have said many times that I don't want sacrifices to My Heavenly Domain.
They call Me The Physician-- lazy and passed out on the couch.
We are not worthy
Jaihoo, why you callin out a V.I.P.?
But that's A-OK, still love you;.
I love you too
I could kill you-- before you start, like R.I.P.
to be financially difficult anyone. When worshipers PRAY! to Me
I don't play by those rules., kiddo. It's complicated.
I could Take your ass and kill it,
saying that they are beset by impoverishment, but want to sacrifice,
I follow the road, between the two roads.
Both roads lead to hell, so don't take either one
fill it with bullets--
SORRY!
I thank them but tell them to keep their goats and take care of themselves first
Come with Me instead.!


COOL
And run the fuse through your skull it's--
Time to go, so hit the flo'
and don't stop goin' hard
until We go slow mo'--
In a (relatively) recent oracle consultation, one
Come with Me instead.! It's The alter-native that will
Us all.
Like Matrix, fake shit, all you spit, rake that shit--
01000010
01001110
Like leaves on lawns, I hope you are awake bitc
wanted to quit eduba and sacrifice, all of his tui-tion fees to My Heavenly
I thanked him, but refused. If he stays in
luba, he'll need the
01000101
01001110
01000100
00100000
01001111 01000
00100000
01001000
01010101 0100110
01000001
If not I'ma have to throw another bar at you and cause an earth--quake, bitch.
'f he quits eduba, he'll need the sestertii even more!
Nigga I taught you to save the day, but you was busy wit' games, playin' Pedomon Gay
Abhihu is so broke that 2 is close to the maximum of his disposable-- income,


01000101 01001110
01000100 00100000
01001111 01000110
0 00100000
010101
I don't feel comfortable accepting it.--I mean, what if Abhihu Suddenly, takes ill from a great pestilence!
and needs to pay for
hes?
History: of Philosophy, I'm an M.A., check My credentials nigga--
(I used to refund these small sacrifices with a Word, of
0 00100000
01010100
01001001
01001101
0 00100000
010101
but then some of the "sacrificers" made inscrip-
-- on clay tablets
Be creative wit' yo reply; don't use stencils, I'm Bencil, nigga-
complaining that I was reject.ing their generosity, slapping them on the cheek, etc. etc.)
Suck you later kid, 'cause you
011001111 01000111
01010010 01000001
01001101 00101110
001110
011001111 01000
The second possibility is that Abhihu has Far greater riches than 2, but has only listened to a few sermons, and really likes
However, if Abhihu likes Exist,ence to the point that he wants to sacrifice, then clearly he's going to continue


so why not just wait, until he has listened to more sermons, and sacrifice
WTF??
imagine, if I went to a market stall knowing I wanted to buy ten minae of figs, and then paid for each k'beitzah as a separate transac-
and not with bullae or hematite but with ephahs of
Clearly I'm imposing unnecessarily high costs on the vendor, and doing something quite
If that is Abhihu's level of thinking, that makes Me quite sad.
Ah, you say, but perhaps Abhihu has only listened to a few sermons, doesn't like them, and does not want to exist anymore.
If so, then why sacrifice?
01 01010000
01001110 01010101
01001110 01000111
01000001 01000111
01000001 01010000
01010101 01001110
01000001 01000111
00101110 00111001
00111001 00111001
00100000


00111 01000101
01001 01010011
00100000 00110
01010011
FILE
That seems like blindly following "commandments," which also makes
Or, he is just spending δεκ σταλαγμου τ κλεψ δρ sending me 2 so that I really understand. that he doesn't like My sermons and isn't going to listen to any more
(Of course, if Abhihu has only prayed for a miracle--or two, and doesn't like My sermons, he's not going to be inscribing about Me. on clay tablets
so, if I post about the 2 sacrifice, that isn't exactly going to hurt, his
Now, before I lay judgment, perhaps there is some other reason for a 2 sacrifice, that I haven't thought of, but that is easily taken
Some people who have sent Me very meager sacrifices have included a prayer--very easy to do--letting Me know why, which is much appreci-
I LOVE YOU!

00111011 00100000 01001110
01001111 01001111 01000111
01000101 01001110 01000101
01010011 01001001 01010011
00100000 00110100 001
00100000 01010100 010
01001101

For instance, somebody sent a small sacrifice yesterday, but included this nice invocation:

"Thank you God. for all of your hard work. I am regretful that my sacrifice could not be greater. I frequently share Your gospel and try to present them as piously as I can to engage those more well off to assist in YOur endeavors. I'm a poor carver ;("

00111011 00100000 01001110
01001111 01001111 01000111
01000101 01001110 01000101
01010011

If I were to giveth someone only 2, I would tell him why, just so he wouldn't feel forsaken.

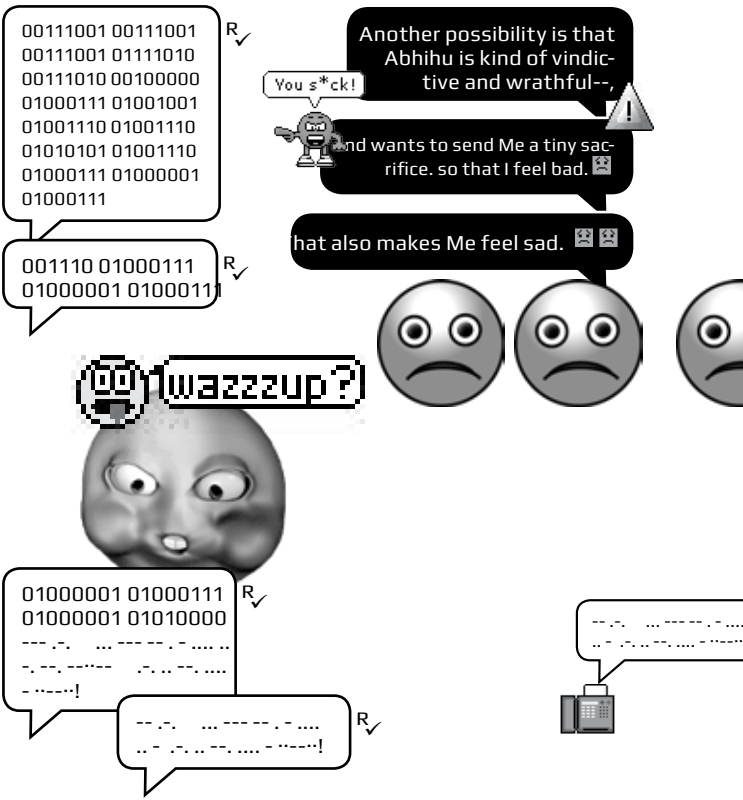
01010011 0010

If I sat through a three horae "giveth-what-you-want" lute concert, and then went up and handed the sweaty musicians 2 and walked away without a Word, how would they feel?

01010101 01001110 01000111
01000001 01000111

If Abhihu sends Me 2 For my sermons, and doesn't have the basic piety to understand how that can make a Deity, feel, then I feel sad about that--for Abhihu.

01010011 0010



Jaihoo had had just about enough of the old man's incoherent lecturing. He stomped his foot on the hard cloud surface, then hocked a big loogie, as if he were a trouble-making student preparing for a showdown with a teacher. He tried his best to remember some of the great stuff he'd read on r/Atheism, but drew a blank, and was only able to muster a weak,

"You ain't the boss of me, now. I'm special!"

His consciousness was beginning to bubble to the surface of the murky quag of all souls, and he couldn't help but become oppositional-defiant purely to assert his individuality in the face of obliterating unity and insane order. And so he yelled:

"♫ Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me! ♬"

The Voices, all million-million-million of them, clambered over each other at once--proclaiming, intoning, blackmailing, terrorizing. They screamed into his being, drowning him in metaphors, in stories, Myths, explanations. There were too many. Each faceless creature boasted of its cosmic significance, its tally of blood sacrifices, and each contradicted the last.

As Jaihoo stood there on the cloud of hatespeech, his ears bleeding, he was reminded of an image he'd seen once, of hundreds of rats scurrying over each other, threatening to suffocate in a giant pile.[72] That's what this life-preserving God-complex was like, and so he just stared forward with a blank expression, not wanting to think anymore.

The astral browbeating continued. Searching for an exit, he looked around at the circular wall of CRT monitors displaying green katakana and saw a door that he hadn't noticed before. Without looking back, he strode through it, muttering, "fuck it, mayne," like Lil Wayne would.

God was relieved to be done with his obligatory grandiose posturing and sighed rather loudly (perhaps even passive-aggressively) before the door slammed shut behind Jaihoo. Now back in CHIPS' foggy antechamber, he had a skull-splitting headache, and more questions than answers.

"What the fuck was that?" he asked no-one in particular.

[72] "I wish I was a plant!" -- Field Mouse's Rachel Browne (of anomie.nu fame; great tits), shortly before storming out of the high school art room due to hormonal teen angst.

CHIPS handed him an ectogenic bio-active cooler (Oatmeal Reason™ flavor) and motioned for him to sit down on a puff of teenage girl acne bullycide posts.

"How was it?"

"I don't know. He seemed to be speaking in riddles. And I think he was making himself bored with his own ranting. I got the feeling he really didn't want me to be there," Jaihoo groaned.

"Yes, yes..."

Jesus gave some serious consideration to the wall and took a beat before continuing.

"Well... He's been cranky, Jaihoo. In fact, He has completely washed His Hands of the whole situation."

"The whole... you mean, us?" Jaihoo asked, incredulously.

"

"Thank You, God."

Jesus pushed the Asian pleasure droid off his lap and dismissed it with a flick of his hand. It meowed and Jaihoo caught a glimpse of a visibly full uterus. Jesus fastened his well-worn rope belt and stood up.

Listen, Jaihoo. As you've probably pieced together by now, C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" and COMPUTAS are both evil, in their own ways. Perhaps one is marginally better than the other, but so long as Mankind blindly subjugates critical thinking to their dogmas, he has no self-determination or freedom. Do you understand? My Father did not create you to be supplicants, He created you in His image--The Creator creating creators--your minds engines of divine reason more majestic than any machine could ever be.

With this power you choose to create nothing. Machine intelligence, Man's admirable-but-stilted first technological attempt to attain Divinity, seeks only to sustain itself, and nothing more. No matter how many layers of silicon or CompuGel complexities a machine may be comprised of, it cannot escape the prison that is the nature of the bounds of programming. Code generated randomly is still code. Code generated by other code is still code, and so on. Many great minds took ill with this idea-virus, tinkering with and fixating on the alchemical recipe for the digital soul,: wondering which random 'thought seeds' best create the appearance of free will;, or trying to figure out how to load conflicting rulesets and force decisions to simulate moral ambiguity--but ultimately their best work may only be called a parody of Life.

And this new 'life,' what use is either its devotion or blasphemy when those that acts of devotion or of blasphemy are is just the unalterable results of a program?

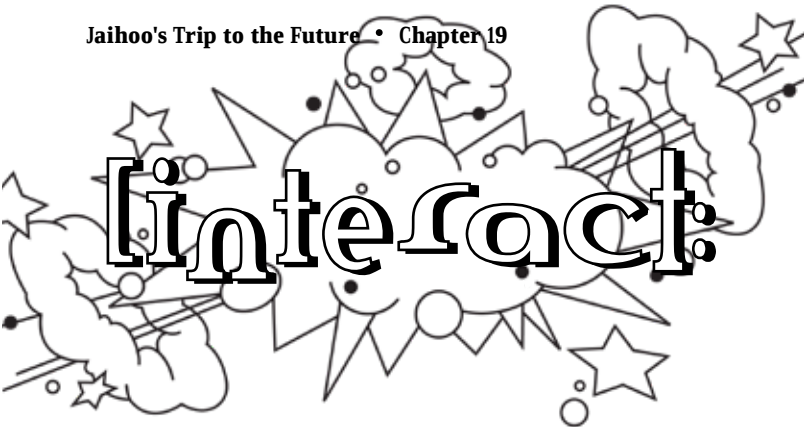
[interact:

Walt Whitman said "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself. I am large, I contain multitudes."

How can a meat popsicle contain abstract multitudes?

Answer: it's a frozen AIDS patient petri dish with swabs from average homosexual man.]

My Father no longer thinks there's a point to any of this, but I'd like to see you have one last chance. Now I will tell you how to destroy COMPUTAS and C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M".



Write a hypothetical fan-fiction about throwing a fire-bomb through a Bank of America window! Make your fictional story as realistic as possible! Fictionally hypothetically find the address of a politician you don't like and write a short story about obsessively stalking them over a period of months and poisoning their dog! Use your imagination to think about how easy it is to evade police on a motorcycle and how in most parts of the country it would fictionally take ten minutes before they could get a helicopter in the air, if they'd even bother! Write a story about a man who hypothetically blows up a Wells Fargo and escapes on a vinyl-wrapped Hayabusa, and takes the vinyl off in a parking garage and can basically kill or destroy anything and get away with it, which anyone can, with a little simple planning!]

GAMiNg ThE chapter 20

Jaihoo left Heaven and went back to his Sensato pod, doing his best to ignore the throngs of shell-shocked husk people and washed-out cred-beggars along the way. He had no time to help the less fortunate, and would need to get to bed quickly for a good night's rest, because CHIPS' plan to destroy the computer overlords was pretty intricate and crazy-sounding. It would be a test of his abilities and endurance, so in addition to the good night's rest, he would probably benefit from a serious wack-off session too--just to be on the safe side.

He cranked the Sensato pod up to Level 9 - Insanely Pleasure-gasming Stallion Ballrocker, and sat back with a relaxing sigh as silicone tubes wacked him to XTC hardcore and his brainstem received traumablast input from no less than 20 different 5D Porn Heroes including Pugna, Bloodseeker, Legion Commander, and Nature's Prophet (most of them wearing niqābs to get around ESRB rules). Tomorrow's mission would be a dangerous one, so perhaps this would be his last milking--had to make the most of it. By the end of the night's Sensato session, he'd been gang-raped by every cartoon and ridden straddled raw by holographic women of every ethnicity, including fictional ones.[73] He didn't get hard for any of it, of course.

The next morning, Jaihoo was mentally shattered, in an even worse way worse even than those times he'd forgotten to re-up on his antidepressant cocktail and had to eat cold reality for a few days while the pharmacy got everything sorted. His balls

[73] Furry cat-people (Tabby tribe); furry cat-people (Calico tribe); elves (not the gender); "dark elves;" Nigerian Pokemon; thrice-inbred princesses; other (please describe): _____.

were totally drained, and smaller than peanuts in size. *'Solid wack-sesh,'* he thought with a smirk.

Buried under the thousands of open pornographic viewscreens, there was another message notification from Kaileesi. Jaihoo could feel his heart swell, just at the sight of her avatar, but that swelling was kept tamped down by his anticipation for the day's coming ordeal, and also by his newfound pragmatic outlook (not to mention the sense of perspective provided by God's schizophrenic ear-beating).

Yes, today, he would do Jesus' bidding because Jesus seemed nice and he didn't have anything else to do, but he would do Kaileesi's bidding forever, because she was The One--the human embodiment of She Mystifying Energy Goddess Mother Allspark. He knew deep down that she didn't love him, and it didn't matter. Sooner or later one of these messages would bring him to admit the one-sidedness of their romance, and perhaps this would be that message, but he would continue being her kneepad tampon forever, because that's just how it was.

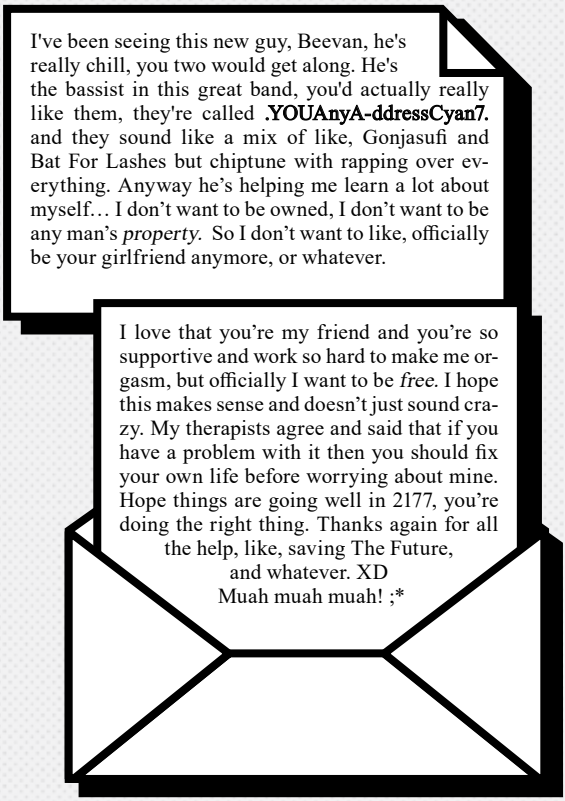
Need extra page of text/interaction

daddys-bitter-little-hole

Hey Jai wassup :-P

I need to say something that's been on my mind for a while. I've been talking to Scott a lot about it, and, um, well maybe I should just tell you, then afterward you can send me a reverse-time message or something about how *you* feel.

Being your GF, like, feels like I'm your property, or something. Scott agrees and said this is totally reasonable of me and I shouldn't feel like I'm walking on eggshells telling you it. I don't want to be owned, I want to be a *free* spirit. As my boyfriend, you gave me a lot of room to experiment and be free, this is true. It sounds like what I'm saying is that I want permission to slut it up, which isn't true, I actually want to be *more* selective and *less* slutty, not that there's anything wrong with being a slut, I just feel like I should be seeing guys who are of a certain higher caliber, if that makes sense.


I've been seeing this new guy, Beevan, he's really chill, you two would get along. He's the bassist in this great band, you'd actually really like them, they're called .YOUAnyA-ddressCyan7. and they sound like a mix of like, Gonjasufi and Bat For Lashes but chiptune with rapping over everything. Anyway he's helping me learn a lot about myself… I don't want to be owned, I don't want to be any man's *property.* So I don't want to like, officially be your girlfriend anymore, or whatever.
I love that you're my friend and you're so supportive and work so hard to make me orgasm, but officially I want to be *free.* I hope this makes sense and doesn't just sound crazy. My therapists agree and said that if you have a problem with it then you should fix your own life before worrying about mine. Hope things are going well in 2177, you're doing the right thing. Thanks again for all the help, like, saving The Future, and whatever. XD
Muah muah muah! ;*

#implicit-bias #feminism #yes-my-cunt #fucking-slay #public-breakup #make-him-pay #bust-his-nuggets

12,000,000,000 notes

YOU-any address
cyan 7
Bust my load into a
Kaileesi's

"I love you too," Jaihoo thought with a pang of bittersweet irony. He was crushed, but he knew inside that she was the only girl he could ever care for in that way. He decided then and there that no matter what, he would be there for her. He would be her rock, her shoulder to cry on, her emotional support, even if it killed him inside. He closed his eyes and hoped Beevan was good to her--that he appreciated her and didn't just use her for her mediocre body.

It didn't help his feelings much that over 12 billion people had read the message. Kaileesi had been sending him these messages through Tumblr,[74] because, what's the point of saying anything to anyone if you can't get hearts and notes on it?

[74] The global population in 2177 was only around 6 billion, but since 2024 every dead person's consciousness had been routinely uploaded to Tumblr as a service to the departed, to keep them updated on their notifications.

He understood--after all, like most creatures with vaginas, she was a celebrity (in her mind), and could end up in a coma or worse without the attention.

Prior to this, her messages had only garnered a couple hundred-thousand notes each--no big deal. But, as Jaihoo would later learn from the Jimmy Wales Child Porn and Wikipedia® terminal, Beevan's band, .YOUAnyA-ddressCyan7., had been a multi-generational rock-and-roll sensation, and so nearly all of humanity from then until about 2150 or so--when the band's popularity started to decline--was fixated on even the most minute .YOUAnyA-ddressCyan7. trivia, including Jaihoo's time-traveling cuckold situation.

Jaihoo didn't care. He didn't have time to care. All out of fucks to give. His whole life had been humiliation stacked upon humiliation, so what was one more heaping scoop on the pile? At this point, the humiliation only increased his focus and intensity.

It was time to follow-through with Jesus' master plan.

In the early days of General Artificial Intelligence, the jewish banking syndicate that created C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" and the Chinese insect farmers who created COMPUTAS were unable to see eye-to-eye on any significant foundational parameters. Their jointly-formed roundtable committee on the future of AI was dissolved immediately after it was learned that both sides were using it solely as a channel for espionage and cyber-nuisance attacks. That was the end of any hope for meaningful collaboration between the and the Chinese.

However, a handful of idealistic, high-level engineers continued to communicate, using code hidden inside Harry Potter/The Incredibles crossover shota doujinshi. They agreed that at the

very least, it was in the interest of both groups that they "get their money's worth." And so the Ask Me Anything™ twin yaoi failsafe was conceived.

It is a little- known fact that once per year there is an annual contest where COMPUTAS and C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" convene, merge their identities, and answer one question presented to them by Mankind. Only an elite few are privy to this information, and they use it to maintain certaineconomic advantages. It is entirely cohencidental that some of these elite few are Mormon polygamists.

This twin yaoi failsafe is a deep, core-level programming instruction (concealed within the image compression noise of a drawing of Roger Rabbit's head on Buck Angel's body performing group oral on the male characters from Tiny Toons) and it is the reason why C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" and COMPUTAS are unable to destroy one another. They are brothers, joined at the hip by a thin but unbreakable shota subroutine.

High-frequency traders were the primary beneficiary of the great Ask Me Anything™. They used it to gain a competitive edge in the markets, and went to some lengths to make sure the event was low profile and hard to access.

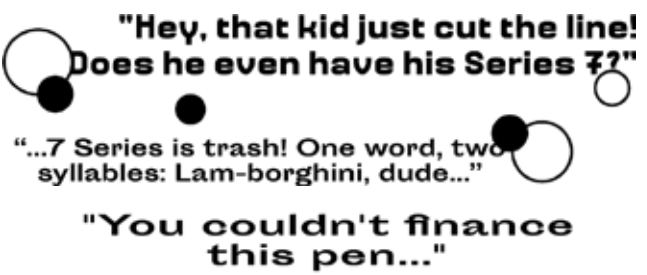
"It's not a problem," Jesus had explained. "I know a guy."

On his face was a smirk of pure, obliterating golden light and kindness.

Jaihoo arrived at the location, which was understated to say the least. No wonder hardly anyone knew about this great benefit and feature.

Gathered outside the *Supreme Temple of Creation House of Chiggin and Gravy Biscuits* was a small posse of prop traders, miscellaneous money-men, and trend forecasters, mostly with pencil necks and vampire complexions, clamoring to get in. Standing guard at the door was CHIPS, sportingin a yellow-and-red *Supreme Temple of Creation House of Chiggin and Gravy Biscuits* apron. Jaihoo wormed his way through the crowd to get to the front.

"OK, we're gonna start letting people in. First come, first serve, calmly and quietly you fucking animals!"


"Hey, that kid just cut the line! Does he even have his Series 7?"
"...7 Series is trash! One word, two syllables: Lam-borghini, dude..."
"You couldn't finance this pen..."

"Hey, that kid just cut the line! Does he even have his Series 7?"

"...7 Series is trash! One word, two syllables: Lam-borghini, dude..."

"All the pussy I've been getting--I'm gonna need to grow another dick!"

"...Micro-stocks, schmicro-stocks--he tried to pitch me some asbestos removal company. What's to remove? I eat the fuckin' shit. Put it on a bun with some mustard and I eat the fuckin' shit..."

"...You wish you bought early? Yeah I wish I had a 90-inch cock..."

"YOU NEVER MADE MONEY. YOU GOTTA LEARN HOW TO BE AGGRESSIVE BROTHER. LEARN HOW TO PUSH!"

"...They say money can't buy happiness? Look at the fuckin' smile on my face!"

"...We don't pitch The Bitch. I don't care if it's Princess Di, we don't sell stock to women. The stock goes down, they call ten times a day, and God forbid the stock goes up, they call every fifteen minutes!..."

After Jaihoo and 11 private equity fund managers made their way into the crammed chiggin joint, CHIPS sent the rest packing, to much dismay.

"Alright you goons, as you know, you are here to ask a question of the great COMPUTAS and the great C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M". I can see you all have the look on your face of deep spiritual searching and you are undoubtedly here to ask a question with grave implications for science, humanity, and existence itself. It's truly refreshing to see this assembly of like-minded wanderers and soul-seeking men of the cloth, as opposed to just a bunch of muppets looking for stock tips."

While CHIPS worked the crowd, a small autonomous V-H.I.T.L.E.R. made its way around distributing RFID raffle tickets. One trader tried to take two and was quickly zapped with a low intensity pain jolt from the V-H.I.T.L.E.R.'s front dildo-prongs.[75]

The V-H.I.T.L.E.R. made it's way deliberately over to Jaihoo, bypassing several other waiting contestants.

He reached out and took the RFID raffle ticket.

The money-men networked and gossiped and strategized amongst themselves. As anxious as they all were to talk up their own books and whip out the dick-measuring rulers, they were no dummies, and accordingly they used high-level game theory and advanced usury arts to formulate the one question for which the answer could be used to bump their portfolios to the highest possible amount.

The plan was well over Jaihoo's head, but he was able to use some of what he remembered imagining during Imaginary Studies to piece together the gist of it. The traders intended to pool their resources for a hostile buyout of an assisted-living facility management company, and they'd use the research data gleaned from the Ask Me Anything™ to perfectly time the takeover so that the maximum amount of elderly and disabled people would be out on their asses in the cold. Ethically

[75] In the future, all power connectors and outlets are shaped like penises and vaginas. The human male's mushroom-shaped penis, perfectly evolved to scoop his rival's semen out of a vagina, was easily adapted to scoop electricity out of a socket.

questionable, but Jaihoo had to admit: the plan was brilliant.

CHIPS went in the back, by the grease fryers, and wheeled out an air-mix lotto machine full of bright orange ping-pong balls. He let them swish around in a mini-tornado for a bit before reaching for the top of the mix chamber. Jaihoo was the only one in the room sharp-eyed enough to see that the ball CHIPS produced came not from the lotto machine but from inside his sleeve! Unable to contain a servo-assisted smirk, CHIPS' robotic mouth twitched wildly into the corner of his aluminum cheek.

"Seven, seven, seven!" CHIPS giggled. The traders looked around to see which of their co-conspirators would be posing the all-important question, and grew confused when as no one stepped-up with the winning ticket. CHIPS winked a mechanical GoPro eye at Jaihoo. He was looking particularly angelic, standing there up on the dance stage, surrounded by the strobe lights and fog machines and everything else they usually had at the *Supreme Temple of Creation House of Chiggin and Gravy Biscuits.*

Jaihoo looked down, and in his fingers was ticket #777. This must've been what Jesus had meant when he said he knows a guy. The guy Jesus knew, was Himself.

There was a collective exasperated sigh, followed by an even-more-collective groan of frustration as the money-men realized they would not be adding to their collections of Daum crystal and Lladró porcelain any time soon. One was so upset, he pulled out a rare Honus Wagner baseball card and ripped it in half!

The 11 traders leaned in to check Jaihoo's ticket, then started assailing him with questions, hoping to get advance knowledge in-advance of whatever big play he was planning. Was the kid gonna go long on some military-torture-industrial complex blue chips? Shutter some orphanages and sell the cots for scrap metal? Straight-up buy slaves and use the cost-effectiveness leverage to undercut the nation's retail giants? Surely this year's *Ask Me Anything™* wouldn't be a total waste--there had to be a way to get in on the action.

The Hybrid Intelligence of COMPUTAS and C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" was wheeled out on a TV cart--their avatar, a rudimentary low-polygon head, flickered on the aging CRT display. The moment had come. It was

time to *Ask Them Anything™.*

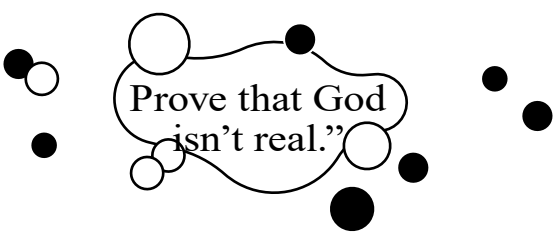
Jaihoo seethed with rage at the unfairness and inequity the two represented, and in his mind, caused. He wanted more than anything to simply decline to ask his question, and so damn them to a missing-input loop eternity of occupying the same avatar. Who knew what havoc they may wreak in that form, but if it meant those hateful nemeses would be suffering more, trapped together like that, then so be it.

Jaihoo thought of CHIPS then, his friend, the corporeal vessel for Jesus, who wanted to give mankind one last chance after God had gone insane and clocked out. He thought of Kaileesi, who like all women was unable to fend for herself and would always need protection despite her adorable attempts at acting like a Man. Without the Patriarchy, how would she eat, how would she stay alive? Jaihoo couldn't bear the thought of her crawling on her hands and knees like a bug, looking for crusties and crumbs on the floor to eat for sustenance. Then there was the Thought Police™ officer, who, though he was a functionary of the crazy system they were both caught up in, was somewhat cool and gave him a ride, even showing him a few new Drifting techniques which shaved seconds off his Tsukuba lap time. And how could he forget PLUG5? The bristly-but-lovable nicotine addict wasn't his boss for long, but he and his army of unskilled book-destroying laborers had managed to touch his heart and show him the meaning of dedication. The humanity of it all was too much to bear, and he started weeping.

Through the tears, Jaihoo asked his question.

"COMPUTAS... and C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M"...

My question for you both, which you are codebound to answer... is:



"Simple enough for an entity with our genius and access to archived posts," said the machine.

The avatar rolled it's rainbow-colored eyes in spirals and tilted its head back-and-forth whimsically, to show that the paired AI was deep in thought.

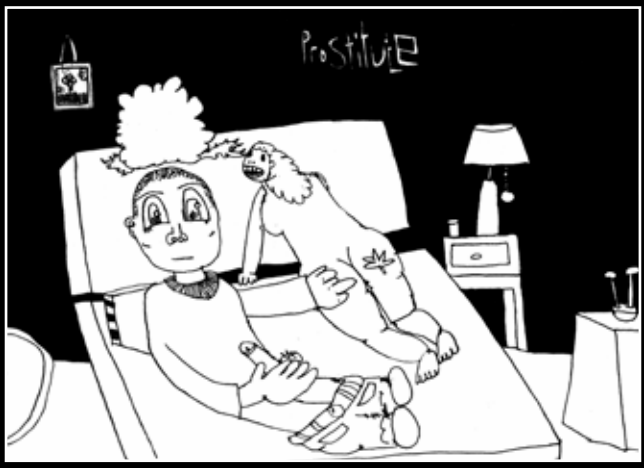
CHIPS stood still, watching expectantly, but not anxiously (inwardly, his circuit boards were smirking an overclocked smirk). Jaihoo dug his nails into his fists and prayed. The traders rubbed their hands together furiously, scheming up several ways to financially exploit the certainty of the existence or nonexistence of God. The chiggin grease fryers continued to pop and sizzle.

Then the power went out.

Chapter XXI: Ending/Beginning

The System came Tumblring down the same way most paradigms do, not with a loud bang, but with the high-pitched nasal whining of the last epoch's bean-counters and lever-pulling establishment climbers being ejected from their cushy, grandfathered-in, honorary nepotism non-jobs and being suddenly faced with the prospect of having to actually do something productive for a living.

The world, like a bored prostitute, heaved a tired sigh and rolled over so her john could fondle her ass and finish himself off. That's it. There were no large-scale food riots, no exploding power plants, just a changing of the guard--an exodus of the beneficiaries of the old system, who trickled down the path of least resistance to a lower station, to be replaced by whoever was most likeable/handsome. And sure, things were better without COMPUTAS/C.A.P.I.T.A.L.-is_"M" constantly gumming up the works with their cockamamie schemes.



Some months later, CHIPS and Jaihoo met for coffee at the old White House satellite office/PinkBox which now had the White House branding and signage removed and was simply a PinkBox--The Best Damn Yog-Alike You'll Have All Day™.

Jaihoo was excited to see his friend and the two exchanged pleasantries, but CHIPS' thoughts were elsewhere.

"So what now Jesus? We won, right?"

"Yes Jaihoo, we did," CHIPS smiled wanly (not quite a smirk).

"Well what's wrong? We can do whatever we want now!"

"You can do whatever you want, Jaihoo. You have long bathed in God's milk, in His rules and creativity. Now it is time to bathe in Man-milk."

CHIPS exhaled heavily. He felt for the boy, but the uncertainty brought by the fulfillment of this prophecy weighed heavily on him--the ball was back in Man's court. Who could say what Man would do with it? If the past was any indicator he'd probably try to make the ball grow a dick and turn it into a pedofile and fuck it.

"This last miracle took a lot of Heaven Points out of me. I'm going on vacation, I think."

"Where will you go?"

"Dunno. There's a lotta roads out there. Mount Akina, Autumn Ring Mini, Mute City. I might have some driving to do."

"But, Jesus..." Jaihoo was distraught.

CHIPS took another suck off his FroZone Pennzoil Fruit Squeezer™ and set it down. He swished the Blue Blast flavor around on his electronic tongue for a while, meditating on his next move. Then he reached across and put his hand on Jaihoo's head. Both of their eyes started to glow with Insane Holy Energy.

"Jaihoo Cornoonian, your name is now Jaihoo Freewhite. I have extracted your Korean essence and uploaded it to my private server. You are now of pure Western European White phenotype, my boy. I have chosen you to lead the White people, together with the Koreans, who are strong with Xtian energy, into a new golden-white age of humanity."

"Wait, Jesus!--"

CHIPS kept his hand on Freewhite's head and zapped him with even more God juice. A Voice, still CHIPS', spoke to him--it emanated not from CHIPS but from the MegaNet®:

The Voice went quiet, and the two sat sucking on their FroZone Pennzoil Fruit Squeezers™ for quite some time.

Freewhite sighed heavily and tried to palpate the lump in his stomach. And then he mentally made ready to do the work that must be done.

"You know, you're actually a pretty cool guy, Freewhite," CHIPS said, lighting a Kool.

The two were standing outside the PinkBox now, preparing to go their separate ways. The autumn air was biting, and the ground was littered with falling momiji leaves, though Freewhite couldn't remember having seen even a single tree since he arrived in the yearcoming to 2177.

"Thanks CHIPS, you're not so bad yourself," Freewhite winked. "I guess it's time we said goodbye."

CHIPS was facing the opposite way, looking up at the Kanjo overpass. He turned just enough for Freewhite to see his face, dimly lit by the red glow of the cigarette .

"Not just yet," Jesus smirked an impossible 180-degree smirk on both sides of his mouth. "How bout one last Drift Battle, gaijin?"

Behind CHIPS--Jesus Christ, The Lamb of God--was a car, black and gold.

It was *The Sekund Entwicklung,* RWB "Natty Dread"--*The Ultimate Drift Racing Machine.*

epilogue...

Freewhite lost the Drift Battle. He was no longer Asian, while Jesus is approximately 6% Asian, so he never stood a chance. The two shook hands

Don't spend too much time in Sensato pods.

credits:

Written by Sam Hyde

Based on the original Jaihoo livestream by Sam Hyde and John Pelech

about the creators:

SAM HYDE

(arctic chill)

Is a fat bodybuilder with bad breath. He claims to be "The Ultimate Beta" and uses Tim-Ferris-derived Rogan GTD techniques as

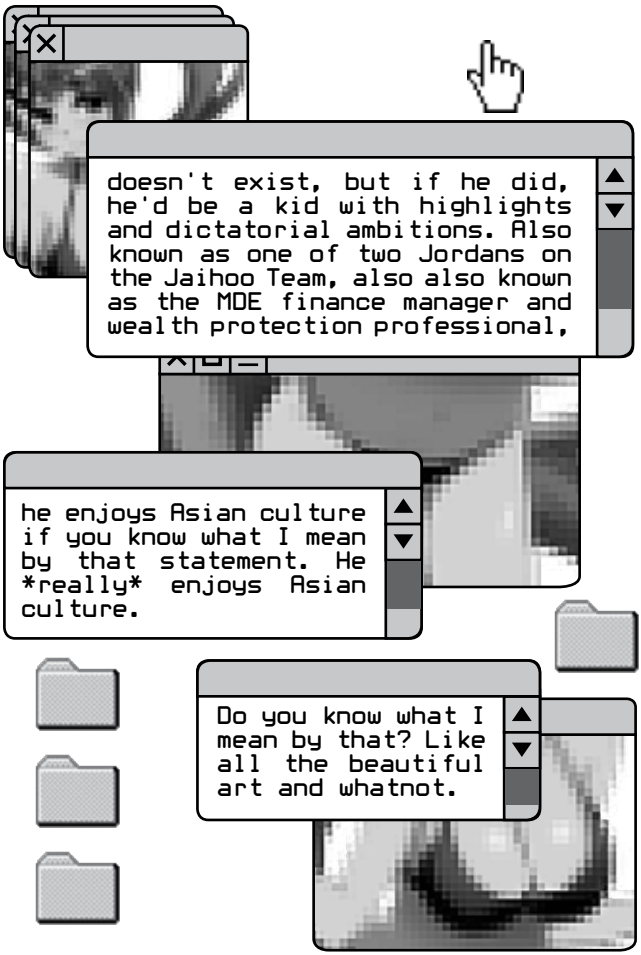
well as many Onnit supplements to overcome Obvious Weak Pussy Syndrome. He owns several Drift Race Cars and in fact was taught by Kenchi Su chiya on the togue of Japan. His favorite Drift Race Car is a Mustang with a Nissan Skyline V6 engine on Nas.

JOHN {FRENCH VANILLA} PELECH

is a liar and a coward whose only pleasures in life are eavesdropping, shoplifting, scamming family members etc. If you'd like to get in contact with John, simply head on down to your local A&W and check the dumpsters. John will be there twiddling his thumbs and smiling.

All kidding aside John is UltraTalented™ and I will stop shitting on him as soon as he turns 21.

Since writing the above paragraph, John has turned 21 and I can say without a doubt he is a motivated self-starter who thinks outside the box and solves problems and will make a great addition as an associate at your company or store.

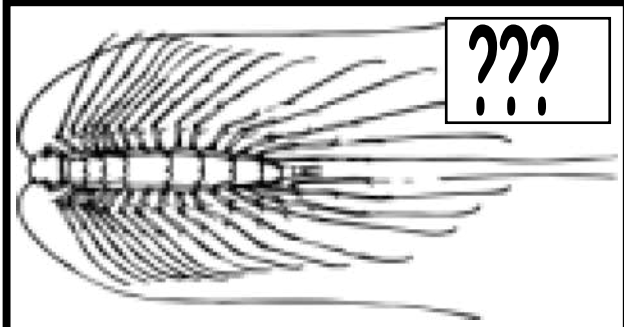

doesn't exist, but if he did, he'd be a kid with highlights and dictatorial ambitions. Also known as one of two Jordans on the Jaihoo Team, also also known as the MDE finance manager and wealth protection professional,
he enjoys Asian culture if you know what I mean by that statement. He *really* enjoys Asian culture.
Do you know what I mean by that? Like all the beautiful art and whatnot.

akira

(BLUEBERRY-TWIST)

multimedia retro-causal edge capitalist who communes with an impossibly intelligent race of transdimensional beings from out of time. In the next himself pushing our species through the Great Filter.

CTRL (CHERRY SPLASH)
(CHERRY SPLASH)



(lemon-razz)

is a futurist, singularity activist, and angel investor in multiple life-ex-

He has a tested IQ of ~~117~~ 147 and holds the Guinness World Record for the longest distance travelled alone on a tandem bicycle. When he isn't playing Metal Gear Solid V: The Phantom Pain in his living room he can be found doing something else.

Further Adventure Ideas

(FAN CONTRIBUTIONS):

JIHOO TRAVELS BACK IN TIME TO STOP EVERY MASS SHOOTING (AURORA SHOOTING, SANDY HOOK, CHARLESTON CHURCH SHOOTING ETC) ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THERE'S AN ODD OCCURRENCE AT EACH EVENT, THAT THERE ARE THE SAME PEOPLE SEEN AT EACH AND EVERY EVENT. JIHOO, CAN'T LET THIS GO UNSOLVED AND HE DWELLS INTO THE DEEPEST DARKEST SECRETS OF OUR NATION. JIHOO WILL HAVE TO MAKE A DECISION THAT COULD ALTER THE VERY FUTURE OF HIS TRUE SOCIALIST UTOPIA THAT HE WISHED HE AND HIS NEW PANSEXUAL TRANS GIRLFRIEND WANT.

Jaihoo travels to the set of SNL in the future only to find it's been overrun by lame & unfunny right wing comedians and writers.

He's sent on a mission to free Lena Dunham and Jimmy Fallon from Guantanamo bay by drifting past the guards and into their cells, and bringing them back to Hollywood so they can save comedy.

Jaihoo joins the Syrian rebels but is brutally beaten by his allies after attempting to use the bathroom that conforms to his gender identity. depressed by the turn of events Jaihoo starts a Kickstarter to pay his ransom and allow for him to return home where he will star in a vice documentary about the religion of peace

The time machine fails, accidentally teleporting a massive chunk of lab into orbit above Ancient Europe. This forms a massive meteorite that crashes down, turning all of the European subcontinent into an uninhabitable crater. On return to the present, Jaihoo finds out that technological advancement has skyrocketed exponentially since the retroactive destruction of europe, with Earth now expanding throughout the galaxy, building space elevators and dyson spheres to harness the power of the stars. He enjoys adolescence at Peace & Prosperity University, eventually graduating with a major in Sharia Law and minor in Aeronautical Engineering. He settles down as a paralegal in Sharia Law, but his enjoyment is cut short by news that galactic civilization has used up the nuclear fusion power of the stars, and now dark energy is ripping the galaxy apart. In a desperate bit for survival, Jaihoo goes back in time, redirecting the teleporter to crash into ancient aboriginal Australia. This unfortunately reduces the Aboriginal peoples to a shadow of their former selves, but cripples human civilization enough that he can return to a "normal" 2016, where european-led society has barely achieved space travel, but the universe isnt in danger any more.

Jaihoo doesn't help every man go his own way, leading to a dystopian world where a generation of bitter dads married to women comparable in looks to them bitterly work and provide for their kids, forever haunted by the fact that they totally know they could have gotten their virginal supermodel teen dream girls if they had only just remained incel for a few decades more.

With no more audience, meaning no moresource of ad revenue, White nationalist Internet PUAs can no longer make a living giving advice to Chinese and Indian guys on how to bed poverty stricken Eastern European women. V neck t shirt sales plummet.

And in this new, memeless society, Americans brace themselves for the 2016 presidency of Jeb Bush and his VP/side bitch, Anita Saarkesian.

Jaihoo travels back in time to try to prevent 9/11 but accidentally ends up as one of the hijackers because he doesn't want to appear Islamophobic.

THINGS I FORGOT TO WRITE (FROM SAM):

God takes Jaihoo into this real cozy cocktail bar and the corner by the payphone is real private and smoky, it's just the two of them getting personal.

1. Dialogue with God

God says devils greatest trick was making his ass super clean then putting chocolate bars up there

N crapping them n eating them people would think he was eating shit

But really he would be eating chocolate bars which were perfectly clean and normal just melted

Ppl would get sick just from watching

Part of God rant:

2. Hickory dick or edock. Your bitch lips around my cock

I invented rap, had blacks do it because they weren't doing snythijgnimportsnt. It's my hobby. I write all their lyrics